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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

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Elizabeth and the Bower Child.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1840.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

&c.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. VI.

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TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

In consequence of the importance of the subject, and the great mass of inedited matter, which has never before appeared in any history of queen Elizabeth's life or reign, it has been found impossible to complete the memoir of that mighty sovereign in one volume; the conclusion will, however, quickly follow in the seventh volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England."

A. S.

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ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

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We now come to the most distinguished name in the annals of female royalty, that of the great Elizabeth, second queen regnant of England. The romantic circumstances of her birth, the vicissitudes of her child-

hood, and the lofty spirit with which she bore herself, amidst the storms and perils that darkened over her during her sister's reign, invested her with almost poetic interest, as a royal heroine, before her title to the regal succession was ratified by the voice of a generous people, and the brilliant success of her government, during a long reign, surrounded her maiden diadem with a blaze of glory which has rendered her the most popular of our monarchs, and blinded succeeding generations to her faults.

It is not, perhaps, the most gracious office in the world to perform, with strict impartiality, the duty of a faithful biographer to a princess so endeared to national pride as Elizabeth, and to examine, by the cold calm light of truth, the flaws which mar the bright ideal of Spenser's "Glorianna," and Shakespeare's

"Fair vestal throned by the west."

Like the wise and popular Augustus Cæsar, Elizabeth understood the importance of acquiring the good will of that class whose friendship or enmity goes far to decide the fortunes of princes; the might of her throne was supported by the pens of the master spirits of the age. Very different might have been the records of her reign, if the reasoning powers of Bacon, the eloquence of Sidney, the poetic talents of Spenser, the wit of Harrington, and the genius of Shakespeare had been arrayed against her, instead of combining to represent her as the impersonification of all earthly perfection—scarcely, indeed, short of divinity.

It has been truly said, however, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and it is impossible to enter into the personal history of England's Elizabeth without shewing that she occasionally forgot the dignity of the heroine among her ladies in waiting, and indulged in follies which the youngest of her maids of honour would have blushed to imitate. The web of her life was a glittering tissue, in which good and evil were strangely mingled, and as the evidences of fiend and foe are woven together, without reference to the prejudices of

either, or any other object than to shew her as she was, the lights and shades must sometimes appear in strong and even painful opposition to each other, for such are the inconsistencies of human nature, such the littlenesses of human greatness.

Queen Elizabeth first saw the light at Greenwich palace, the favourite abode of her royal parents, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Her birth is thus quaintly but prettily recorded by the contemporary historian, Hall:—"On the 7th day of September, being Sunday, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the queen was delivered of a faire ladye, on which day the duke of Norfolk came home to the christening."

The apartment in which she was born was hung with tapestry representing the history of holy virgins, and was from that circumstance called the Chamber of the Virgins. When the queen, her mother, who had eagerly anticipated a son, was told that she had given birth to a daughter, she endeavoured, with ready tact, to attach adventitious importance to her infant, by saying to the ladies in attendance:—"They may now, with reason, call this room the Chamber of Virgins, for a virgin is now born in it on the vigil of that auspicious day, on which the church commemorates the nativity of the Virgin Mary."[1]

Heywood, though a zealous eulogist of the Protestant principles of Elizabeth, intimates that she was under the especial patronage of the blessed Virgin from the hour of her birth, and for that cause devoted to a maiden life. "The lady Elizabeth," says he, "was born on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's annunciation. Even that she is now in heaven with all those blessed virgins that had oil in their lamps."

Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment felt by king Henry at the sex of the infant, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in honour of her birth, and the preparations for her christening were made with no less magnificence than if his hopes had been gratified by the birth of a male heir to the crown.

[1] Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

The solemnization of that sacred rite was appointed to take place on Wednesday, 10th of September, the fourth day after the birth of the infant princess. On that day the lord mayor, with the aldermen and council of the city of London, dined together at one o'clock, and then, in obedience to their summons, took boat in their chains and robes, and rowed to Greenwich, where many lords, knights, and gentlemen, were assembled to witness the royal ceremonial.

All the walls between Greenwich palace and the convent of the Grey Friars were hung with arras and the way strewn with green rushes. The church was likewise hung with arras. Gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks guarded the font, which stood in the middle of the church, it was of silver and raised to the height of three steps, and over it was a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold—about it, a space railed in, covered with red say. Between the choir and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When all these things were ready, the child was brought into the hall of the palace, and the procession set out to the neighbouring church of the Grey Friars; of which building no vestige now remains at Greenwich.

The procession began with the lowest rank, the citizens two and two led the way, then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains, a gradation of precedence, rather decidedly marked, of the three first ranks, whose distinction is by no means definite in the present times; after them the aldermen, and the lord mayor by himself, then the privy council in robes, then the peers and prelates followed by the earl of Essex, who bore the gilt covered basons; then the marquis of Exeter, with the taper of virgin wax; next the marquis of Dorset, bearing the salt, and the lady Mary of Norfolk (the betrothed of the young duke of Richmond) carrying the chrisom, which was very rich with pearls and gems; lastly came the royal infant, in the arms of her great-grandmother, the dowager duchess of Norfolk, under a stately canopy which was supported by the uncle of the babe, George Bo-

leyn lord Rochford, the lords William and Thomas Howard, the maternal kindred of the mother, and lord Hussey, a newly made lord of the Boleyn blood. The babe was wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of regal length, furred with ermine, which was duly supported by the countess of Kent, assisted by the earl of Wiltshire, the grandfather of the little princess, and the earl of Derby. On the right of the infant, marched its great uncle, the duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff—on the other, the duke of Suffolk. The bishop of London, who performed the ceremony, received the infant at the church door of the Grey Friars, assisted by a grand company of bishops and mitred abbots; and, with all the rites of the Church of Rome, this future great Protestant queen received the name of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the duchess of Norfolk and marchioness of Dorset her godmothers. After Elizabeth had received her name, garter king-at-arms cried aloud:—"God, of his infinite goodness, send a prosperous life and long, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!"

Then a flourish of trumpets sounded, and the royal child was borne to the altar, the gospel was read over her, and she was confirmed by Cranmer, who, with the other sponsors, presented the christening gifts. He gave her a standing cup of gold, the duchess of Norfolk a cup of gold fretted with pearls, being completely unconscious of the chemical antipathy between the acidity of wine and the misplaced pearls. The marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover; and the marchioness of Exeter three standing bowls, graven and gilt, with covers. Then were brought in wafers, comfits, and hypocras, in such abundance that the company had as much as could be desired.

The homeward procession was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff torches, which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant herself was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaux. The procession returned in the

same order that it went out, save that four noble gentlemen carried the sponsor's gifts before the child, with trumpets flourishing all the way preceding them, till they came to the door of the queen's chamber. The king commanded the duke of Norfolk to thank the lord mayor and citizens heartily in his name for their attendance, and after they had powerfully refreshed themselves in the royal cellar, they betook themselves to their barges.

The queen was desirous of nourishing her infant daughter from her own bosom, but Henry, with his characteristic selfishness, forbade it, lest the frequent presence of the little princess in the chamber of her royal mother should be attended with inconvenience to himself.[1] He appointed for Elizabeth's nurse the wife of a gentleman named Hokart, whom he afterwards ennobled; and he invested the duchess-dowager of Norfolk with the office of state governess to the new-born babe, giving her for a residence the fair mansion and all the rich furniture, which he had bestowed on Anne Boleyn when he created her marchioness of Pembroke, with a salary of six thousand crowns.[2]

The lady Margaret Bryan, whose husband, sir Thomas Bryan, was a kinsman of queen Anne Boleyn, was preferred to the office of governess in ordinary to Elizabeth, as she had formerly been to the princess Mary: she was called "the lady mistress."

Elizabeth passed the two first months of her life at Greenwich Palace, with the queen her mother, and during that period she was frequently taken for an airing to Eltham, for the benefit of her health. On the 2nd of December, she was the subject of the following order in council:—

"The king's highness hath appointed that the lady princess Elizabeth (almost three months old) shall be taken from *hence* towards Hatfield upon Wednesday next week; that on Wednesday night she is to lie and repose at the house of the earl of Rutland at Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such household as the king's highness has established for the same."[3]

[1] Leti. [2] Ibid. [3] Strype, vol. i. p. 236.

Hertford Castle was first named, but scratched through and changed to Hatfield.

A few weeks afterwards she became, in virtue of the act of Parliament which settled the succession, in default of heirs male to Henry VIII., on the female issue of that monarch by Anne Boleyn, the heiress-presumptive to the throne, and her disinherited sister, the princess Mary, was compelled to yield precedency to her.

Soon after this change in the prospects of the unconscious babe, she was removed to the palace of the bishop of Winchester, at Chelsea,[1] on whom the charge of herself and her extensive nursery appointments were thrust. When she was thirteen months old, she was weaned, and the preliminaries for this important business were arranged between the officers of her household and the cabinet ministers of her august sire, with as much solemnity as if the fate of empires had been involved in the matter. The following passages are extracted from a letter from sir William Powlet to Cromwell, on this subject:—

"The king's grace, well considering the letter directed to you from my lady Brian and other my lady princess' officers, his grace, with the assent of the queen's grace, hath fully determined the weaning of my lady princess to be done with all diligence."

He proceeds to state that the little princess is to have the whole of any one of the royal residences thought best for her, and that consequently he has given orders for

[1] The air of this beautiful village agreed so well with the royal infant that Henry VIII. built a palace there, of which the husband of her governess, lady Bryan, was given the post of keeper; and so lately as the time of Charles II., one room in the Manor-house, as it was afterwards called, was known by the name of queen Elizabeth's nursery. There is an old mulberry tree in the gardens which claims the honour of having been planted by her hand. The king also erected a conduit at Kensington for supplying the nursery palace with spring water. This conduit still exists within her majesty's forcing grounds, on the west side of Kensington palace green; it is a low building, with walls of great thickness, the roof covered with bricks instead of tiles: the roof is groined with rude arches, and the water pours copiously into a square reservoir. Tradition declares that it was used by queen Elizabeth, when a child, as a bathing house: it is therefore regarded with peculiar interest. Faulkner's Kensington, p. 26.

Langley to be put in order for her and her suite; which orders, he adds—

"This messenger hath, withal, a letter from the queen's grace to my lady Brian, and that his grace and the queen's grace doth well and be merry, and all theirs, thanks be to God.—From Sarum, Oct. 9th."[1]

Scarcely was this nursery affair of state accomplished, before Henry exerted his paternal care in seeking to provide the royal weanling with a suitable consort, by entering into a negotiation with Francis I. of France for a union between this infant princess and the duke of Angoulême, the third son of that monarch. Henry proposed that the young duke should be educated in England, and stipulated that he should hold the duchy of Angoulême,[2] independently of the French crown, in the event of his coming to the crown of England through his marriage with Elizabeth.[3]

The project of educating the young French prince, who was selected for the husband of the presumptive heiress of England, according to the manners and customs of the realm of which she might hereafter become the sovereign, was a sagacious idea, but Henry clogged the matrimonial treaty with conditions which it was out of the power of the king of France to ratify, and it proved abortive.

The tragic events which rendered Elizabeth motherless in her third year, and degraded her from the lofty position in which she had been placed by the unjust but short-lived paternal fondness of her capricious father, have been fully detailed in the memoir of her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn. By the sentence which Cranmer had passed on the marriage of her parents and her own birth,

[1] The letter occurs in 1584. State Papers, Cromwell's correspondence, in the Chapter-house, Bunde P.

[2] Herbert; Hall; Rapin.

[3] This condition bears decidedly upon the now important question, whether the husband of a queen-regnant of England be entitled to the style of king-consort. It was Henry VIII.'s opinion that the husband of his daughter, in the event of her succeeding to the crown, might, by her favour, bear that title. Mary I., as we have seen, overstepped the constitutional boundary, by actually associating Philip of Spain in the executive power of the crown; but the law of nature and of reason decides that the husband of a queen-regnant of England ought not to occupy an inferior position in the state to the wife of a king of England, who derives a regal title from her marriage.

Elizabeth was branded with the stigma of illegitimacy; and that she was for a time exposed to the sort of neglect and contempt which is too often the lot of children to whom that reproach applies, is evidenced by the following letter from lady Bryan to Cromwell, imploring for a supply of necessary raiment for the innocent babe who had been so cruelly involved in her mother's fall:—

"My lord,

"After my most bounden duty I recommend me to your good lordship, beseeching you to be good lord to me, now in the greatest need that ever was; for it hath pleased God to take from me *hem* (them) that was my greatest comfort in this world to my great heaviness. Jesu have mercy on her soul! and now I am succourless, and as a *redles* (without redress) creature, but only from the great trust which I have in the king's grace and your good lordship, for now in you I put all my whole trust of comfort in this world, beseeching you to * * * me that I may do so. My lord, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship. Which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth. And now it boldeth (emboldens) me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my lady Mary's Grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady-mistress and made me a baroness, and so I have been governess to the children his grace have had since.

"Now it is so, my lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is at (of) now, I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of—that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers, and that she may have some raiment."[1]

Here Strype has interpolated a query for mourning. There is nothing of the kind implied in the original. If Strype had consulted any female on the articles enumerated, he would have found that few indeed of them were requisite for mourning. The list shews the utter destitution the young princess had been suffered to fall into in regard to clothes, either by the neglect of her mother, or because Anne Boleyn's power of aiding her child had been circumscribed long before her fall. Let any lady used to the nursery read over the list of the poor child's wants, represented by her faithful governess, and consider that a twelvemonth must have elapsed since she had a new supply:—

"She," continues lady Bryan, "hath neither gown, nor kirtle (slip), nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen—nor forsmocks (day chemises), nor

[1] Cott. MS. Otho. E. c. x. fol. 230.

kerchiefs, nor rails (night dresses), nor body-stichets (corsets), nor hand-kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers (mobcaps), nor biggens (night-caps). All these her grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth I can drive it off no longer. Beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself, and what is the king's grace's pleasure and yours; and that I shall do in everything? And whatsomever it shall please the king's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfil it to the best of my power.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton (a kinsman of Anne Boleyn) saith 'he be master of this house.' What fashion that may be I cannot tell, for I have not seen it afore. My lord, ye be so honourable yourself, and every man reporteth that your lordship loveth honour, that I trust you will see the house honourably ordered, as it ever hath been aforetime. And if it please you that I may know what your order is, and if it be not performed, I shall certify your lordship of it. For I fear me it will be hardly enough performed. But if the head (evidently Shelton) knew what honour meaneth, it will be the better ordered—if not, it will be hard to bring to pass.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton would have my lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the board of estate. Alas, my lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rule yet. I promise you, my lord, I dare not take it upon me to keep her grace in health an' she keep that rule. For there she shall see divers meats, and fruits, and wine, which it would be hard for me to restrain her grace from. Ye know, my lord, there is no place of correction there; and she is yet too young to correct greatly. I know well an' she be there, I shall neither bring her up to the king's grace's honour, nor hers, nor to her health, nor to my poor honesty. Wherefore, I shew your lordship this my desire, beseeching you, my lord, that my lady may have a mess of meat at her own lodging, with a good dish or two that is meet (fit) for her grace to eat of; and the reversion of the mess shall satisfy all her women, a gentleman usher, and a groom, which be eleven persons on her side. Sure am I it will be as great profit to the king's grace this way—(viz., to the economy of the arrangement)—as the other way. For if all this should be *set abroad*, they must have three or four messes of meat,—whereas this one mess shall suffice them all, with bread and drink, according as my Lady Mary's grace had afore, and to be ordered in all things as her grace was afore. God knoweth my lady (Elizabeth) hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God an' her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion than she is yet, so as I trust the king's grace shall have great comfort in her grace. For she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew any in my life. Jesu preserve her grace!

"As for a day or two, at a high time (meaning a high festival), or whensoever it shall please the king's grace to have her *set abroad* (shewn in public), I trust so to endeavour me, that she shall so do as shall be to the king's honour and hers; and then after to take her ease again.

That is, notwithstanding the sufferings of the young Elizabeth with her teeth, if the king wishes to exhibit her

for a short time in public, Lady Bryan will answer for her discreet behaviour, but after the drilling requisite for such ceremonial, it will be necessary for her to revert to the unconstrained playfulness of childhood. Lady Bryan concludes with this remark:—

"I think Mr. Shelton will not be content with this. He need not know it is my desire, but that it is the king's pleasure and yours that it should be so. Good my lord, have my lady's grace, and us that be her poor servants, in your remembrance; and your lordship shall have our hearty prayers by the grace of Jesu, who ever preserve your lordship with long life, and as much honour as your noble heart can desire. From Hunsdon, with the evil hand (bad writing) of her who is your daily bead-woman,

"Margt. Bryan."

"I beseech you, mine own good lord, be not miscontent that I am so bold to write thus to your lordship. But I take God to my judge I do it of true heart, and for my discharge, beseeching you, accept my good mind. Endorsed to the right noble and my singular good lord, my lord Privy Seal, be this delivered."

This letter affords some insight into the domestic politics of the nursery-palace of Hunsdon at this time. It shews that the infant Elizabeth proved a point of controversy between the two principal officials there, Margaret lady Bryan and Mr. Shelton; both placed in authority by the recently immolated queen Anne Boleyn, and both related to her family. Her aunt had married the head of the Shelton or Skelton family in Norfolk, and this officer at Hunsdon was probably a son of that lady, and consequently a near kinsman of the infant Elizabeth. He insisted that she should dine and sup at a state table where her infant importunity for wine, fruit, and high-seasoned food could not conveniently be restrained by her sensible governess, lady Bryan. Shelton probably wished to keep regal state as long as possible round the descendant of the Boleyns; and, in that time of sudden change in royal destinies, had perhaps an eye to ingratiate himself with the infant, by appearing in her company twice every day, and indulging her by the gratification of her palate with mischievous dainties. Lady Bryan was likewise connected with the Boleyn family—not so near as the Sheltons, but near enough to possess interest with queen Anne Boleyn, to whom she owed her office as governess or lady mistress, to the

infant Elizabeth. There can scarcely exist a doubt, that her lamentation and invocation for the soul of some person lately departed, by whose death she was left succourless, refer to the recent death of Anne Boleyn.[1] It is evident that if Lady Bryan had not conformed to king Henry's version of the Catholic religion she would not have been in authority at Hunsdon, where she was abiding not only with her immediate charge, the princess Elizabeth, but with the disinherited princess Mary. Further there may be observed a striking harmony between the expressions of this lady and those of the princess Mary, who appealed to her father's paternal feelings in behalf of her sister the infant Elizabeth, a few weeks later, almost in the same words used by lady Bryan in this letter.[2] A coincidence which proves unity of purpose between the governess and the princess Mary, regarding the motherless child.

Much of the future greatness of Elizabeth may reasonably be attributed to the judicious training of her sensible and conscientious governess, combined with the salutary adversity, which deprived her of the pernicious pomp and luxury that had surrounded her cradle while she was treated as the heiress of England. The first public action of Elizabeth's life was her carrying the chrisom of her infant brother, Edward VI., at the christening solemnity of that prince. She was borne in the arms of the earl of Hertford, brother of the queen her step-mother, when the assistants in the ceremonial approached the font; but when they left the chapel, the train of her little grace, just four years old, was supported by Lady Herbert, the sister of Katherine Parr, as, led by the hand of her elder sister, the princess Mary, she walked with mimic dignity, in the returning procession, to the chamber of the dying queen.[3]

[1] For some reason best known to himself, Strype has omitted the opening clause of this letter. Perhaps on account of the invocation for the soul of Lady Bryan's friend, which proves that Elizabeth's governess belonged to the Catholic Church. She was, indeed, the same person under whose care the princess Mary had imbibed that faith with such extraordinary fervency.

[2] See Life of queen Mary, vol. v. of this work, p. 204.

[3] See the Memoir of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.

At that period the royal ceremonials of Henry VIII.'s court were blended with circumstances of wonder and tragic excitement, and strange and passing sad, it must have been, to see the child of the murdered queen, Anne Boleyn, framing her innocent lips to lisp the name of mother to her, for whose sake she had been rendered motherless, and branded with the stigma of illegitimacy. In all probability the little Elizabeth, knelt to her, as well as to her cruel father, to claim a benediction in her turn, after the royal pair had proudly bestowed their blessing on the newly-baptized prince, whose christening was so soon to be followed by the funeral of the queen his mother.

It was deemed an especial mark of the favour of her royal father, that Elizabeth was considered worthy of the honour of being admitted to keep company with the young prince her brother. She was four years older than him, and having been well trained and gently nurtured herself, was "better able," says Heywood, "to teach and direct him, even from the first of his speech and understanding." Cordial and entire was the affection betwixt this brother and sister, insomuch that he no sooner began to know her but he seemed to acknowledge her, and she, being of more maturity, as deeply loved him. On the second anniversary of Edward's birth, when the nobles of England presented gifts of silver and gold, and jewels, to the infant heir of the realm, the lady Elizabeth's grace gave the simple offering of a shirt of cambric worked by her own hands.[1] She was then six years old. Thus early was this illustrious lady instructed in the feminine accomplishment of needle-work, and directed to turn her labours in that way to a pleasing account.

From her cradle, Elizabeth was a child of the fairest promise, and possessed the art of attracting the regard of others. Wriothesley, who visited the two princesses, when they were together at Hertford castle, December 17th, 1539, was greatly impressed with the precocious understanding of the young Elizabeth, of whom he gives the following pretty account:—

[1] Ellis. Royal Letters.

"I went then to my lady Elizabeth's grace, and to the same made his majesty's most hearty commendations, declaring that his highness desired to hear of her health, and sent his blessing; she gave humble thanks, inquiring after his majesty's welfare, and that with as great a gravity as she had been forty years old. If she be no worse educated than she now appeareth to me, she will prove of no less honour than beseemeth her father's daughter, whom the Lord long preserve."[1]

The feelings of jealous dislike, which the princess Mary naturally felt towards her infant rival, were gradually subdued, by the endearing caresses of the innocent child, when they became sisters in adversity. When Mary again incurred the displeasure of her capricious sire, and was forbidden to come within a certain distance of the court, Elizabeth became once more the associate of her little brother's sports, and afterwards shared his studies. The early predilection of these royal children for their learning was remarkable. "As soon as it was light they called for their books; so welcome," says Heywood, "were their *horæ matutinæ* that they seemed to prevent the night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling." They took no less delight in the practice of their religious exercises and the study of the Scriptures, to which their first hours were exclusively devoted. "The rest of the forenoon," continues our author, "breakfast, alone, excepted, they were instructed in languages and science, or moral learning, collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes, and when he was called out to his more active exercises in the open air, she betook herself to her lute or viol, and when wearied with that, employed her time in needle-work."

On the marriage of the king, her father, with Anne of Cleves, in 1540, the young Elizabeth expressed the most ardent desire to see the new queen, and to be permitted to pay her the homage of a daughter. When her governess made this request, in the name of her royal pupil, to the king, he is said to have replied, "That she had had a mother so different from the queen, that she ought not to wish to see her, but she had his permission to write to her majesty."[2] On which, the following letter, probably

[1] State Papers, 30th Hen. VIII.
[2] Leti's Life of Elizabeth.

the first ever written by Elizabeth, was addressed by her to her new step-mother.

"Madame,

"I am struggling between two contending wishes—one is—my impatient desire to see your majesty, the other that of rendering the obedience I owe to the commands of the king my father, which prevent me from leaving my house till he has given me full permission to do so. But I hope that I shall be able shortly to gratify both these desires. In the meantime, I entreat your majesty to permit me to shew, by this billet, the zeal with which I devote my respect to you as my queen, and my entire obedience to you as to my mother. I am too young and feeble to have power to do more than to felicitate you with all my heart in this commencement of your marriage. I hope that your majesty will have as much goodwill for me as I have zeal for your service."[1]

This letter is without date or signature, and Leti, who rarely gives his authorities, does not explain the source whence it was derived; but there is no reason to dispute its authenticity. He tells us "that Anne of Cleves, when she saw Elizabeth, was charmed with her beauty, wit, and endearing caresses—that she conceived the most tender affection for her—and when the conditions of her divorce were arranged, she requested, as a great favour, that she might be permitted to see her sometimes—adding, "that to have had that young princess for her daughter would have been greater happiness to her than being queen." The paternal pride of Henry was gratified at this avowal, and he agreed that she should see Elizabeth as often as she wished, provided that she was only addressed by her as the lady Anne of Cleves.[2]

Elizabeth found no less favour in the eyes of her new step-mother, the young and beautiful Katharine Howard, who being cousin-german to her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn, took the young princess under her especial protection, and treated her with every mark of tenderness and consideration. On the day when she was publicly acknowledged by Henry as his queen, she directed that the princess Elizabeth should be placed opposite to her at table because she was of her own blood and lineage. It was also observed that at all the fêtes and public shows which took place in honour of her marriage with the king, queen Katharine gave the lady Elizabeth the

[1] Leti's Elizabeth. Leti always modernizes not only the orthography but the phraseology of the documents he quotes. [2] Leti.

place of honour nearest to her own person, saying "that she was her cousin."[1] It was supposed that this partial step-mother intended to use her powerful influence with the king for the repeal of the act of parliament which had pronounced Elizabeth to be illegitimate, and thus would she have been given a second time the preference to her elder sister in the succession. Notwithstanding the favour which was shewn to Elizabeth by the Howard queen, she was always entreating the king her father to allow her to remain with the lady Anne of Cleves, for whom she ever manifested a very sincere regard. The attachments formed by Elizabeth in childhood and early youth were of an ardent and enduring character, as will be hereafter shewn.

After the disgrace and death of queen Katharine Howard, Elizabeth resided chiefly with her sister Mary, at Havering Bower. In the summer of 1543, she was present when Mary gave audience to the imperial ambassadors;[2] she was then ten years old. Soon after, king Henry offered her hand to the earl of Arran for his son, in order to win his co-operation in his darling project of uniting the crowns of England and Scotland by a marriage between the infant queen, Mary Stuart, and his son prince Edward. Perhaps the Scottish earl did not give Henry credit for the sincerity of a proposal so derogatory to the dignity of the princess Elizabeth, for he paid little attention to this extraordinary offer, and espoused the interest of the French court. According to Marillac, Henry had previously mentioned his intention of espousing Elizabeth to an infant of Portugal, but all Henry's matrimonial schemes for his children were doomed to remain unfulfilled, and Elizabeth, instead of being sacrificed in her childhood in some political marriage, had the good fortune to complete a most superior education under the auspices of the good and learned Katharine Parr, Henry's sixth queen and her fourth step-mother. Katharine Parr was well acquainted with Elizabeth before she became queen, and greatly admired her wit and

[1] Leti's Elizabeth.
[2] State Paper MS. See Memoir of Mary, vol. v.

manners. On her marriage with the king she induced him to send for the young princess to court, and to give her an apartment in the palace of Whitehall contiguous to her own, and bestowed particular attention on all her comforts. According to Leti, Elizabeth expressed her acknowledgments in the following letter:—

"Madame,

"The affection that you have testified in wishing that I should be suffered to be with you in the court, and requesting this of the king my father, with so much earnestness, is a proof of your goodness. So great a mark of your tenderness for me obliges me to examine myself a little, to see if I can find anything in me that can merit it, but I can find nothing but a great zeal and devotion to the service of your majesty. But as that zeal has not yet been called into action so as to manifest itself, I see well that it is only the greatness of soul in your majesty which makes you do me this honour, and this redoubles my zeal towards your majesty. I can assure you also that my conduct will be such that you shall never have cause to complain of having done me the honour of calling me to you; at least, I will make it my constant care that I do nothing but with a design to shew always my obedience and respect. I await with much impatience the orders of the king my father for the accomplishment of the happiness for which I sigh, and I remain, with much submission, your majesty's very dear

"ELIZABETH."[1]

There is no date to this letter, and as Elizabeth certainly was present at the nuptials of her royal father with Katharine Parr, it is more probable that it was written after the return of Henry and Katharine from their bridal progress, as she addresses the latter by her regal title. Elizabeth at that time was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added some personal beauty

[1] This and the preceding, addressed to Anne of Cleves, are the earliest letters ever written by Elizabeth. There is another, two or three years later, addressed by her to sir Thomas Carden, who was one of her father's gentlemen of the privy chamber, a great favourite of his, and a very greedy recipient of church property. This person had the care of the castle and lands of Donnington, once belonging to Chaucer, and afterwards part of the spoils confiscated to the crown on the attainder of De la Pole, and at this time an appanage presented to Elizabeth by her father. She afterwards, by her own account, forgot she had such a house as Donnington, nevertheless she was perfectly well informed as to its minutest details before the death of Henry VIII. The letter itself is not worth transcribing, being a perplexed piece of composition, in which the young princess, commencing—"Gentle Mr. Carden," proceeds to exonerate herself from having listened to an enemy of his, "one Mansel, a person of evil inclination and worse life," she subscribes herself, "Your loving friend, Elizabeth."

and very graceful manners. She had wit at command, and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her, "that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment in the world." At the age of twelve she was considerably advanced in sciences, which rarely, indeed, at that era, formed part of the education of princesses. She understood the principles of geography, architecture, the mathematics, and astronomy, and astonished all her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge. Her handwriting was beautiful, and her skill in languages remarkable. Hentzner, the German traveller, mentions having seen a little volume in the royal library at Whitehall, written by queen Elizabeth, when a child, in French, on vellum. It was thus inscribed:

"A treshaut, et tres puissant, et redoubté prince Henry VIII., de ce nom, roy d'Angleterre, de France et de Irelande, defenseur de la foy.
"Elisabeth, sa tres humble fille, rend salut et obedience."[1]

Among the royal manuscripts, in the British Museum is a small volume, in an embroidered binding, consisting of prayers and meditations, selected from different English writers by queen Katharine Parr, and translated and copied by the princess Elizabeth, in Latin, French, and Italian. The volume is dedicated to queen Katharine Parr, and her initials, R. K. P., are introduced in the binding, between those of the Saviour, wrought in blue silk and silver thread by the hand of Elizabeth. It is dated Hertford, December 20, 1545. Camden also mentions a "Godly Meditation of the Soule, concerning love towardes Christe our Lorde," translated by Elizabeth from the French. Her master for the Italian language was Castiglione. Like her elder sister, the princess Mary, she was an accomplished Latin scholar, and astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age by the ease and grace with which she conversed in that language. French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, she both spoke and wrote, with the same facility, as her native

[1] Hentzner's Visit to England.

tongue. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made verses that were not devoid of merit, but she only regarded this as the amusement of her leisure hours, bestowing more of her time and attention on the study of history than anything else. To this early predilection she probably owed her future greatness as a sovereign. Accomplishments may well be dispensed with in the education of princes, but history is the true science for royal students, and they should early be accustomed to reflect and draw moral and philosophical deductions from the rise and fall of nations, and to trace the causes that have led to the calamities of sovereigns in every age; for neither monarchs nor statesmen can be fitted for the purposes of government unless they have acquired the faculty of reading the future by the lamp of the past.

Elizabeth was indefatigable in her pursuit of this queenly branch of knowledge, to which she devoted three hours a day, and read works in all languages that afforded information on the subject. It was, however, in this predilection alone that she betrayed the ambition which formed the leading trait of her character. While thus fitting herself in her childhood for the throne, which as yet she viewed through a vista far remote, she endeavoured to conceal her object by the semblance of the most perfect humility, and affecting a love for the leisure and quiet of private life.[1]

In the treaty between Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles, in 1545,[2] there was a proposal to unite Elizabeth in marriage to Philip of Spain, who afterwards became the consort of her elder sister Mary. The negotiation came to nothing. The name of Elizabeth was hateful to Charles V. as the child of Anne Boleyn. During the last illness of the king her father, Elizabeth chiefly resided at Hatfield House[3], with the young prince her bro-

[1] Leti. [2] Herbert's Henry VII.

[3] Henry VIII. had forced Goodrich, bishop of Ely, to surrender this residence, which was a country palace pertaining to his see, in exchange for certain lands in Cambridgeshire, and established it as a nursery palace for his children; it had been used as such in his father's reign, for the youngest son of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII. Edmund duke of Somerset died there. It is (for the structure still exists) a venerable witness of the

ther, whose especial darling she was. It is said she shared the instruction which he there received from his learned preceptors, sir John Cheke, doctor Cox, and sir Anthony Cooke. Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, made Cox bishop of Ely, and bestowed great favour on Cooke and his learned daughters, lady Bacon and lady Burleigh. They were the companions of her youth, and afterwards the wives of two of her most esteemed ministers of state.

The tender love that endeared Edward and Elizabeth to each other, in infancy, appears to have ripened into a sweeter, holier friendship, as their kindred minds expanded, "for," says sir Robert Naunton, "besides the consideration of blood, there was between these two princes a concurrence and sympathy of their natures and affections, together with the celestial bond, conformity in religion, which made them one." In December, 1546, when the brother and sister were separated, by the removal of Elizabeth to Enfield and Edward to Hertford, the prince was so much afflicted that she wrote to him, entreating him to be comforted, and to correspond with her; he replied in these tender words:

"The change of place, most dear sister, does not so much vex me as your departure from me. But nothing can now occur to me more grateful than your letters. I particularly feel this, because you first began the correspondence and challenged me to write to you. I thank you most cordially both for your kindness and the quickness of its coming, and I will struggle vigorously that if I cannot excel you I will at least equal you in regard and attention. It is a comfort to my regret that I hope shortly to see you again if no accident intervene.[1]

The next time the royal brother and sister met was on the 30th of January, 1547, when the earl of Hertford and

past, situated on the brow of a pleasant hill, overlooking the ancient town of Bishop's Hatfield, with the river Lea winding through its grounds: the most antiquated part of the building was erected by Morton, bishop of Ely, in the reign of Edward IV., and a little square pleasure garden, with its hedges clipped in arches, is kept precisely in the same state as when Elizabeth sported therein with her little brother. She received a grant of this demesne from her brother's regency in 1550, and resided with some splendour and magnificence therein during the last years of her sister's life. The cradle of Elizabeth is shewn here.—History of Hatfield House, by P. F. Robinson, F.A.S.

Strype.

sir Anthony Brown brought young Edward privately from Hertford to Enfield, and there, in the presence of the princess Elizabeth, declared to him and her the death of the king their father. Both of them received the intelligence with passionate tears, and they united in such lamentations as moved all present to weep. "Never," says Hayward, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."[1]

The boy-king was conducted the next day to London, preparatory to his inauguration; but neither the grief which he felt for the death of his parent, nor the importance of the high vocation to which he had been thus early summoned, rendered him forgetful of his sweetest sister, as he ever called Elizabeth; and in reply to the letter of condolence, which she addressed to him, on the subject of their mutual bereavement, he wrote—"There is very little need of my consoling you, most dear sister, because from your learning you know what you ought to do, and from your prudence and piety you perform what your learning causes you to know." In conclusion, he compliments her on the elegance of her sentences, and adds, "I perceive you think of our father's death with a calm mind."

By the conditions of her royal father's will, Elizabeth was placed the third in the order of the royal succession after himself, provided her brother and sister died without lawful issue, and neither queen Katharine Parr nor any future queen bore children to the king. In point of fortune, she was left on terms of strict equality with her elder sister—that is to say, with a life annuity of three thousand pounds a year, and a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, provided she married with the consent of the king her brother and his council; otherwise she was to forfeit that provision.

More than one historian[2] has asserted that sir Thomas Seymour made a daring attempt to contract marriage

[1] Life of Edward VI.

[2] Sharon Turner; Burnet.

with the youthful princess Elizabeth, before he renewed his addresses to his old love, Katharine Parr. He had probably commenced his addresses to the royal girl before her father's death, for her governess, Katharine Ashley, positively deposed that it was her opinion that if Henry VIII. had lived a little longer, she would have been given to him for a wife. Leti tells us, that the admiral offered his hand to Elizabeth, immediately after king Henry's death: she was then in her fourteenth year. According to Sharon Turner, the ambitious project of the admiral was detected and prevented by the council; but Leti, who, by his access to the Aylesbury MSS., appears to have obtained peculiar information on the private history of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., assures us, that the refusal proceeded from Elizabeth herself. He gives us a truly frenchified version of the correspondence which passed between her and Seymour, exactly a month after the death of Henry VIII.;[1] for Seymour's letter, in which he requests the young princess to consent to ally herself to him in marriage, is dated February 26, 1547; and Elizabeth, in her reply, February 27, tells him, "That she has neither the years nor the inclination to think of marriage at present, and that she would not have any one imagine that such a subject had even been mentioned to her, at a time when she ought to be wholly taken up in weeping for the death of the king her father, to whom she owed so many obligations, and that she intended to devote at least two years to wearing black for him, and mourning for his loss; and that even when she shall have arrived at years of discretion, she wishes to retain her liberty, without entering into any matrimonial engagement."

Four days after the admiral received this negative, he was the accepted lover of his former *fiancée*, the queen-dowager Katharine Parr. Elizabeth, who had been, on the demise of the king her father, consigned by the council of the royal minor, her brother, to the care and

[1] Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

tutelage of queen Katharine, with whom she was then residing, was, according to our author, much displeased at the conduct of that lady, not only on account of the precipitation with which she had entered into a matrimonial engagement, which was considered derogatory to the honour due to the late king's memory, but because she had induced her to reject the addresses of the admiral, by representing to her how unsuitable such an alliance would be to her, in every point of view. Now, although the queen-dowager only performed her duty, as the widow of the deceased majesty of England, in giving such counsel to the orphan princess, to whom she had undertaken the office of a mother, her own proceedings, by rendering the motives of her advice questionable, excited reflections little to her advantage in the mind of Elizabeth, and perhaps sowed the first seeds of the fatal jealousy which afterwards divided them.

According to Leti, the princess Mary, who was no less offended than Elizabeth, at the indecorous haste of their royal stepmother's marriage, wrote to Elizabeth, offering her a residence in her house, entreating her to quit that of the queen-dowager, and come to her, that both might unite in testifying their disapproval of this unsuitable alliance.

Elizabeth, however, young as she was, had too much self-command to commit herself by putting a public affront on the best-loved uncle of the king her brother, who was by no means unlikely to supersede Somerset in his office of protector; neither did she feel disposed to come to a rupture with the queen-dowager, whose influence with king Edward was considerable: therefore, in reply to her sister, she wrote a very political letter,[1]

[1] The whole of this curious letter may be seen in Leti's Life of Elizabeth; but, unfortunately, our author's desire of rendering his book entertaining has led him to modernize the language and construction so considerably, that very few traces are discernible of the peculiar style of that princess. The readers of the 17th and 18th centuries neither understood nor valued documentary history; hence Leti, who had access to so many precious, and now inaccessible records, in the collection of his friend the earl of Aylesbury, and also to our national archives, as historiographer

"telling her that it behoved them both to submit with patience to that which could not be cured, as neither of them were in a position to offer any objection to what had taken place, without making their condition worse than it was; observing, that they had to do with a very powerful party, without themselves possessing the slightest credit at court; so that the only thing they could do was to dissemble the pain they felt at the disrespect with which their father's memory had been treated. She excuses herself from accepting Mary's invitation, "because," she says, "the queen had shewn her so much friendship, that she could not withdraw herself from her protection without appearing ungrateful;" and concludes in these words:—"I shall always pay the greatest deference to the instructions you may give me, and submit to whatsoever your highness shall be pleased to ordain." The letter is without date or signature.

For a year, at least, after the death of her royal father, Elizabeth continued to pursue her studies under the able superintendence of her accomplished stepmother, with whom she resided, either at the dower palace at Chelsea, or the more sequestered shades of Hanworth. Throckmorton, the kinsman of queen Katharine Parr, draws the following graceful portrait of the manners of the youthful princess at this era of her life:

"Elizabeth there sojourning for a time
Gave fruitful hope of blossom blown in prime.

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtues did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree would scorn,
To talk with poorest souls she liked well;
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states in lowliness abound.

to king Charles II., only availed himself of such facts as were of a romantic character, and presented the royal letters of the 16th century in phraseology more suitable to the era of Louis XIV. than that of Edward VI.; consequently, many things that were true in substance have been doubted, because of the inconsistent form in which they were introduced.

" If some of us that waited on the queen,
Did ought for her, she past in thankfulness,
I wondered at her answers, which have been
So fitly placed in perfect readiness;
She was disposed to mirth in company,
Yet still regarding civil modesty."[1]

The princess Elizabeth, while residing with queen Katharine Parr, had her own ladies and officers of state, and a retinue in all respects suitable to her high rank as sister to the reigning sovereign. Her governess, Mrs. Katherine Ashley, to whom she was fondly attached, was married to a relative of the unfortunate queen her mother, Anne Boleyn, and it is to be observed that Elizabeth, although that mother's name was to her a sealed subject, bestowed to the very end of her life her chief favour and confidence on her maternal kindred.

The learned William Grindal, was Elizabeth's tutor till she was placed under the still more distinguished preceptorship of Roger Ascham. The following letter from that great scholar was addressed to Mrs. Katharine Ashley, before he had obtained the tutelage of her royal charge, and, both on account of the period at which it was written and its being in English, it is very curious.[2]

" Gentle Mrs. Astley, Would God my wit wist what words would express the thanks you have deserved of all true English hearts, for that noble *imp* (Elizabeth) by your labour and wisdom now flourishing in all goodly godliness, the fruit whereof doth even now redound to her Grace's high honour and profit.

" I wish her Grace to come to that end in perfectness with likelyhood of her wit, and painfulness in her study, true trade of her teaching, which your diligent overseeing doth most constantly promise. And although this one thing be sufficient for me to love you, yet the knot which hath knit Mr. Astley and you together, doth so bind me also to you, that if my ability would match my good will you should find no friend faster. He is a man I loved for his virtue before I knew him through acquaintance, whose friendship I account among my chief gains gotten at court. Your favour to Mr. Grindall and gentleness towards me, are matters sufficient enough to deserve more good will than my little power is able to requite.

" My good will hath sent you this pen of silver for a token. Good *Mrs.*, I would have you in any case to labour, and not to give yourself to ease. I wish all increase of virtue and honour to that my good lady (Elizabeth),

[1] Throckmorton MS.
[2] Whittaker's History of Richmondshire, vol. ii. p. 270.

whose wit, good Mrs. Astley, I beseech you somewhat favour. Blunt edges be dull and (en-) *dure* much pain to little profit; the free edge is soon turned if it be not handled thereafter. If you pour much drink at once into a goblet, the most part will dash out and run over; if ye pour it softly, you may fill it even to the top, and so her Grace, I doubt not, by little and little may be increased in learning, that at length greater cannot be required. And if you think not this, gentle Mrs. Astley, yet I trust you will take my words as spoken, although not of the greatest wisdom, yet not of the least good will. I pray commend you to my good Lady of Troye, and all that company of godly gentlewomen. I send my Lady (Elizabeth) her pen, an Italian book, a book of prayers. Send the silver pen which is broken, and it shall be mended quickly. So I commit and commend you all to the Almighty's merciful protection. Your ever obliged friend,

"ROGER ASCHAM.

"To his very loving friend Mrs. Astley."[1]

On the death of his friend, William Grindall, Ascham was appointed tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, then about sixteen, with whom he read nearly the whole of Cicero's works, Livy, the orations of Isocrates, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the New Testament in Greek. Some disturbances in Ascham's own family separated him from his royal pupil in 1550.

Sufficient account has been given, in the memoir of Queen Katharine Parr, of the rude and improper conduct of the lord admiral sir Thomas Seymour to the fair young royal student, while under the care of his consort the queen dowager, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour-Place.[2] The boisterous romping to which the queen was at first a party, was repeated in her absence, and when Mrs. Ashley remonstrated with the admiral on the indecorum of his behaviour to the young princess, and entreated him to desist, he replied with a profane oath, "that he would not, for he meant no harm."[3]

Few girls of fifteen have ever been placed in a situation of greater peril than Elizabeth was at this period of her life, and if she passed through it without incurring the actual stain of guilt, it is certain that she did not escape scandal. The queen dowager, apparently terrified at the audacious terms of familiarity on which

[1] Ascham spells Elizabeth Ashley's name, *Astley*.
[2] Vol. v. Life of Katharine Parr.
[3] Haynes' State Papers.

she found her husband endeavouring to establish himself with her royal stepdaughter, hastened to prevent further mischief by effecting an immediate separation between them.

The time of Elizabeth's departure from the house and protection of queen Katharine Parr, was a week after Whitsuntide 1548. She then removed with her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and the rest of her establishment, to Cheston, and afterwards to Hatfield and Ashridge.[1]

That Katharine Parr spoke with some degree of severity to Elizabeth, on the levity of her conduct, there can be no doubt, from the allusions made by the latter, in the following letter, to the expressions used by her majesty when they parted. Nothing, however, can be more meek and conciliatory than the tone in which Elizabeth writes, although the workings of a wounded mind are perceptible throughout. The penmanship of the letter is exquisitely beautiful.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KATHARINE PARR.[2]

"Although I could not be plentiful in giving thanks, for the manifold kindnesses received at your highness's hand, at my departure, yet I am something to be borne withal, for truly I was replete with sorrow to depart from your highness, especially seeing you undoubtful of health, and albeit I answered little, I weighed it more deeper when you said—'you would warn me of all evilnesses that you should hear of me,' for if your grace had not a good opinion of me, you would not have offered friendship to me that way at all,—meaning the contrary. But what may I more say than thank God for providing such friends for me, desiring God to enrich me with their *long* life, and me grace to be in heart no less thankful to receive it than I am *now made* glad in writing to shew it? and although I have plenty of matter here, I will stay, for I know you are not quick to rede. From Cheston, this present Saturday.

"Your highness's humble daughter,

"ELIZABETH."

Superscribed—"To the Queen's highness."

From another letter addressed by Elizabeth to her royal stepmother, which has been printed in the memoir of that queen, there is every reason to believe that they continued to write to each other on very friendly and

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

[2] State Paper MS. Edward VI.—No. 27.

affectionate terms. Queen Katharine even sanctioned a correspondence between her husband and the princess, and the following elegant, but cautious letter, was written by Elizabeth, in reply to an apology which he had addressed to her for not having been able to render her some little service which he had promised.

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE LORD ADMIRAL.[1]

"My lord,

"You needed not to send an excuse to me, for I could not mistrust the not fulfilling your promise to proceed from want of good will, but only that opportunity served not. Wherefore I shall desire you to think that a greater matter than this could not make me impute any unkindness in you, for I am a friend not won with trifles, nor lost with the like. Thus I commit you and your affairs into God's hand, who keep you from all evil. I pray you to make my humble commendations to the Queen's highness.

"Your assured friend to my little power,
"ELIZABETH."

Katharine Parr, during her last illness, wished much to see Elizabeth, and left her, in her will, half her jewels, and a rich chain of gold. She had often said to her, "God has given you great qualities, cultivate them always, and labour to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be queen of England."[2]

One of the admiral's servants, named Edward, came to Cheston, or Cheshunt, where the lady Elizabeth was then residing with her governess and train, and brought the news of queen Katharine's death. He told the officers of Elizabeth's household "that his lord was a heavy," that is to say, a sorrowful "man, for the loss of the queen his wife."[3] Elizabeth did not give Seymour much credit for his grief; for when her governess, Mrs. Ashley, advised her, as he had been her friend in the lifetime of the late queen, to write a letter of condolence to comfort him in his sorrow, she replied, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." "Then," said Mrs. Ashley, "if your grace will not, then will I."[4] She did, and shewed the letter to her royal pupil, who, without committing herself in any way, tacitly permitted it to be sent. Lady Tyrwhit, soon after, told Mrs. Ashley

[1] Hearne's Sylloge.
[2] Leti's Elizabeth.
[3] Haynes' State Papers.
[4] Ibid.

"that it was the opinion of many that the lord-admiral kept the late queen's maidens together to wait on the lady Elizabeth, whom he intended shortly to marry." Mrs. Ashley also talked with Mr. Tyrwhitt about the marriage, who bade her "take heed, for it were but undoing, if it were done without the council's leave." At Christmas the report became general that the lady Elizabeth should marry with the admiral, but Mrs. Ashley sent word to sir Henry Parker, when he sent his servant to ask her what truth were in this rumour, "that he should in no-wise credit it, for it was *ne* thought *ne* meant."[1] Mrs. Ashley, however, by her own account, frequently talked with Elizabeth on the subject, wishing that she and the admiral were married. Elizabeth, who had only completed her fifteenth year two days after the death of queen Katharine Parr, had no maternal friend to direct and watch over her—there was not even a married lady of noble birth or alliance in her household—a household comprising upwards of one hundred and twenty persons—so that she was left entirely to her own discretion, and the counsels of her intriguing governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and the unprincipled cofferer, or treasurer of her house, Thomas Parry, in whom, as well as in Mrs. Ashley, she reposed unbounded confidence. These persons were in the interest of the lord-admiral, and did everything in their power to further his presumptuous designs on their royal mistress.

Leti, who, from his reference to the Aylesbury MSS., had certainly the best information on the subject, gives Elizabeth credit for acting with singular prudence under these circumstances: he tells us, that very soon after the death of queen Katharine, the lord-admiral presented himself before Elizabeth, clad in all the external panoply of mourning, but having, as she suspected, very little grief in his heart. He came as a wooer to the royal maid, from whom he received no encouragement, but he endeavoured to recommend his cause to her through her female attendants. One of her bedchamber women, of

[1] Haynes' State Papers, p. 101.

the name of Mountjoye, took the liberty of speaking openly to her youthful mistress in favour of a marriage between her and the admiral; enlarging at the same time on his qualifications in such unguarded language that Elizabeth, after trying in vain to silence her, told her at last, "that she would have her thrust out of her presence if she did not desist."

There can, however, be little doubt that a powerful impression was made on Elizabeth by the addresses of Seymour, seconded, as they were, by the importunity of her governess, and all who possessed her confidence. The difference of nearly twenty years in their ages was, probably, compensated by the personal graces which had rendered him the Adonis of her father's court, and she was accustomed to blush when his name was mentioned, and could not conceal her pleasure when she heard him commended. In a word, he was the first, and perhaps the only, man whom Elizabeth loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice. She acknowledged that she would have married him provided he could have obtained the consent of the council.[1] To have contracted wedlock with him in defiance of that despotic junta, by which the sovereign power of the crown was then exercised, would have involved them both in ruin; and even if passion had so far prevailed over Elizabeth's characteristic caution and keen regard to her own interest, Seymour's feelings were not of that romantic nature which would have led him to sacrifice either wealth or ambition on the shrine of love. My lord-admiral had a prudential eye to the main chance, and no modern fortune-hunter could have made more particular inquiries into the actual state of any lady's finances than he did into those of the fair and youthful sister of his sovereign, to whose hand he, the younger son of a country knight, presumed to aspire. The sordid spirit of the man is sufficiently unveiled in the following conversation between him and Thomas Parry, the cofferer of the princess Elizabeth, as deposed by the latter before the council:[2]—

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid.

"When I went unto my lord-admiral the third and fourth time," says Parry, "after he had asked me how her grace did? and such things, he had large communications with me of her, and he questioned me of many things, and of the state of her grace's house, and how many servants she kept, and I told him '120 or 140, or thereabouts.' Then he asked me what houses she had and what lands? I told him where the lands lay as near as I could—in Northamptonshire, Berkshire, Lincoln, and elsewhere. Then he asked me if they were good lands or no? and I told him they were out on lease, for the most part, and therefore the worse.[1] He asked me also whether she had the lands for term of life or how? and I said, I could not perfectly tell, but I thought it was such as she was appointed by her father's will and testament, the king's majesty that then was."

The admiral proceeded to inquire if she had had her letters patent out? and Parry replied, "No; for there were some things in them that could not be assured to her grace yet, (probably till she was of age,) and that a friend of her grace would help her to an exchange of lands that would be more commodious to her." The admiral asked, "What friend?" and Parry replied, "Morisyn, who would help her to have Ewelm for Apethorpe." On which the admiral proposed making an exchange with the princess himself for some of their lands, and spake much of his three fair houses, Bewdley, Sudeley, and Bromcham, and fell to comparing his housekeeping with that of the princess,[2] and that he could do it with less expense than she was at, and offered his house in London for her use. At last he said, "when her grace came to Asheridge it was not far out of his way, and he might come to see her in his way up and down, and would be glad to see her there." Parry told him, "he could not go to see her grace till he knew what her pleasure was." "Why," said the admiral, "it is no matter now, for there hath been a talk of late that I shall marry my lady Jane!" adding, "I tell you this merrily—I tell you this merrily."[3]

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

When these communications had been made to the lady Elizabeth, she caused Mrs. Ashley to write two letters to the admiral; one declaring her good will, but requesting him not to come without the council's permission for that purpose; the other declaring "her acceptation of his gentleness, and that he would be welcome, but if he came not, she prayed God to speed his journey;" concluding in these words from Ashley herself—"No more hereof until I see my lord myself, for my lady is not to seek of his gentleness or good will."

There is no absolute evidence to prove that Seymour availed himself of this implied permission to visit the princess, but every reason to suppose he did, and that by the connivance of her governess and state officers he had clandestine interviews with the royal girl, at times and places, not in accordance with the restraints and reserves with which a maiden princess, of her tender years, ought to have been surrounded. Reports of a startling nature reached the court, and the duchess of Somerset severely censured Katharine Ashley "because she had permitted my lady Elizabeth's grace to go one night on the Thames in a barge, and for other light parts," saying, "that she was not worthy to have the governance of a king's daughter."[1]

When Elizabeth was preparing to pay her Christmas visit to court, she was at a loss for a town residence, Durham house, which had formerly been granted to her mother, queen Anne Boleyn, before her marriage with king Henry, and to which Elizabeth considered she had a right, having been appropriated by king Edward's council to the purpose of a mint. Elizabeth made application by her cofferer, Thomas Parry, to the lord-admiral for his assistance in this matter, on which he very courteously offered to give up his own town-house for her accommodation and that of her train,[2] adding,

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

[2] Bath Inn, a house of the bishops of Bath and Wells, which had been torn from that see by the rapacious Seymours, was the town residence of the lord-admiral at that time, which, with all its furniture, he offered to Thomas Parry for the use of the princess Elizabeth during her stay in London.—Burghley's State Papers

"that he would come and see her grace." "Which declaration," says Parry, "she seemed to take very gladly, and to accept it joyfully. On which," continues he, "casting in my mind the reports which I had heard of a marriage between them, and observing, that at all times when, by any chance, talk should be had of the lord-admiral, she showed such countenance that it should appear she was very glad to hear of him, and especially would show countenance of gladness when he was well spoken of, I took occasion to ask her whether, if the council would like it, she would marry with him? To which she replied, 'When that comes to pass, I will do as God shall put into my mind.'"[1]

"I remember well," continues Parry, "that when I told her grace how that the lord-admiral would gladly, she should sue out her 'letters patents,' she asked me, 'whether he were so desirous or no, indeed?' I said 'yes, in earnest he was desirous of it;' and, I told her farther, 'how he would have had her have lands in Gloucestershire, called Prisley, as in parcel of exchange, and in Wales;' and she asked me, 'what I thought he meant thereby?' and I said, 'I cannot tell, unless he go about to have you also, for he wished your lands and would have them that way.'"[2]

This broad hint Elizabeth received, as it appears, in silence; but when Parry proceeded to inform her, that the admiral wished her to go to the duchess of Somerset, and by that means to make suit to the protector for the exchange of the lands, and for the grant of a house, instead of Durham house, for herself; and so to entertain the duchess for her good offices in this affair, the spirit of the royal Tudors stirred within her, and she said, "I dare say he did not say so, nor would."

"Yes, by my faith," replied the cofferer.

"Well," quoth she, indignantly, "I will not do so, and so tell him;" she expressed her anger that she should be driven to make such suits, and said, "In faith I will not come there, nor begin to flatter now."[3]

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Shortly after, the lady Elizabeth asked Parry, "whether he had told Kate Ashley of the lord-admiral's gentleness and kind offers, and those words and things that had been told to her."

"I told her, no," said Parry.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "in any wise go tell it her, for I will know nothing but she shall know it. In faith, I cannot be quiet until ye have told her of it."

When Parry told the governess, she said—"that she knew it well enough;" and Parry rejoined, "that it seemed to him that there was good-will between the lord-admiral and her grace, and that he gathered both by him and her grace."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ashley, "it is true; but I had such a charge in this that I dare nothing say in it, but I would wish her his wife of all men living. I wis," quoth she, "he might bring the matter to pass at the council's hands well enough."

A long gossiping conversation between the cofferer and the governess then followed, in which Mrs. Ashley, after adverting to some passages in the early stage of the princess's acquaintance with the admiral, and the jealousy queen Katharine Parr had conceived of her, suddenly recollected herself, and told Parry she repented of having disclosed so many particulars to him, especially of the late queen finding her husband, with his arms about the young princess, and besought the cofferer not to repeat it, for if he did, so that it got abroad, her grace should be dishonoured for ever, and she likewise undone.[1] Parry replied, "that he would rather be pulled with horses than he would disclose it." Yet it is from his confession that this scandalous story has become matter of history.

While the admiral was proceeding with this sinister courtship of Elizabeth, and before his plans were sufficiently matured to permit him to become a declared suitor for her hand, Russell, the lord privy-seal, surprised him by saying to him, as they were riding together, after the protector Somerset to the parliament house, "My lord-admiral, there are certain rumours bruited of you,

[1] Haynes' State Papers, p. 96.

which I am very sorry to hear." When Seymour demanded his meaning, Russell told him, "that he was informed that he made means to marry either with the lady Mary, or else with the lady Elizabeth," adding, "My lord, if ye go about any such thing, ye seek the means to undo yourself, and all those that shall come of you." Seymour replied, "that he had no thought of such an enterprise," and so the conversation ended for that time.[1] A few days afterwards, Seymour renewed the subject in these words, "Father Russell, you are very suspicious of me; I pray you tell me, who showed you of the marriage, that I should attempt, whereof, ye brake with me the other day?" Russell replied, "that he would not tell him the authors of that tale, but that they were his very good friends, and he advised him to make no suit of marriage *that way*."

Though no names were mentioned, Seymour, who well knew the allusion was to the sisters of their sovereign, replied significantly, "It is convenient for *them* to marry, and better it were, that they were married within the realm, than in any foreign place without the realm; and why," continued he, "might not I or another man, raised by the king their father, marry one of them?"

Then said Russell, "My lord, if either you, or, any other within this realm shall match himself, in marriage, either with my lady Mary or my lady Elizabeth, he shall undoubtedly, whatsoever he be, procure unto himself the occasion of his utter undoing, and you especially, above all others, being of so near alliance to the king's majesty." And, after explaining to the admiral the perilous jealousies which would be excited by his marrying with either of the heirs of the crown, he asked this home question, "And I pray you, my lord, what shall you have with either of them?"

"He who marries one of them shall have three thousand a year," replied Seymour.

"My lord, it is not so," said Russell; "for ye may be well assured that he shall have no more than ten

[1] Tytler's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 6.

thousand pounds in money, plate, and goods, and no land; and what is that to maintain his charges and estate, who matches himself there?"

"They must have the three thousand pounds a year also," rejoined Seymour.

Russell, with a tremendous oath "protested that they should not;" and Seymour, with another, asserted, "that they should, and that none should dare to say nay to it."[1]

Russell, with a second oath, swore, "that he would say nay to it, for it was clean against the king's will;" and the admiral, profligate as he was, finding himself outsworn by the hoary-headed old statesman, desisted from bandying oaths with him on the subject.

The most remarkable feature in this curious dialogue is, however, the anxiety displayed by Seymour on the pecuniary prospects of his royal love. He sent one of his servants, about this time, to lady Brown (celebrated by Surrey under the poetic name of Fair Geraldine) who appears to have been a very intimate friend and ally of his, advising her to break up housekeeping, and to take up her abode with the lady Elizabeth's grace to save charges. Lady Brown replied, "that she verily purposed to go to the lady Elizabeth's house that next morning," but she appears to have been prevented by the sickness and death of her old husband. It was suspected that Seymour meant to have employed her in furthering some of his intrigues.[2]

The protector and his council, meantime, kept a jealous watch on the proceedings of the admiral, not only with regard to his clandestine addresses with the lady Elizabeth, but his daring intrigues to overthrow the established regency, and get the power into his own hands. There was an attempt, on the part of Somerset, to avert the mischief by sending the admiral on a mission to Boulogne; and the last interview the princess Elizabeth's confidential servant, Parry, had with him was in his chamber, at the court, where he was preparing for this

[1] Tytler's State Papers. [2] Haynes' State Papers.

unwelcome voyage.[1] The following conversation then took place:—The admiral asked, "How doth her grace, and when will she be here?"

Parry replied, "that the lord protector had not determined on the day."

"No," said the admiral, bitterly; "that shall be when I am gone to Boulogne."

Parry presented Mrs. Ashley's commendations, and said "it was her earnest wish that the lady Elizabeth should be his wife."

"Oh!" replied the admiral, "it will not be;" adding, "that his brother would never consent to it."[2]

On the 16th of January, the admiral was arrested on a charge of high treason, having boasted that he had ten thousand men at his command, and suborned Sharrington, the master of the mint at Bristol, to coin a large sum of false money to support him in his wild projects. He was committed to the Tower, and not only his servants, but the principal persons in the household of the princess Elizabeth were also arrested, and subjected to very strict examination by the council, in order to ascertain the nature of the admiral's connexion with the princess, and how far she was implicated in his intrigues against the government. In fact, Elizabeth herself seems to have been treated as a prisoner of state, while these momentous investigations were proceeding; for, though she made earnest supplication to be admitted to the presence of the king her brother, or even to that of the protector, in order to justify herself, she was detained at her house at Hatfield, under the especial charge of sir Thomas Tyrwhit, who certainly was empowered by the council to put her and her household under restraint.

Very distressing must this crisis have been to a girl in her sixteenth year, who had no maternal friend to counsel and support her, under circumstances, that were the more painful, because of the previous scandals in which she had been involved, at the time of her separation from her royal stepmother, on account of the free conduct of the

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid.

admiral. All the particulars of his coarse familiarity and indelicate romping with Elizabeth, had been cruelly tattled by her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, to Parry the cofferer, and were by him disclosed to the council, and confirmed by the admissions of Mrs. Ashley. The fact, that, notwithstanding those things, Elizabeth was receiving the clandestine addresses of this bold bad man, almost before queen Katharine was cold in her grave, was injurious to her reputation, and caused her to be treated with less respect and consideration from the council, than ought to have been shewn to a royal lady, of her tender age, and the sister of the sovereign.

Sir Robert Tyrwhit first announced to her the alarming tidings that Mrs. Ashley and her husband, with Parry, had all been committed to the Tower on her account; on which, he says, "her grace was marvellously abashed, and did weep, very tenderly, a long time, demanding 'whether they had confessed anything?'" Tyrwhit assured her, "that they had confessed everything, and urged her to do the same." Elizabeth was not to be thus easily outwitted, and Tyrwhit then endeavoured to terrify her by requiring her "to remember her honour, and the peril that might ensue, for she was but a subject"[1]—an inuendo that might have been somewhat alarming to so young a girl, considering her mother, though a queen, had died by the sword of the executioner; but the lofty spirit of Elizabeth was not to be thus intimidated, and Tyrwhit told Somerset "that he was not able to get anything from her but by gentle persuasion, whereby he began to grow with her in credit," "for I do assure your grace," continues he, "she hath a good wit, and nothing is to be gotten from her but by great policy." She was, however, greatly disturbed when he told her that Parry and Mrs. Ashley had both confessed, and in confirmation shewed her the signatures to their depositions; on which she called Parry "false wretch."[2]

Tyrwhit told her what sort of a woman Mrs. Ashley was, and assured her "that if she would open all things,

[1] Haynes. [2] Haynes' State Papers.

that all the evil and shame should be ascribed to them, and her youth taken into consideration by his majesty, the protector, and the whole council." "But in no way," continues he, "will she confess any practice by Mrs. Ashley, or the cofferer concerning my lord admiral; and yet I do see it in her face that she is guilty, and yet perceive that she will abide more storms ere she will accuse Mrs. Ashley."

On the 28th of January, Tyrwhit informs the protector "that he has, in obedience to his letter of the 26th, practised with her grace, by all means and policy, to induce her to confess more than she had already done, in a letter which she had just written to the duke, with her own hand, which contained all that she was willing to admit;" and Tyrwhit expresses his conviction that a secret pact had been made by the princess, Mrs. Ashley, and Parry, never to confess anything to the crimination of each other; "and if so," continues he, "it will never be drawn from her grace, unless by the king her brother, or the protector." The following is the letter written by Elizabeth to Somerset, which tallies, as Tyrwhit very shrewdly observes, most remarkably with the depositions of Ashley and Parry, and induces him to think that they had all three agreed in their story, in case of being questioned, or, to use his own expression, "set the note before."[1]

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

"My lord, your great gentleness and good will towards me, as well in this thing as in other things, I do understand, for the which even as I ought, so I do give you humble thanks; and whereas your lordship willeth and counselleth me as an earnest friend, to declare what I know in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Master Tyrwhit, I shall most willingly do it. I declared unto him first, that after the cofferer had declared unto me what my lord admiral answered, for Allen's matter,[2] and for Durham Place (that it was appointed to be a mint), he told me that my lord admiral did offer me his house for my time being with the king's majesty, and further said and asked me, 'if the council

[1] Haynes' State Papers. This curious simile alludes to the note being pitched for singing in unison.

[2] A request made by Elizabeth to the admiral in behalf of one of her chaplains.

did consent that I should have my lord admiral, whether I would consent to it, or no?' I answered, 'that I would not tell him what my mind was;' and I further inquired of him 'what he meant by asking me that question, or who bade him say so?' He answered me, and said, 'Nobody bade him say so, but that he perceived, as he thought, by my lord admiral inquiring whether my patent were sealed or no, and debating what he spent in his house, and inquiring what was spent in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise.' And as concerning Kat Ashley *by which familiar name Elizabeth always speaks of her governess*, she never advised me to it, but said always, when any talked of my marriage, 'that she would never have me marry, neither in England nor out of England, without the consent of the king's majesty, your grace's, and the council's.' And after the queen was departed—(*A cool way, by the bye, of alluding to the death of queen Katharine Parr, from whom Elizabeth had in her tender childhood received the most essential offices of friendship and maternal kindness*)—when I asked of her—'What news she heard from London?' she answered, merrily, 'They say, your Grace shall have my lord admiral, and that he will shortly come to woo you. And, moreover, I said unto him, that the cofferer sent a letter hither, that my lord said that he would come this way as he went down into the country.' Then I bade her write as she thought best, and bade her shew it to me when she had done; so she wrote, 'that she thought it not best, (that the admiral should come,) for fear of suspicion,' and so it went forth, (that is, the letter was sent,) and the lord admiral, after he had heard that, asked the cofferer, 'why he might not come to me as well as to my sister?' and then I desired Kat Ashley to write again (lest my lord might think that she knew more in it than he), that she knew nothing, but only suspected, and I also told Master Tyrwhit that to the effect of the matter—(*Here Elizabeth evidently alludes to the report of his intended courtship*)—I never consented to any such thing without the council's consent thereto. And as for Kat Ashley and the cofferer, they never told me that they would practise it, (i.e., *compass the marriage.*) These be the things which I declared to Master Tyrwhit, and also, whereof my conscience beareth me witness, which I would not for all earthly things offend in anything, for I know I have a soul to be saved as well as other folks have, wherefore I will, above all things, have respect unto this same. If there be any more things which I can remember, I will either write it myself, or cause Mr. Tyrwhit to write it.

"Master Tyrwhit and others have told me that there goeth rumours abroad which be greatly both against my honour and honesty, which, above all other things, I esteem, which be these, that I am in the Tower, and with child by my lord admiral.[1] My lord, these are shameful slanders, for the which, besides the great desire I have to see the king's majesty, I shall most heartily desire your lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination that I may shew myself there as I am. Written in haste from Hatfield, this 28th of January.

"Your assured friend to my little power,

"ELIZABETH."

This letter, which is in Haynes' edition of the Burleigh State Papers, entitled, "The Confession of the lady Eli-

[1] Haynes' State Papers, 70.

zabeth's grace," is one of the most interesting documents connected with her personal history. There is a curious mixture of child-like simplicity and diplomatic skill, in her admissions, with that affectation of candour which often veils the most profound dissimulation. Her endeavours to screen her governess are, however, truly generous, and the lofty spirit with which she adverts to the scandalous reports that were in circulation against her reputation, is worthy of the daughter of a king, and conveys a direct conviction of her innocence. There is no affectation of delicacy or mock modesty in her language; she comes to the point at once, like an honest woman, and in plain English tells the protector of what she had been accused, and declares that it is a shameful slander, and demands that she may be brought to court that her appearance may prove her innocence. It is to be remembered that Elizabeth was little turned of fifteen when this letter was penned.

On the 7th of February, Tyrwhit succeeded in drawing a few more particulars from Elizabeth, which he forwarded to the duke of Somerset, enclosed in the following note to his grace:—

"I do send all the articles I received from your grace, and also the lady Elizabeth's confession, withal, which is not so full of matter as I would it were, nor yet so much as I did procure her to; but in no way will she confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practices with my lord admiral, either by message or writing. They all sing one song, and so I think they would not, unless they had set the note before.—Feb. 7, Hatfield."

IN ELIZABETH'S HAND.

"Kat Ashley told me, 'that after the lord admiral was married to the queen, if he had had his own will he would have had me afore the queen.' Then I asked her 'How she knew that?' She said, 'she knew it well enough both by himself and others.' The place where she said this I have forgotten, but she spoke to me of him many times."

Then Tyrwhit wrote the rest of the confession, but under the inspection of the princess, as follows:—

"Another time, after the queen was dead, Kat Ashley would have had me to have written a letter to my lord admiral to have comforted him in his sorrow, because he had been my friend in the queen's lifetime, and would think great kindness therein. Then I said, 'I would not, for he needs it not.' Then said Kat Ashley, 'If your grace will not, then will I.'

I remember I did see it, (i.e., *the consolatory letter Elizabeth thought so superfluous to the widower,*) but what the effect of it was I do not remember."

"Another time I asked her, 'what news was at London,' and she said, 'The voice went there that my lord admiral Seymour should marry me.' I smiled at that, and replied, 'It was but a London news.' One day she said, '*He* that fain would have had you before he married the queen will come now to woo you.' I answered her, 'Though peradventure he himself would have me, yet I think the (privy) council will not consent, but I think by what you said if *he* had his own will he would have had me.' I thought there was no let (hindrance) of his part, but only on that of the council. Howbeit, she said another time, 'that she did not wish me to have him, because she who had him was so unfortunate.'"

Elizabeth then informs the duke that Parry asked her, "if the council consented, whether she would have the lord admiral or no." "I asked him," pursues she, "what he meant by that question, and who bade him ask me?" He replied, 'No one, but he gathered by questions asked by the lord admiral before, that *he* meant some such thing.' I told him it was but his foolish gathering." She says, Parry brought a message from the lord admiral, advising her, "first to get her patents sealed and sure, and then he would apply to the council for leave to marry her." Likewise that the lord admiral wished her to reside at Ashridge, because it was in his way, when he went into the country, to call and see her. Elizabeth signed this confession with her own hand, and very blandly concludes the paper with an assurance to Somerset "that if she remembered any more she would be sure to forward the items to him."[1]

It was, doubtless, for the purpose of shaking Elizabeth's confidence in Mrs. Ashley that Tyrwhit shewed her the deposition of that trusty official, which revealed all the particulars of the liberties the admiral had presumed to offer to her, while she was under the care of his late consort, queen Katharine. Elizabeth appeared greatly abashed and half breathless, while reading the needlessly minute details, which had been made before the council, of scenes in which she had been only a passive actor, but as Mrs. Ashley had abstained from disclosures, of any consequence, touching her more recent intercourse with

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

Seymour, she expressed no displeasure, but when she had read to the end, carefully examined the signatures, both of Katharine Ashley and Parry, as if she had suspected Tyrwhit of practising an imposition, "though it was plain," observes he, "that she knew both at half a glance."[1]

In one of Tyrwhit's letters to Somerset, he says, "that master Beverly and himself have been examining the cofferer's accounts, which they find very incorrect, and the books so '*indiscreetly*' kept, that he appears little fit for his office; that her grace's expenses are at present more than she can afford, and therefore she must perforce make retrenchments. She was desirous that the protector should not appoint any one to be her cofferer till she had spoken to him herself, for she thought an officer of less importance would serve for that department, and save in her purse a hundred pounds a year."[2]

This proved to be only an excuse, on the part of the young lady, to keep the office open for Parry, whom she took the first opportunity of reinstating in his post, although she had been given full proof of his defalcations; and so far was she from resenting the nature of his disclosures, with regard to the improper confidence that had been reposed in him by her tattling governess, that she afterwards, on her accession to the throne, appointed him the comptroller of her royal household, and continued her preferment to him and his daughter to the end of their lives,—conduct which naturally induces a suspicion that secrets of greater moment had been confided to him—secrets that probably would have touched not only the maiden fame of his royal mistress, but placed her life in jeopardy, and that he had preserved these inviolate. The same may be supposed with respect to Mrs. Ashley, to whom Elizabeth clung with unshaken tenacity through every storm, even when the council dismissed her from her office, and addressed a stern note to her grace the lady Elizabeth, apprising her that they had, in consequence of the misconduct of Mrs. Katharine Ashley, removed her from her

[1] Haynes' State Papers, where the depositions are in full.
[2] Haynes' State Papers.

post, and appointed the lady Tyrwhit to take her place as governess to her grace, and requiring her to receive her as such.[1]

The disdainful manner in which the young lioness of the Tudor-Plantagenet line received the new duenna, who had been contumeliously put in authority over her by her royal brother's council, is best related in the words of Sir Robert Tyrwhit himself, who, in his two-fold capacity of spy and jailer, seems to have peculiar satisfaction, in telling tales of the defenceless orphan of Anne Boleyn, to the powerful brother of her murdered mother's rival, Jane Seymour. "Pleaseth your grace to be advertised," he writes, "that after my wife's repair hither, she declared to the lady Elizabeth's grace, that she was called before your grace and the council, and had a rebuke, that she had not taken upon her the office to see her well governed in the lieu of Mrs. Ashley."[2] This reproof to lady Tyrwhit must have had reference to the time when all the parties concerned were living under the roof of queen Katharine Parr, whose lady-in-waiting lady Tyrwhit was.

The lady Elizabeth replied, "that Mrs. Ashley was *her* mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the council should now need to put any more mistresses unto her." "Whereunto," pursues Tyrwhit, "my wife answered, 'seeing she did allow Mrs. Ashley to be her mistress, she need not to be ashamed to have any honest woman to be in that place.' She took the matter so heavily that she wept all that night, and loured all the next day till she received your letter; and then she sent for me, and asked me 'whether she were best to write to you again or not.' I said, 'if she would follow the effect of your letter (meaning if she would comply with the injunctions contained in it) I thought it best that she should write, but in the end of the matter, I perceived that she was very loth to have a governor, and to avoid the same, she said, 'that the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor appointed over her,' and all is no more than that she fully

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid.

hopes to recover her old mistress again. The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at. I told her (Elizabeth), that if she would consider her honour, and the sequel thereof, she would, considering her years, make suit to your grace to have one, rather than be without one a single hour.'

"She cannot digest such advice in no way," continues sir Robert, drily; "but if I should say my fantasy, it were more meet she should have two than one." He then complains, that although he favoured her grace with his advice as to the manner in which she should frame her reply to Somerset, she would in no wise follow it, "but writ her own fantasy." And in the right of it too, we should say, considering the treacherous nature of the counsellor, who, serpent-like, was trying to beguile her into criminating herself, for the sake of employing her evidence against the luckless admiral, who was at that very time struggling in the toils of his foes, and vainly demanding the privilege of a fair trial. That Elizabeth did not contemplate his fall, and the plunder of his property without pain Tyrwhit bears witness. "She beginneth now to droop a little," writes that watchful observer, "by reason that she heareth my lord-admiral's houses be dispersed;[1] and my wife telleth me, now, that she cannot hear him discommended but she is ready to make answer, which," continues Tyrwhit, "she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, whereunto she was ever ready to make answer, vehemently in her defence."

The following is the letter which Elizabeth addressed to Somerset, instead of that which his creature, Tyrwhit, had endeavoured to beguile her into writing. It is marked with all the caution that characterized her diplomatic correspondence, after the lessons of worldcraft, in which she finally became an adept, were grown familiar to her. She, however, very properly assumes the tone of an injured person with regard to the scandalous reports that were in circulation against her, and demands

[1] Haynes' State Papers. The meaning is, the lord admiral's houses were given away, and his household discharged.

that he and the council should take the requisite steps for putting a stop to those injurious rumours:—

LETTER FROM THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET.

" My lord,

" Having received your lordship's letters, I perceive in them your good-will towards me, because you declare to me plainly your mind in this thing, and again for that you would not wish that I should do anything that should not seem good unto the council, for the which thing I give you most hearty thanks. And whereas, I do understand, that you do take in evil part the letters that I did write unto your lordship, I am very sorry that you should take them so, for my mind was to declare unto you plainly, as I thought, in that thing which I did, also the more willingly, because (as I write to you) you desired me to be plain with you in all things. And as concerning that point that you write, that I seem to stand in mine own wit, in being so well assured of mine own self, I did assure me of myself, no more than I trust the truth shall try; and to say that which I know of myself I did not think should have displeased the counsel or your grace. And, surely, the cause why that I was sorry that there should be any such about me, was because that I thought the people will say that I deserved, through my lewd demeanour, to have such a one, and not that I mislike anything that your lordship, or the council, shall think good, for I know that you and the council are charged with me, or that I take upon me to rule myself, for I know that they are most deceived that trusteth most in themselves, wherefore I trust you shall never find that fault in me, to the which thing I do not see that your grace has made any direct answer at this time, and seeing they make so evil reports already shall be but an increasing of these evil tongues. Howbeit, you did write 'that if I would bring forth any that had reported it, you and the council would see it redressed,' which thing, though I can easily do it, I would be loth to do, because it is mine own cause; and, again, that it should be but abridging of an evil name of me that am glad to punish them, and so get the evil will of the people, which thing I would be loth to have. But if it might seem good to your lordship, and the rest of the council, to send forth a proclamation into the countries that they refrain their tongues, declaring how the tales be but lies, it should make both the people think that you and the council have great regard that no such rumours should be spread of any of the king's majesty's sisters, (as I am, though unworthy,) and also that I should think myself to receive such friendship at your hands as you have promised me, although your lordship hath shewed me great already. Howbeit, I am ashamed to ask it any more, because I see you are not so well minded thereunto. And as concerning that you say that I give folks occasion to think, in refusing the good to uphold the evil, I am not of so simple understanding, nor I would that your grace should have so evil an opinion of me that I have so little respect of my own honesty, that I would maintain it if I had sufficient promise of the same, and so your grace shall prove me when it comes to the point. And thus I bid you farewell, desiring God always to assist you in all your affairs. Written in haste. From Hatfelde, this 21st of February. " Your assured friend, to my little power,

" ELIZABETH."

[Superscribed.—" To my very good lord, my lord protector."][1]

[1] Lansdown MSS., Brit. Mus.

To such a horrible extent had the scandals to which Elizabeth adverts in this letter proceeded, that not only was it said that she had been seduced by Seymour, and was about to become a mother, but that she had actually borne him a child. From the MS. life of Jane Dormer, duchess of Feria, who had been in the service of her sister the princess Mary, we learn, "that there was a report of a child born and miserably destroyed, but that it could not be discovered whose it was. A midwife testified that she was brought from her house blindfold to a house where she did her office, and returned in like manner. She saw nothing in the house but candle-light, and only said it was the child of a very fair young lady." This wild story was but a modern version of an ancient legend, which is to be met with among the local traditions of every county in England, in border minstrelsy and ballad lore, and even in oriental tales; and it had certainly been revived by some of the court gossips of Edward the Sixth's reign, who thought proper to make the youthful sister of that prince the heroine of the adventure.

The council had offered to punish any one whom Elizabeth could point out as the author of the injurious rumours against her character, and her observation in her letter to Somerset, in reply to this offer, "that she should but gain an evil name as if she were glad to punish, and thus incur the ill-will of the people, which she should be loth to have," is indicative of the profound policy, which throughout life, enabled this great queen to win and retain the affections of the men of England. Popularity was a leading object with Elizabeth from her childhood to the grave, and well had nature fitted her to play her part with eclat in the splendid drama of royalty.

On the 4th of March, 1549, the bill of attainder against Thomas Seymour baron Sudley, lord-admiral of England, was read for the third time in the house of lords; and though his courtship of Elizabeth formed one of the numerous articles against him, and it must have been a season replete with anxious alarm and anguish to herself, she generously ventured to write an earnest

appeal to Somerset in behalf of her imprisoned governess, Mrs. Ashley, and her husband, who were, as she had every reason to suppose, involved in the same peril that impended over her rash lover, with whom they had been confederate.

Her letter is written in a noble spirit, and does equal credit to her head and heart, and is a beautiful specimen of special pleading in a girl of fifteen.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH TO THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET.[1]

"My lord, I have a request to make unto your grace which fear has made me omit till this time for two causes, the one because I saw that my request for the rumours which were spread abroad of me took so little place, which thing when I considered, I thought I should little profit in any other suit; howbeit, now I understand that there is a proclamation for them (for the which I give your grace and the rest of the council most humble thanks), I am the bolder to speak for another thing; and the other was, because, peraventure your lordship and the rest of the council will think that I favour her evil doing, for whom I shall speak, which is Kateryn Ashley, that it would please your grace and the rest of the council to be good unto her. Which thing I do, not to favour her in any evil (for that I would be sorry to do), but for these considerations, that follow, the which hope doth teach me in saying, that I ought not to doubt but that your grace and the rest of the council will think that I do it for other considerations. First, because that she hath been with me a long time, and many years, and hath taken great labour and pain in bringing me up in learning and honesty; and, therefore, I ought of very duty speak for her; for Saint Gregorie sayeth, 'that we are more bound to them that bringeth us up well than to our parents, for our parents do that which is natural for them that bringeth us into this world, but our bringers up are a cause to make us live well in it.' The second is, because I think that whatsoever she hath done in my lord-admiral's matter, as concerning the marrying of me, she did it because knowing him to be one of the council, she thought he would not go about any such thing without he had the council's consent thereunto; for I have heard her many times say 'that she would never have me marry in any place without your grace's and the council's consent.' The third cause is, because that it shall, and doth make men think, that I am not clear of the deed myself; but that it is pardoned to me because of my youth, because that she I loved so well is in such a place. Thus hope, prevailing more with me than fear, hath won the battle, and I have at this time gone forth with it; which I pray God be taken no otherwise than it is meant. Written in haste from Hatfield, this seventh day of March. Also, if I may be so bold, not offending, I beseech your grace and the rest of the council to be good to master Ashley, her husband, which, because he is my kinsman, I would be glad he should do well.

"Your assured friend, to my little power,

"ELIZABETH.

"To my very good lord, my lord-protector."

[1] MSS. Lansd. 1236, fol. 35.

There is something truly magnanimous in the manner in which Elizabeth notices her relationship to the prisoner Ashley, at the time when he was under so dark a cloud, and it proves that the natural impulses of her heart were generous and good. The constitutional levity, which she inherited from her mother, appears, at that period of her life, to have been her worst fault, and though she afterwards acquired the art of veiling this under an affectation of extreme prudery, her natural inclination was perpetually breaking out, and betraying her into follies which remind one of the conduct of the cat in the fable, who was turned into a lady, but never could resist her native penchant for catching mice.

On the 20th of March, Seymour was brought to the block: he had employed the last evening of his life in writing letters to Elizabeth and her sister, with the point of an aglet, which he plucked from his hose, being denied the use of pen and ink. These letters, which he concealed within the sole of a velvet shoe, were discovered by the emissaries of the council, and opened. No copies of these interesting documents have apparently been preserved, but bishop Latimer, in his sermon in justification of the execution of the unhappy writer, described them to be "of a wicked and dangerous nature, tending to excite the jealousy of the king's sisters against the protector Somerset, as their great enemy."[1]

When Elizabeth was informed of the execution of the admiral, she had the presence of mind to disappoint the malignant curiosity of the official spies, who were watching to report every symptom of emotion she might betray on that occasion, and merely said,

"This day died a man, with much wit, and very little judgment."

Although this extraordinary instance of self-command might, by some, be regarded as a mark of apathy in so young a woman; there can be no doubt that Elizabeth had been entangled in the snares of a deep and enduring passion for Seymour—passion that had rendered her regardless of every consideration of pride, caution, and

[1] See the Memoir of Queen Katharine Parr, vol. v. p. 130.

ambition, and forgetful of the obstacle which nature itself had opposed to a union between the daughter of Anne Boleyn and a brother of Jane Seymour. That Elizabeth continued to cherish the memory of this unsuitable lover with tenderness—not only after she had been deprived of him by the axe of the executioner, but for long years afterwards—may be inferred from the favour which she always bestowed on his faithful follower, Sir John Harrington the elder,[1] and the fact, that when she was actually the sovereign of England, and had rejected the addresses of many of the princes of Europe, Harrington ventured to present her with a portrait of his deceased lord, the admiral, with the following descriptive sonnet:—

" Of person rare, strong limbs and manly shape,
By nature framed to serve on sea or land;
In friendship firm, in good state or ill hap,
In peace head-wise, in war-skill great bold hand,
On horse or foot, in peril or in play,
None could excel, though many did essay.
A subject true to king, a servant great,
Friend to God's truth, and foe to Rome's deceit;
Sumptuous abroad for honour of the land,
Temperate at home, yet kept great state with stay,
And noble house, that fed more mouths with meat
Than some, advanced on higher steps to stand;
Yet against nature, reason, and just laws,
His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause."

The gift was accepted, and no reproof addressed to the donor.

[1] Sir John Harrington the elder, was originally in the service of king Henry VIII., and much in his confidence. He married Ethelred Malte, alias Dyngley, the king's natural daughter, by Joanna Dyngley or Dobson, and obtained with her a large portion of the confiscated church lands, which the king, out of his special love and regard for her, gave for her use and benefit; but she always passed for the illegitimate daughter of John Malte, the king's tailor, to whose care she was committed in her infancy for nurture and education. Harrington married this young lady in 1546, and settled with her at Kelston, the gift of Henry VIII. After the death of this illegitimate scion of royalty, Harrington entered into the service of the lord admiral, and was very strictly examined by the council of Edward VI. as to the intercourse of his lord with the lady Elizabeth; but he could neither be cajoled nor menaced into acknowledgments tending to criminate them. Elizabeth took him into her own household, and he remained faithfully attached to her interest to the end of his life. His second wife, the beautiful Isabella Markham, was one of Elizabeth's maids of honour, whom he has immortalized in his poetical works as "Sweet Isabella Markham." See Nugæ Antiquæ, by Sir John Harrington the younger.

Elizabeth had six ladies of honour in her household at Hatfield, whose names are celebrated by Sir John Harrington, in a complimentary poem which he addressed to that princess early in Mary's reign. The poem commences:—

The great Diana chaste,
In forest late I met,
Did me command in haste
To Hatfield for to get;
And to you, six a-row,
Her pleasure to declare,
Thus meaning to bestow
On each a gift most rare.

First she doth give to *Grey*
The falcons' courteous kind,
Her lord for to obey
With most obedient mind.

He proceeds to praise Isabella Markham for her modesty and beauty; Mrs. Norwich for goodness and gravity; Lady Saint Lowe[1] for stability; Lady Willoughby for being a laurel, instead of a willow; and Mrs. Skipwith for prudence. Elizabeth chose to personate Diana or Pallas all her life.

[1] Lady Saint Lowe was afterwards the countess of Shrewsbury, who has acquired an infamous celebrity by her injurious treatment of Mary queen of Scots, while a prisoner under her lord's charge.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's scholastic pursuits—Ascham—Elizabeth's letter to Edward VI.—Her first communication with Cecil—She goes to court—Her simplicity of attire—Her conformity to the Reformation—Prevented from seeing king Edward—Her letter to him—Her household at Hatfield—Privy purse expenses—Her letter to the council—Death of Edward VI.—Elizabeth escapes Northumberland's snares—Required to acknowledge lady Jane Grey's title—Prudent answer—Meets her sister—Enters London with Mary—Admiration of the people—Popularity with the protestants—Queen's jealousy—Elizabeth refuses the mass—Queen Mary's displeasure—Elizabeth dissembles and conforms—Given precedency next the queen at the coronation—Dines with the queen and Anne of Cleves—Intrigues of the French ambassador—Plots in favour of Elizabeth and Courtenay—Increasing coolness of the queen—Elizabeth forbidden to quit the palace—Or to receive visits—Matrimonial proposals—Offered an asylum in France—Courtenay betrays the plot—Wyatt's rebellions—Elizabeth implicated therein—Queen Mary sends for her—Her excuses—Mandate for her appearance—Her journey from Hatfield to court—Entrance into London—Queen refuses to see her—Her death desired by the council—Intercepted letters to Elizabeth—Gardiner's accusations against her—Her household discharged—Her distress—Her letter to queen Mary—She is carried by water to the Tower—Her disconsolate condition.

THE disastrous termination of Elizabeth's first love affair, appears to have had the salutary effect of inclining her to habits of a studious and reflective character. She was for a time under a cloud, and during the profound retirement in which she was doomed to remain for at least a year after the execution of the lord admiral, the energies of her active mind found employment and solace in the pursuits of learning. She assumed a grave and

sedate demeanour, withal, and bestowed much attention on theology, which the polemic spirit of the times rendered a subject of powerful interest.

Her new governess, lady Tyrwhit, had been the friend of the late queen, Katharine Parr, and was one of the learned females who had supported the doctrines of the Reformation, and narrowly escaped the fiery crown of martyrdom; and though Elizabeth had, in the first instance, defied her authority, there is reason to believe that she was reconciled to her after the first effervescence of her high spirit had subsided, and the assimilation of their religious feelings produced sympathy and good-will between them. A curious little devotional volume is mentioned by Anthony-a-Wood, as having once belonged to queen Elizabeth, which was compiled by this lady for her use, when acting as her preceptress. It was of miniature size, bound in solid gold, and entitled, "Lady Elizabeth Tyrwhit's Morning and Evening Prayers, with divers Hymns and Meditations."[1]

It was probably about this period that Elizabeth translated an Italian sermon of Occhines, which she transcribed in a hand of great beauty, and sent to her royal brother, as a new year's gift. The dedication is dated Enfield, December 30, but the year is not specified; the MS. is now in the Bodleian library.

Not in vain did Elizabeth labour to efface the memory of her early indiscretion, by establishing a reputation for learning and piety. The learned Roger Ascham, under whom she perfected herself in the study of the classics, in his letters to Sturmius, the rector of the Protestant university, at Strasburg, is enthusiastic in his encomiums on his royal pupil, of whose scholastic attainments he is justly proud. "Numberless honourable ladies of the present time," says he, "surpass the daughters of sir Thomas More, in every kind of learning; but amongst them all, my illustrious mistress, the lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues than by the glory of her royal

[1] This precious relic was, at the time Anthony-a-Wood wrote, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Ashley, of Barrow, in Suffolk.

birth. In the variety of her commendable qualities, I am less perplexed to find matter for the highest panegyric, than to circumscribe that panegyric within just bounds; yet, I shall mention nothing respecting her but what has come under my own observation. For two years she pursued the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition, but the foundations of her knowledge in both languages were laid by the diligent instruction of William Grindal, my late beloved friend, and seven years my pupil in classical learning, at Cambridge. From this university he was summoned by John Cheke to court, where he soon after received the appointment of tutor to this lady.

"After some years, when through her native genius, aided by the efforts of so excellent a master, she had made a great progress in learning, and Grindal, by his merit and the favour of his mistress, might have aspired to high dignities, he was snatched away by a sudden illness. I was appointed to succeed him in his office, and the work which he had so happily begun, without my assistance, indeed, but not without some counsels of mine, I diligently laboured to complete. Now, however, released from the throng of a court, and restored to the felicity of my former learned leisure, I enjoy, through the bounty of the king,[1] an honourable appointment in this university.

"The lady Elizabeth has completed her sixteenth year; and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and the best kind of literature; the constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with masculine power of application; no apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment. She also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or the Roman character.

[1] Edward VI.

In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance, to show and splendour, so despising the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and wearing of gold, that in the whole manner of her life she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phædra.

"She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy: from those two authors her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the 'Commonplaces' of Melancthon, and similar works, which convey pure doctrine in elegant language.

"In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus, who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs. On the other hand, she approved a style, chaste in propriety, and beautiful in perspicuity, and she greatly admired metaphors when not too violent, and antitheses when just, and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ear became so practised and so nice, that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English prose or verse, which according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight."

The letters from which these passages have been extracted, were written by Ascham, in Latin, in the year 1550, when he had for some reason been compelled to withdraw from his situation in Elizabeth's household. The commendations of this great scholar, had probably some share in restoring her to the favour of the learned young king, her brother, whose early affection for the

dearly-loved companion of his infancy, appears to have revived after a time, and though the jealousy of the selfish statesmen who held him in thrall, prevented the princely boy from gratifying his yearnings for her presence, he wrote to her to send him her portrait.

Elizabeth, in her reverential, and somewhat pedantic epistle, in reply, certainly gives abundant evidence of the taste for metaphors to which Ascham adverts in his letters to Sturmius.

LETTE RFROM THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KING EDWARD VI., WITH A PRESENT OF HER PORTRAIT.[1]

"Like as the rich man that daily gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a great sort till it come to infinite, so methinks your majesty, not being sufficed with many benefits and gentlenesses shewed to me afore this time, doth now increase them in asking and desiring where you may bid and command, requiring a thing not worthy the desiring for itself, but made worthy for your highness' request. My picture, I mean, in which, if the inward good mind toward your grace might as well be declared as the outward face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have tarried the commandment but prevented it, nor have been the last to grant but the first to offer it. For the face I grant I might well blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. For though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spotted by chance; yet the other, nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowerings may darken, nor chance with her slippery foot may overthrow.

"Of this, although yet the proof could not be great, because the occasions hath been but small, notwithstanding as a dog hath a day, so may I perchance have time to declare it in deeds, where now I do write them but in words. And further, I shall most humbly beseech your majesty, that when you shall look on my picture, you will vouchsafe to think, that, as you have but the outward shadow of the body afore you, so my inward mind wisheth that the body itself were oftener in your presence; howbeit, because both my so being I think could do your majesty little pleasure, though myself great good; and again, because I see as yet not the time agreeing thereunto, I shall learn to follow this saying of Orace (Horace), "*Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest.*" And thus I will (troubling your majesty I fear) end with my most humble thanks. Beseeching God long to preserve you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realm's profit, and to my joy. From Hatfield, this 15th day of May.

"Your majesty's most humble sister, ELIZABETH."

In the summer of 1550, Elizabeth had succeeded in reinstating her trusty cofferer, Thomas Parry, in his old office, and she employed him to write to the newly-appointed secretary of state, William Cecil, afterwards lord Burghley, to solicit him to bestow the parsonage of

[1] Cotton. MS., Vesp. F. iii. fol. 20.

Harptree, in the county of Somerset, on John Kenyon, the yeoman of her robes. A lamentable instance of an unqualified layman, through the patronage of the great, devouring that property which was destined for the support of efficient ministers of the church. Such persons employed incompetent curates as their substitutes, at a starving salary, to the great injury and dissatisfaction of the congregation.

Parry's letter is dated September 22nd, from Ashridge.[1] "Her grace," he says, "hath been long troubled with rheums (rheumatism),[2] but now, thanks be to the Lord, is nearly well again and shortly ye shall hear from her grace again." A good understanding appears to have been early established between Elizabeth and Cecil, which possibly might be one of the under-currents that led to her recal to court, where, however, she did not return till after the first disgrace of the duke of Somerset.

On the 17th of March, 1551, she emerged from the profound retirement in which she had remained since her disgrace in 1549, and came in state to visit the king her brother. She rode on horseback through London to St. James's palace, attended by a great company of lords, knights, and gentlemen, and after her about two hundred ladies. On the 19th, she came from St. James's, through the park, to the court. The way from the park-gate to the court was spread with fine sand. She was attended by a very honourable confluence of noble and worshipful persons of both sexes, and was received with much ceremony at the court gate.[3]

That wily politician, the earl of Warwick, afterwards duke of Northumberland, had considered Elizabeth, young and neglected as she was, of sufficient political importance to send her a duplicate of the curious letter addressed by the new council jointly to her and her sister, the lady Mary, in which a statement is given of the asserted misdemeanors of Somerset, and their proceedings against him.[4] The council were now at issue

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i.

[2] Or catarrh—cold; the word rheums being used indifferently at that era for both maladies.

[3] Strype's Memorials.

[4] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i.

with Mary on the grounds of her adherence to the ancient doctrines, and as a conference had been appointed between her and her opponents on the 18th of March, it might be to divert popular attention from her and her cause, that the younger and fairer sister of the sovereign was permitted to make her public entrance into London, on the preceding day, and that she was treated with so many marks of unwonted respect. Thus we see Mary makes her public entry on the 18th, with her train all decorated with black rosaries and crosses,[1] and, on the 19th, Elizabeth is again shewn to the people, as if to obliterate any interest that might have been excited by the appearance of the elder princess. The love of Edward VI. for Elizabeth was so very great, according to Camden, that he never spoke of her by any other title than his "dearest sister," or "his sweet sister Temperance."[2] Elizabeth at that period affected extreme simplicity of dress, in conformity to the mode, which the rigid rules of the Calvinistic church of Geneva was rendering general, among the stricter portion of those noble ladies who professed the doctrines of the Reformation.

"The king her father," says Dr. Aylmer,[3] "left her rich clothes and jewels, and I know it to be true that in seven years after his death she never, in all that time, looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will; and that there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glittering gayness, and then she so wore it, that all men might see, that her body carried that which her heart misliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in king Edward's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example, than with all that ever Paul or Peter wrote, touching that matter."[4]

[1] Memoir of Mary, vol. v. p. 265.

[2] Camden's Introduction to Elizabeth's Life.

[3] The learned tutor of lady Jane Gray, in an encomium which he wrote on Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, entitled, "The Harbour for Faithful Subjects."

[4] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

The first opening charms of youth Elizabeth well knew required no extraneous adornments, and her classic tastes taught her that the elaborate magnificence of the costumes of her brother's court, tended to obscure, rather than enhance, those graces, which belonged to the morning bloom of life.

The plainness and modesty of the princess Elizabeth's costume, was particularly noticed, during the splendid festivities that took place on the occasion of the visit of the queen-dowager of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, to the court of Edward VI., in October, 1551. The advent of the beautiful regent of the sister kingdom, and her French ladies of honour, fresh from the gay and gallant Louvre, produced no slight excitement among the noble belles of king Edward's court, and it seems that a sudden and complete revolution in dress took place, in consequence of the new fashions, that were then imported, by queen Mary and her brilliant *cortège;* "so that all the ladies went with their hair frounsed, curled, and double curled, except the princess Elizabeth, who altered nothing," says Aylmer, "but kept her old maiden shamefacedness."[1]

At a later period of life, Elizabeth made up, in the exuberance of her ornaments and the fantastic extravagance of her dress, for the simplicity of her attire when in the bloom of sweet seventeen. What would her reverend eulogist have said, if, while penning these passages in her honour, the vision of her three thousand gowns, and the eighty wigs of divers coloured hair, in which his royal heroine finally rejoiced, could have risen in array before his mental eye, to mark the difference between the Elizabeth of seventeen and the Elizabeth of seventy? The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame, which had been sullied by the cruel implication

[1] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures, in the proceedings against the lord admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court.

The part, which she was ambitious of performing, was that of the heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the Catholic portion of the people. That Elizabeth was already so considered, and that the royal sisters were early placed in incipient rivalry to each other, by the respective partisans of the warring creeds which divided the land, may be gathered from the observations of their youthful cousin, lady Jane Gray, when urged to wear the costly dress that had been presented to her by Mary—"Nay, that were a shame, to follow my lady Mary, who leaveth God's word, and leave my lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's word."

Elizabeth wisely took no visible part in the struggle between the Dudley and Seymour factions, though there is reason to believe that Somerset tried to enlist her on his side. The following interrogatory was put to him on one of his examinations:—"Whether he did not consent that Vane should labour the lady Elizabeth to be offended with the duke of Northumberland, then earl of Warwick, the earl of Pembroke, and others of his council?"[1] The answer to this query has not been found, or it might possibly throw some light on the history of Elizabeth at that period. She certainly had no cause to cherish the slightest friendship for Somerset, for though it appears, from her letter to her sister Mary, that he had succeeded in persuading her that he was not guilty of his brother's death, yet, by bringing all the particulars of the indiscretions that had taken place between her and the admiral before the council, he had acted with the utmost cruelty towards herself, and cast a blight on her morning flower of life.

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 49.

If we may believe Leti, Somerset sent a piteous supplication to Elizabeth from the Tower, imploring her to go to the king, and exert her powerful influence to obtain his pardon; and she wrote to him in reply, "that being so young a woman, she had no power to do anything in his behalf," and assured him "that the king was surrounded by those who took good care to prevent her from approaching too near the court, and she had no more opportunity of access to his majesty than himself."

The fall of Somerset made, at first, no other difference to Elizabeth, than the transfer of her applications for the restoration of Durham House from him to the Duke of Northumberland, who had obtained the grant of that portion of Somerset's illegally acquired property. Elizabeth persisted in asserting her claims to this demesne, and that with a high hand, for she addressed an appeal to the lord chancellor on the subject. She openly expressed her displeasure, that Northumberland should have asked it of the king, without first ascertaining her disposition touching it, she made a peremptory demand that the house should be delivered up to her, and sent word to Northumberland, "that she was determined to come and see the king at Candlemas, and requested that she might have the use of St. James's palace for her abode, *pro tempore*, because she could not have her things so soon ready at the Strand House."[1]

"But," concludes Northumberland, after relating these energetic proceedings of the young lady, "I am sure her grace would have done no less, though she had kept Durham House." This observation certainly refers to her wish of occupying St. James's Palace.

It was, however, no part of Northumberland's policy to allow either of the sisters of the young king to enjoy the opportunity of personal intercourse with him, and least of all, Elizabeth, whom, from the tender friendship that had ever united them, and, more than all, the conformity of her profession with Edward's religious opinions, he might naturally have been desirous of appointing as his successor, when his brief term of royalty was

[1] See Northumberland's letter in Tytler, vol. ii. pp. 161—163.

drawing to a close. That Elizabeth made an attempt to visit her royal brother in his sickness (at what period is uncertain), and that she was circumvented in her intention, and intercepted on her approach to the metropolis, by the agents of the faction, that had possession of his person, she herself informs him in the following letter, in which she evinces a truly sisterly solicitude for his health.

LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KING EDWARD VI.[1]

"Like as a shipman in stormy weather plucks down the sails tarrying for better winds, so did I, most noble king, in my unfortunate chance on Thursday, pluck down the high sails of my joy and comfort, and do trust one day that, as troublesome waves have repulsed me backward, so a gentle wind will bring me forward to my haven. Two chief occasions moved me much and grieved me greatly,—the one, for that I doubted your majesty's health—the other, because for all my long tarrying I went without that I came for. Of the first, I am relieved in a part, both that I understood of your health, and also that your majesty's lodging is not far from my lord marquis' chamber.[2] Of my other grief I am not eased, but the best is, that whatsoever other folks will suspect, I intend not to fear your grace's good will, which as I know that I never deserved to forfeit, so I trust will still stick by me. For if your grace's advice that I should return (whose will is a commandment) had not been, I would not have made the half of my way the end of my journey. And thus, as one desirous to hear of your majesty's health, though unfortunate to see it, I shall pray God for ever to preserve you.—From Hatfield, this present Saturday.

"Your majesty's humble sister to commandment,

"ELIZABETH.

"To the king's most excellent majesty."

The same power that was employed to prevent the visit of Elizabeth to her sick, perhaps dying, brother, probably deprived him of the satisfaction of receiving the letter which informed him that such had been her intention. It was the interest of those unprincipled statesmen to instil feelings of bitterness into the heart of the poor young king, against those, to whom the fond ties of natural affection had once so strongly united him. The tenour of Edward VI.'s will, and the testimony of the persons who were about him at the time of his death, prove, that he was at last no less estranged from Eliza-

[1] Harl. MSS., 6986.

[2] Katharine Parr's brother, the marquis of Northampton, whom Edward called uncle, and whom Elizabeth held in great regard.

beth, his "sweetest sister Temperance," as he was formerly wont to call her, than from Mary, whose recusancy had been urged against her as a reasonable ground for exclusion from the throne. Both were alike excluded from their natural places in the succession, and deprived of the benefit of their father's nomination in the act for settling the royal succession in the year 1544, and subsequently in his will—Mary, first, because of her papistry, and secondly, because she had been declared illegitimate. The reproach of papistry could not, with any consistency, be objected to Elizabeth; for, had not the lady Jane Gray herself, the innocent rival to her title, declared that "the lady Elizabeth was a follower of God's word?" [1] And as to the second objection of their declaring Mary illegitimate, the direct contrary would have been the result, for the establishment of the legitimacy of either of these sisters, no matter which, must infallibly have stigmatized the birth of the other. The next objection to Mary and Elizabeth, was, that being only sisters to Edward by the half blood, they could not be his lawful heirs; but this was indeed a fallacy, for their title was derived from the same royal father, from whom Edward inherited the throne, and would in no respect have been strengthened by the comparatively mean blood of Jane Seymour, even if they had been her daughters by the late king. The third reason given for the exclusion of Edward's sisters was, that they might marry foreign princes, and thus be the means of bringing papistry into England again, which lady Jane Gray could not do, as she was already married to the son of the Duke of Northumberland.

Latimer preached in favour of the exclusion of Elizabeth as well as Mary, declaring that it was better that God should take away the ladies Mary and Elizabeth, than that, by marrying foreign princes, they should endanger the existence of the reformed church. Ridley set forth the same doctrine, although it was well known that Elizabeth had rejected the offer of one foreign prince, and had evinced a disinclination to marriage altogether. Nothing, therefore, could be more unfair

[1] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

than rejecting her, for fear of a contingency that never might, and in fact never did, happen.

The name of conscience was, however, the watchword under which Northumberland and his accomplices had carried their point with their pious young sovereign, when they induced him to set aside the rightful heirs, and bequeath the crown to lady Jane Gray.

Elizabeth kept her state at Hatfield House during the last few months of Edward's reign. The expenses of her household amounted to an average of 3938*l.* according to one of her household books, from October 1st, 5th of Edward VI., to the last day of September in the 6th year of that prince, in the possession of lord Strangford. It is entitled, "The Account of Thomas Parry, Esq., Cofferer to the Right Excellent Princess the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace, the King's Majesty's Most Honourable Sister." The above was the style and title used by Elizabeth during her royal brother's reign. Every page of the book is signed at the bottom by her own hand. Her cellar appears to have been well stocked with beer, sweet wine, Rhenish and Gascoigne wines. Lamprey pies are once entered as a present. The wages of her household servants for a quarter of a year amounted to 82*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* The liveries of velvet coats for thirteen gentlemen, at forty shillings the coat, amounted to twenty-six pounds; the liveries of her yeomen to 78*l.* 18*s.* She paid for the making of her turnspits' coats nine shillings and two-pence. Given in alms, at sundry times, to poor men and women, 7*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

Among the entries for the chamber and robes, are the following:—

"Paid to John Spithonius, the 17th of May, for books, and to Mr. Allen for a Bible, 27*s.* 4*d.* Paid to Edmund Allen for a Bible, 20*s.* Third of November, to the keeper of Hertford Jail for fees of John Wingfield, being in ward, 13*s.* 4*d.* Paid 14th of December, to Blanche Parry for her half-year's annuity, 100*s.*, and to Blanche Courtnaye for the like, 66*s.* 8*d.* Paid December 14th, at the christening of Mr. Pendred's child, as by warrant doth appear, 1*s.* Paid in reward unto sundry persons at St. James's—her grace then being there—viz. the king's footmen, 11*s.*; the under-keeper of St. James's, 10*s.*; the gardener, 5*s.*; to one Russell, groom of the king's great chamber, 10*s.*; to the wardrobe, 11*s.*; the violins, 10*s.*; a Frenchman that gave a book to her grace, 10*s.*; the keeper of the park-gate at St. James's, 10*s.*"

From another of Elizabeth's account books, in possession of Gustavus Brander, esq., the Antiquarian Repertory quotes the following additional items:—

"Two French hoods, 2*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* Half-a-yard and two nails of velvet, for partlets, 18*s.* 9*d.* Paid to Edward Allen for a Bible, 1*l.* Paid to the king's (Edward VI.) *droner* (bagpiper) and *phipher* (fifer), 20*s.* To Mr. Haywood, 30*s.*, and to Sebastian, towards the charge of the children, with the carriage of the players' garments, 4*l.* 19*s.* Paid to sundry persons at St. James's, her grace being there, 9*l.* 15*s.* To Beamonde, the king's servant, for his boys that played before her grace, 10*s.* In reward to certain persons, on the 10th of August, (*this was after Mary's accession,*) to Former, who played on the lute; to Mr. Ashfield's servant, with two *prize* oxen and 10 muttons, 20*s.* more; the harper, 30*s.*; to him that made her grace a table of walnut-tree, 44*s.* 9*d.*; to Mr. Cockus' servant that brought her grace a sturgeon, 6*s.* 8*d.*; to my lord Russell's minstrels, 20*s.*

"Accounts of Thomas Parry, cofferer of her household, till Oct. 1553."[1]

The last documentary record of Elizabeth, in the reign of Edward VI., is a letter addressed by her to the lords of the council, relating to some of her landed property, concerning which there was a dispute between her tenant, Smith, and my lord privy seal, the earl of Bedford. She complains of having been "evilly handled" by the minister, though she denies taking part with Smith in the controversy against him. All she wishes is, she says, "to enjoy her own right in quietness." She requests, in conclusion, "her humble commendations to the king's majesty, for whose health," she says, "I pray daily and daily, and ever more shall so do, during my life. At Hatfield, the last day of May, 1553."

On the morning of the 6th of July, Edward expired at Greenwich, but his death was kept secret for the purpose of securing the persons of his sisters, to both of whom deceitful letters were written in his name, by order of Northumberland, requiring them to hasten to London to visit him in his sickness. The effect of this treacherous missive on Mary, her narrow escape and subsequent proceedings, have been related in her memoir in the preceding volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England."[2] Elizabeth, more wary, or better informed of what was in agitation by some secret friend at court, supposed to be Cecil, instead of obeying the guileful summons, remained

[1] Antiq. Repertory, vol. i. p. 64.

[2] Vol. v.

quietly at Hatfield to watch the event. This was presently certified to her by the arrival of commissioners from the duke of Northumberland, who, after announcing the death of the young king, and his appointment of lady Jane Gray for his successor, offered her a large sum of money and a considerable grant of lands, as the price of her acquiescence, if she would make a voluntary cession of her own rights in the succession, which she was in no condition to assert. Elizabeth, with equal wisdom and courage, replied, "that they must first make their agreement with her elder sister, during whose lifetime she had no claim or title, to resign." Leti assures us, that she also wrote a letter of indignant expostulation to Northumberland, on the wrong that had been done to her sister and herself, by proclaiming his daughter-in-law queen. A fit of sickness, real, or, as some have insinuated, feigned, preserved Elizabeth from the peril of taking any share in the contest for the crown. Her defenceless position, and her proximity to the metropolis, placed her in a critical predicament, and if by feigning illness she avoided being conducted to the Tower, by Northumberland's partisans, she acted as a wise woman, seeing that discretion is the better part of valour. But, sick or well, she preserved her integrity, and as soon as the news of her sister's successes reached her, she forgot her indisposition and hastened to give public demonstrations of her loyalty and affection to her person, by going in state to meet and welcome her, on her triumphant progress to the metropolis. The general assertion of historians that Elizabeth raised a military force for the support of queen Mary is erroneous; she was powerless in the first instance, and the popular outburst in favour of Mary, rendered it needless after the first week's reign of the nine-days queen was over.

On the 29th of July, according to the Cottonian MS., quoted by Strype, Elizabeth came riding, from her seat in the country, along Fleet-street to Somerset House, which now belonged to her, attended by 2000 horse armed with spears, bows, and guns In this retinue appeared sir John Williams and sir John Bridges, and

her chamberlain, all being dressed in green, but their coats were faced with velvet, satin, taffeta, silk, or cloth, according to their quality. This retinue of Elizabeth assumed a less warlike character on the morrow, when it appears that Mary had disbanded her armed militia. When Elizabeth rode through Aldgate next day, on her road to meet her sister, she was accompanied by a thousand persons on horseback, a great number of whom were ladies of rank.[1] The royal sisters met at Wanstead, where Elizabeth and her train paid their first homage to queen Mary, who received them very graciously, and kissed every lady presented by Elizabeth.

On the occasion of Mary's triumphant entrance into London, the royal sisters rode side by side, in the grand equestrian procession. The youthful charms of Elizabeth, then in her twentieth year, the majestic grace of her tall and finely-proportioned figure, attracted every eye, and formed a contrast disadvantageous to Mary, who was nearly double her age, small in person, and faded prematurely by early sorrow, sickness, and anxiety.[2] The pride and reserve of Mary's character, would not allow her to condescend to the practice of any of those arts of courting popularity, in which Elizabeth, who rendered everything subservient to the master-passion of her soul, ambition, was a practised adept. In every look, word, and action, Elizabeth studied effect, and on this occasion it was noticed that she took every opportunity of displaying the beauty of her hand, of which she was not a little vain.[3]

Within one little month after their public entrance into London, the evil spirits of the times had succeeded in rekindling the sparks of jealousy between the Catholic queen and the Protestant heiress of the throne. That Mary, after all the mortifications that had been inflicted

[1] Stowe says, Elizabeth was accompanied by 1000 horse, consisting of knights, ladies, gentlemen, and their servants. Lingard reduces this number to 150 persons, but the people of London then, as now, doubtless poured forth in mass, to hail the approaching sovereign.

[2] Turner; Lingard; Michele.

[3] Report of Michele, the Venetian ambassador.

upon her at Elizabeth's birth, had had the magnanimity to regard her with sisterly feelings, is a fact, that renders the divisions, that were effected between them, the more deeply to be regretted.

When Mary, who had never dissembled her religious opinions, made known her intention of restoring the mass and all the ancient ceremonials, that had been abolished by king Edward's council, the Protestants naturally took the alarm. Symptoms of disaffection towards their new sovereign betrayed themselves, in the enthusiastic regard which they lavished on Elizabeth, who became the beacon of hope, to which the champions of the Reformation turned, as the horizon darkened around them. But it was not only on those, to whom a sympathy in religious opinions endeared her, that Elizabeth had succeeded in making a favourable impression, for she was already so completely established as the darling of the people of England, that Pope Julius III., in one of his letters, adverting to the report made by his envoy, Commendone, on the state of queen Mary's government, says, "that heretic and schismatic sister, formerly substituted for her (queen Mary) in the succession by their father, is in the heart and mouth of every one."[1]

The refusal of Elizabeth to attend mass, while it excited the most lively feelings of admiration, for her sincerity and courage among the Protestants, gave great offence to the queen and her council, and the princess was sternly enjoined to conform to the Catholic rites. Elizabeth was resolute in her refusal; she even declined, under pretext of indisposition, being present at the ceremonial of making her kinsman Courtenay an earl. This was construed into disrespect for the queen. Some of the more headlong zealots, by whom Mary was surrounded, recommended that she should be put under arrest.[2] Mary refused to consent to a measure at once unpopular and unjustifiable, but endeavoured, by alternate threats, persuasions, and promises, to prevail on her sister to accompany her to the chapel-royal.[3] The progress of the contest

[1] Letters of Pope Julius III. p. 112. Sharon Turner.
[2] Lingard; Noailles; Turner. [3] Ibid.

between the queen and her sister, on this case of conscience, is thus detailed by the French ambassador, Noailles, in a letter dated September 6th:

"Elizabeth will not hear mass, nor accompany her sister to the chapel, whatever remonstrance, either the queen or the lords on her side, have been able to make to her on this subject. It is feared, that she is counselled in her obstinacy by some of the magnates, who are disposed to stir up fresh troubles. Last Saturday and Sunday," continues he, "the queen caused her to be preached to, and entreated by all the great men of the council, one after the other, but their importunity only elicited from her, at last, a very rude reply."[1] The queen was greatly annoyed by the firmness of Elizabeth, which promised to prove a serious obstacle to the restoration of papacy in England. The faction, that had attempted to sacrifice the rights of both the daughters of Henry VIII. by proclaiming lady Jane Gray queen, gathered hopes from the dissension between the royal sisters. Elizabeth, however, who had no intention of unsettling the recently established government of the sickly sovereign, to whom she was heir presumptive, when she found that it was suspected that her nonconformity proceeded from disaffection, demanded an audience with queen Mary, and throwing herself on her knees before her, she told her, weeping at the same time, "that she saw plainly how little affection her majesty appeared to have for her, and that she knew she had done nothing to offend her, except in the article of religion, in which she was excusable, having been brought up in the creed she at present professed, without having ever heard any doctor, who could have instructed her in the other." She entreated the queen, therefore, to let her have some books, explanatory of doctrine, contrary to that set forth in the Protestant books she had hitherto read, and she would commence a course of study, from works composed expressly in defence of the Catholic creed, which, perhaps, might lead her to adopt other sentiments. She also requested to have some learned man appointed for her instructor."[2]

[1] Depeches du Noailles, 147.
[2] Renaud à l'Emp. Charles V. Griffet, p. 106, 7.

The queen received these overtures in a conciliatory spirit, and Elizabeth appeared with her at the celebration of mass, on the 8th of September, a festival, by which the church of Rome commemorates the nativity of the blessed Virgin. Griffet affirms, that Elizabeth did this with a bad grace, and gave evident tokens of repugnance, but she voluntarily wrote to the emperor Charles V., requesting him to send a cross, chalices, and other ecclesiastical ornaments for a chapel, "which she intended," she said, "to open in her own house."[1] By these condescensions to expediency, Elizabeth succeeded for a time in maintaining her footing at court, and securing her proper place in the approaching ceremonial of the coronation, as next in rank to her sister the queen. In the splendid pageant of the royal cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster, on the preceding day, Elizabeth wore a French dress of white and silver tissue, and was seated with Anne of Cleves, her sometime stepmother, in a chariot drawn by six horses, trapped also with white and silver, which followed immediately after the gold-canopied litter in which the sovereign was borne.[2]

At the coronation, Elizabeth was again paired with the lady Anne of Cleves, who had precedency over every other lady in the court. These two princesses, also, dined at the same table with the queen at the banquet, an honour which was not vouchsafed to any other person there.[3]

During all the festivities and royal pageants that succeeded the coronation, Mary gave public testimonials of respect and sisterly regard for Elizabeth, by holding her by the hand,[4] and placing her next to herself at table. This Noailles notices that she did in particular at the great banquet given to the Spanish ambassador and his suite. Elizabeth was also prayed for, as the queen's sister, by Dr. Harpsfield, at the opening of the convocation at Westminster, immediately after the coronation. Strype,[5] who honestly narrates the fact, complains that nothing was added in her commendation; but this, as she was opposed to the doctrines of the church of Rome, was scarcely to

[1] Griffet; Lingard; Tytler.
[2] Stowe.
[3] Noailles.
[4] Sharon Turner; Noailles.
[5] Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 62, Oxford edition.

be expected from their divines, neither were the deceitful terms of flattery, which were conventionally used towards the members of the royal family, of such importance to Elizabeth, as her public recognition, by her sister's hierarchy and divines, as the heiress presumptive to the throne. This was of the greater moment to Elizabeth, because, by the act which passed immediately after the meeting of Mary's first parliament, confirming the marriage of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, and establishing the legitimacy of the queen, the subsequent marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn was rendered null and void,[1] and the birth of Elizabeth, illegitimate in point of law, although, from motives of delicacy, as well as sound policy, it was not declared so. Elizabeth was the darling of the people, and as long as her reversionary claims to the regal succession were recognised by the reigning sovereign, she stood beside the throne, as a check to the plots of the aspiring house of Suffolk, on the one hand, and the designs of the French party on the other. Lady Jane Gray was still living and unforgotten, and Henry II. of France treated his daughter-in-law, the young queen of Scots, as the rightful sovereign of England, on the plea that *neither* of the daughters of Henry VIII. were legitimate. Their father had stigmatized the birth of both Mary and Elizabeth, and the subservient parliament of June, 1536, had, in obedience to his unjust intention of preferring any future daughters, that might be born to him by Jane Seymour or her successors, to the issue of Katharine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn, formally declared the royal sisters illegitimate, and incapable of succeeding to the throne.

The act for settling the succession in 1545, and the will of Henry VIII., had indeed taken away the latter clause, but the declaration of illegitimacy remained unrepealed, and had been further insisted upon in the will of the late king Edward VI., by the exclusion of both princesses, in favour of the grand-daughter of the youngest sister of Henry VIII. The experiment of placing a juvenile scion, from a collateral branch of the royal family on the throne, had been displeasing to the nation in

[1] Journals of Parliament, 1st of Queen Mary.

general; not only Catholics, but Protestants had united, in opposing so flagrant a violation of the old established laws of the regal succession in England. The miseries caused by the wars of the roses, had proved a salutary lesson, on the danger of permitting a temporary alienation of the crown from the direct line of primogeniture; and a mighty majority of the people had vested the sovereignty in the person of Mary Tudor, according to the letter of her father's will, the conditions of which, she never violated with regard to Elizabeth's reversionary claim to the succession. So far, the interests of Elizabeth were united with those of her sister, but when the act which established the legitimacy of the queen passed, she and her friends took umbrage, because it tacitly implied the fact that she was not born in lawful wedlock.

If Elizabeth had acted with the profound policy which marked her subsequent conduct, she would not have called attention to this delicate point, by evincing her displeasure, but her pride was piqued, and she demanded permission to withdraw from court.[1] It was refused, and a temporary estrangement took place between her and the queen. Noailles, the French ambassador, whose business it was to pave the way for the succession of the young queen of Scots to the throne of England, by the destruction of the present heiress presumptive, fomented the differences between the royal sisters with fiendlike subtlety and satisfaction.[2]

Henry II. made the most liberal offers of money and advice to Elizabeth while, in fancy, he exulted in the idea of her disgrace and death, and the recognition of his royal daughter-in-law as the future sovereign of the Britannic Isles, from sea to sea, under the matrimonial dominion of his eldest son. The brilliancy of such a prospect rendered the French monarch and his ministers reckless of the restraints of honour, conscience, or humanity, which might tend to impede its realization, and Elizabeth was marked out, first as their puppet, and

[1] Noailles; Turner; Lingard.
[2] Depeches de Noailles.

finally, as the victim of a plot, which might possibly end in the destruction not only of one sister, but both.

The Protestant party, alarmed at the zeal of queen Mary for the re-establishment of the old Catholic institutions, and detesting the idea of her Spanish marriage, were easily excited to enter into any project for averting the evils they foresaw. A plot was devised for raising the standard of revolt, against queen Mary's government, in the joint names of the princess Elizabeth and Courtenay earl of Devonshire, to whom they proposed to unite her in marriage. That Courtenay, who had been piqued at Mary's declining to accept him for her husband, entered into a confederacy, which promised him a younger and more attractive royal bride, with the prospect of a crown for her dowry, there is no doubt; though, the romantic tales in which some modern historians have indulged, touching his passion for Elizabeth, are somewhat apocryphal. The assertion that he refused the proffered hand of Mary, on account of his disinterested preference for Elizabeth, is decidedly untrue. It was not till convinced of the hopelessness of his suit to the queen, that he allowed himself to be implicated in a political engagement to marry Elizabeth, who, if consenting to the scheme, appears to have been wholly a passive agent, cautiously avoiding any personal participation in the confederacy, till she saw how it was likely to end. It is therefore difficult to say how far her heart was touched by the external graces of her handsome but weak-minded kinsman.[1]

The difficulties of her position at this crisis were extreme; distrusted by the queen, watched and calumniated by the Spanish ambassador, Renaud, assailed by the misjudging enthusiasm of the Protestant party, with spiritual adulation, and entreated to stand forth as the heroine of their cause, and tempted by the persuasions and treacherous promises of the subtle Noailles, it required cau-

[1] Leti has inserted in his History of Elizabeth, several love letters, which he declares passed between that princess and Courtenay, but even if he had reference to the original documents, he has, according to his usual custom, rendered them into a phraseology so modern and suspicious, as to create doubts of their authenticity.

tion and strength of mind seldom to be found in a girl of twenty, not to fall into some of the snares which so thickly beset her path.[1] Noailles made his house a rendezvous for the discontented Protestants and the disaffected of every description. Midnight conferences were held there, at which Courtenay was a prominent person, though the pusillanimity of his character rendered it difficult to stir him up to anything like open enterprise. Noailles informed his court "that though Elizabeth and Courtenay were proper instruments, for the purpose of exciting a popular rising, Courtenay was so timorous that he would suffer himself to be taken before he would act." The event proved the accuracy of this judgment. By the dint, however, of great nursing, the infant conspiracy began to assume a more decided form, and as Elizabeth could not be induced to unite herself openly with the confederates, Noailles affirms "that they intended to surprise and carry her away, to marry her to Courtenay, and conduct them into Devonshire and Cornwall, where Courtenay had powerful friends." They imagined that a general rising would take place in their favour, in the west of England, with a simultaneous revolt of the Suffolk faction in the east and other parts, where they greatly miscalculated the popular feeling against the queen.[2]

Elizabeth, meantime, perceiving the perils that beset her, on the one hand, from the folly of her injudicious friends, and, on the other, from the malignity of her foes, and alarmed at the altered manner of the queen towards her, reiterated her entreaties to be permitted to retire to one of her houses in the country. The leave was granted, and the day for her departure actually fixed, but the representations of the Spanish minister, "that she was deeply engaged in plots against her majesty's government, and that she only wished to escape from observation by withdrawing herself into the country, in order to have the better opportunity of carrying on her intrigues with the disaffected," caused queen Mary to forbid her to

[1] Noailles' Despatches; Griffet; Lingard; Turner.
[2] Noailles, 11, 246, 254—58.
[3] Noailles; Lingard; Turner.

quit the palace. So much incensed was the queen, at the reports that were daily brought to her, of the disloyalty of Elizabeth, that she would not admit her to her presence, and inflicted upon her the severe mortification of allowing the countess of Lenox and the duchess of Suffolk to take precedency of her. Elizabeth then absented herself from the chapel-royal, and confined herself to her own chamber; on which, the queen forbade any of her ladies to visit her there without especial permission.

So considerable, however, was the influence Elizabeth had already acquired among the female aristocracy of England, and so powerful was the sympathy excited for her at this period, that, in defiance of the royal mandate, all the young gentlewomen of the court visited her daily, and all day long in her chamber, and united in manifesting the most ardent affection for her.[1] Elizabeth received these flattering tokens of regard with answering warmth, in the vain hope that the strength of her party would place her on a more independent footing, but of course it only rendered her case worse, by exciting jealousy and provoking anger. She was sedulously watched by the council, spies in her own household made almost hourly reports of all her movements, and every visit she received. By one of these traitors information was conveyed to Mary's ministers, that a refugee French preacher had secret interviews with her; on which the Spanish ambassador advised, that she should be sent to the Tower. Renaud also charged Noailles, the French ambassador, with holding private nocturnal conferences with the princess in her own chamber; this, Noailles angrily denied, and a violent altercation took place between the two diplomatists on the subject. Two of the queen's ministers, Paget and Arundel, then waited on Elizabeth, and informed her of the accusation. She found no difficulty in disproving a charge of which she was really innocent, and with some emotion expressed her gratitude "for not having been condemned unheard," and entreated them, "never to give credit to the calumnies that might here-

[1] Noailles.

after be circulated against her, without allowing her an opportunity of justifying herself."[1]

The queen, after this explanation, as a pledge of her reconciliation with Elizabeth, presented her with a double set of large and valuable pearls, and having granted her permission to retire into the country, dismissed her with tokens of respect and affection.[2]

It was in the beginning of December, that Elizabeth obtained the long delayed leave from her royal sister to retire to her own house at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire; but even there a jealous watch was kept on all her movements, and those of her servants. Never had captive bird panted more to burst from the thraldom of a cage, than she to escape from the painful restraints and restless intrigues of the court, where she was one day threatened with a prison, and the next flattered with the prospect of a crown;[3] but the repose for which she sighed was far remote. Instead of enjoying the peaceful pursuits of learning, or sylvan sports, in her country abode, she was harassed with a matrimonial proposal, which had been suggested to Mary by the Spanish cabinet, in behalf of the prince of Piedmont;[4] it not being considered expedient for the queen to solemnize her unpopular nuptials with Philip of Spain, till Elizabeth was wedded to a foreign husband.

Elizabeth resolutely refused to listen to the pretensions of the prince of Piedmont, and she also declined the overtures, that were privately renewed to her by the king of Denmark, in favour of his son, whom she had refused during her brother's reign. In all the trials, mortifications, and perplexities which surrounded her, she kept her eye steadily fixed on the bright reversion of the crown of England, and positively refused to marry out of the realm, even when the only alternative appeared to be a foreign husband or a scaffold.

The sarcastic proverb, "defend me from my friends,

[1] Noailles. [2] Lingard. [3] Ibid.

[4] Philibert Emanuel, heir of the dukedom of Savoy. He was cousin-german to Philip of Spain, and his dearest friend. He was the son of the sister of the empress Isabel, wife to Charles V.—Brantome.

and I will take care of my foes," was never more fully exemplified than in the case of Elizabeth, during the first year of her sister's reign, for an army of declared enemies would have been less perilous to her than the insidious caresses of the king of France, and his ambassador. Henry wrote to her letters, with unbounded offers of assistance and protection; and he advanced just enough money to the conspirators, to involve them in the odium of receiving bribes from France, without bearing the slightest proportion to their wants. He endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth to take refuge in his dominions; but if she had fallen into such a snare, she would have found herself in much the same situation as Mary queen of Scots was, when she sought an asylum in her realm. The only result of this correspondence was, that it involved Elizabeth in the greatest peril, when letters in cipher, supposed to be from her in reply to Henry, were intercepted.

On the 21st of January, 1553-4, Gardiner drew from the weak or treacherous Courtenay the secrets of the confederacy, of which he was to have been the leader and the hero. The conspirators on the following day learned that they had been betrayed, and found themselves under the fatal necessity of anticipating their plans by taking up arms.[1]

Wyat immediately sent to Elizabeth an earnest recommendation to retire from the vicinity of the metropolis. Young Russell, the son of the earl of Bedford, who was a secret member of the confederacy, was the bearer of the letter, and it seems, that he was the agent, through whom all communications between Wyat and her were carried on.[2] Sir James Crofts also saw and urged her to adopt this plan. Elizabeth perceived her peril, and determined not to take any step, that might be construed into an overt act of treason. She knew the weak and unsteady elements of which the confederacy was composed. Courtenay had proved a broken reed; and of all people in the world, she had the least reason to place confidence in either the wisdom, the firmness, or the integrity of the duke of Suffolk, who would, of course, if successful,

[1] Tytler; Lingard. [2] Ibid.

endeavour to replace his daughter, lady Jane Gray, on the throne. Common sense must have convinced Elizabeth, that he could have no other motive for his participation in the revolt. It was probably her very apprehension of such a result, that led this suspicious princess into an incipient acquiescence in the conspiracy, that she might obtain positive information as to the real nature of their projects, so that if she found them hostile to her own interests, the power of denouncing the whole affair to the queen would be in her own hands. Under any circumstances, Elizabeth would have found a straightforward path the safest. Letters addressed to her by the French ambassador, and also by Wyat, were intercepted by queen Mary's ministers. Russell was placed under arrest, and confessed that he had been the medium of a secret correspondence, with the leaders of the confederacy and Elizabeth.[1] Wyat unfurled the standard of revolt on the 25th of January, and the queen sent her royal mandate to Elizabeth on the 26th, enjoining her immediate return to court, "where," however, she assured her, "she would be heartily welcome."[2] Elizabeth mistrusted the invitation, and took to her bed; sending a verbal message to the queen "that she was too ill at present to travel, that as soon as she was able she would come, and prayed her majesty's forbearance for a few days."

After the lapse of several days, the officers of Elizabeth's household addressed a letter to her majesty's council, to explain "that increased indisposition, on the part of their mistress, was the sole cause that prevented her from repairing to the queen's highness, and though they continued in hope of her amendment, they saw no appearance of it, and therefore they considered it their duty, considering the perilous attempts of the rebels, to apprise their lordships of her state."[3]

Mary received this excuse, and waited for the coming of Elizabeth till the 10th of February. During that eventful fortnight a formidable insurrection had broken

[1] Griffet; Tytler.
[2] Strype.—See the Memoir of Queen Mary, vol. v.
[3] Strype's Memorials, Eccl. iii. 83. From Petyt MS.

out, of which the ostensible object was the dethronement of the queen, and the elevation of Elizabeth to the regal office. The French and Venetian ambassadors had both intrigued with the disaffected, and supplied them with money and arms. Mary had been attacked in her own palace by Wyat's army of insurgents; she had quelled the insurrection, and proceeded to measures of great severity, to deter her factious subjects from further attempts to disturb the public peace. Terror was stricken into every heart when it was known that a warrant was issued for the immediate execution of lady Jane Gray and her husband. Wyat, and others of the confederates, with the view of escaping the penalty of their own rash attempts, basely denounced Elizabeth and Courtenay as the exciters of the treasonable designs that had deluged the metropolis with blood, and shaken the throne of Mary. Elizabeth had fortified her house meantime, and introduced an armed force within her walls, probably for a defence against the partisans of lady Jane Gray, but, of course, her enemies and the Spanish party insisted that it was intended as a defiance to the royal authority. The queen, who had every reason to distrust her loyalty, then despatched lord William Howard, sir Edward Hastings, and sir Thomas Cornwallis, to bring her to court.[1] With these gentlemen she sent her own physicians, Dr. Owen and Dr. Wendy, to ascertain whether Elizabeth were really able to bear the journey. Now, Dr. Wendy, to his honour be it remembered, was instrumental in the preservation of queen Katharine Parr's life, by the prudent council he gave her at the time of

[1] That accurate historian, Patrick Fraser Tytler, esq., has, with great clearness, traced the discrepancies of Fox, when tested with the authentic State Paper Records of that memorable passage in the early life of our great Elizabeth. After carefully examining and collating all contemporary authorities on the subject, it is impossible not to coincide with the view Mr. Tytler has taken from the evidence of dates and documents. The statement of Fox, that Mary gave a peremptory commission to three of the members of her council, "to repair to Ashridge and bring the lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead," as asserted in that author's romantic biography of Elizabeth, in the Appendix of his Martyrology, is a distorted version of the facts, of which a plain narrative is given in these pages. See also Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii.

her extreme peril, and also, as it has been supposed, by acting as a mediator between her and king Henry.[1] He had known Elizabeth from her childhood, and his appearance would rather have had the effect of inspiring her with hope and confidence, than terror. Be that as it may, he and his coadjutor decided, that she might be removed without peril of her life. The three commissioners then required an audience of the princess, who, guessing their errand no doubt, refused to see them, and when they entered the chamber, it being then past ten o'clock at night, she said, "Is the haste such, that it might not have pleased you to come in the morning?" They made answer, "that they were sorry to see her grace in such a case."

"And I," replied she, "am not glad to see you at this time of night!"

This little dialogue, which rests on the authority of Holinshed, is characteristic, and likely enough to have taken place, although it is not mentioned in the following letter of the commissioners to the queen. We are, however, to bear in mind, that Elizabeth's great uncle, lord William Howard, who appears to have been the leading man on the occasion, would scarcely have related any speech on the part of his young kinswoman, likely to have been construed by the queen and her council, into an act of contumacy. On the contrary, he describes Elizabeth as using the most dutiful and compliant expressions, only fearful of encountering the fatigue of a journey in her weak state; any one, from his report, would imagine her to be the meekest and gentlest of all invalids.

THE LORD ADMIRAL, (LORD W. HOWARD,) SIR EDWARD HASTINGS, AND SIR THOMAS CORNWALLIS, TO THE QUEEN.[2]

"In our humble wise. It may please your highness to be advertised that yesterday, immediately upon our arrival at Ashridge, we required to have access unto my lady Elizabeth's grace, which obtained, we delivered unto her your highness's letter; and I, the lord admiral, declared the effect of your highness's pleasure, according to the credence given to us,

[1] See the Life of Queen Katharine Parr, vol. v.

[2] State Papers, Feb. 11, 1553-4. Edited by P. F Tytler, Esq. Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 426.

being before advertised of her state by your highness's physicians, by whom we did perceive the state of her body to be such, that, without danger to her person, we might well proceed to require her, in your majesty's name, (all excuses set apart,) to repair to your highness, with all convenient speed and diligence.

"Whereunto we found her grace very willing and conformable, save only 'that she much feared her weakness to be so great' that she should not be able to travel, and to endure the journey without peril of life, and therefore desired some longer respite until she had better recovered her strength; but in conclusion, upon the persuasion, as much of us, as of her own council and servants, (whom we assure your highness we have found very ready and forward to the accomplishment of your highness's pleasure, in this behalf,) she is resolved to remove hence to-morrow towards your highness with such journies as by a paper, herein enclosed, your highness shall perceive; further declaring to your highness, that her grace much desireth, if it might stand with your highness's pleasure, that she may have a lodging, at her coming to court, somewhat further from the water (the Thames) than she had at her last being there; which your physicians, considering the state of her body, thinketh very meet, who have *travailed* (taken great pains) very earnestly with her grace both *before our coming*[1] and after, in this matter.

"And after her first day's journey, one of us shall await upon your highness, to declare more at large, the whole state of our proceedings here. And even so, we shall most humbly beseech Christ long to preserve your highness in honour, health, and the contentation of your godly heart's desire.

"From Ashridge, the 11th of February, at four of the clock in the afternoon.

"Your highness's most humble and bounden servants and subjects,

"W. Howard, Edward Hastings, T. Cornwallys."

The paper enclosed, sketching the plan of their progress to London, a document of no slight importance, considering the falsified statement which has been embodied in history, is as follows:—

"The order of my lady Elizabeth's grace's *voyage* to the court.
"Monday.—Imprimis to Mr. Cooke's, vi miles.
"Tuesday.—Item, to Mr. Pope's, viii miles.
"Wednesday.—To Mr. Stamford's, vii miles.
"Thursday.—To Highgate, Mr. Cholmeley's house, vii miles.
"Friday.—To Westminster, v miles."

Such is the official report of Elizabeth's maternal kinsman, lord William Howard, attested by the signatures of two other noble gentlemen. Motives of worldly interest, to say nothing of the ties of nature, would have

[1] This sentence leads to the conclusion that Dr. Wendy and Dr. Owen had been at Ashridge in attendance on Elizabeth since her first summons to court.

inclined lord William Howard to cherish and support, as far as he could with safety to himself, an heiress presumptive to the crown, so nearly connected in blood with his own illustrious house. He was the brother of her grandmother, lady Elizabeth Howard, and in the probable event of queen Mary's death without issue, it was only reasonable for this veteran statesman to calculate on directing the councils of his youthful niece, and exercising the executive power of the crown. He was a man whom Elizabeth both loved and honoured, and she testified her grateful remembrance of his kindness after her accession to the crown. If Mary had intended Elizabeth to be treated as barbarously as Fox has represented, she would have selected some other agent for the minister of her cruelty.

The letter of the commissioners to the queen is dated February 11th, which was Sunday; contrary to the assertions of Fox and Holinshed, they remained at Ashridge the whole of that day and night, and it was not till Monday morning, the 12th, that they proceeded to remove Elizabeth. It was the day appointed for the execution of the lady Jane Gray and lord Guildford Dudley, and even the strong mind and lion-like spirit of Elizabeth must have quailed, at the appalling nature of her own summons to the metropolis, and the idea of commencing her journey in so ominous an hour. Thrice she was near fainting as she was led between two of her escort, to the royal litter, which the queen had sent for her accommodation.[1] Her bodily weakness, or some other cause, appears to have caused a deviation from the original programme of the journey, for the places where she halted were not the same as those specified by the commissioners in their letter to the queen. She reached Redburn in a feeble condition the first night. On the second, she rested at Sir Ralph Rowlet's house, at St. Alban's; on the third, at Mr. Dod's, at Mimmes; on the fourth, at Highgate, where she remained at Mr. Cholmeley's house a night and day, according to Holinshed,

[1] Holinshed.

but most probably it was longer, as she did not enter London till the 23rd of February; and Noailles, in a letter, dated the 21st, makes the following report of her condition to his own court.

"While the city is covered with gibbets, and the public buildings crowded with the heads of the bravest men in the kingdom, (*who, by the bye, had given but an indifferent sample of their valour*) the princess Elizabeth, for whom no better fate is foreseen, is lying ill, about seven or eight miles from hence, so swollen and disfigured that her death is expected."[1] He expresses doubts "whether she would reach London alive." Notwithstanding this piteous description of her sufferings and prospects, his excellency in another place calls the indisposition of Elizabeth "a favourable illness," and this phrase has led some persons into the notion that her sickness was feigned for the purpose of exciting popular sympathy, but he certainly means merely to intimate, that it occurred at a seasonable time for her, and was probably the means of saving her from the same punishment that had just been inflicted on her youthful kinswoman, lady Jane Gray. That Elizabeth was suffering severely, both in mind and body, at this terrific crisis, there can be no doubt, and if she made the most of her illness to gain time, and delay her approach to the dreaded scene of blood and horror, which the metropolis presented, in consequence of the recent executions, no one can blame her. But when the moment came for her public entrance into London as a prisoner of state, her firmness returned, and the spirit of the royal heroine triumphed over the weakness of the invalid and the terrors of the woman. Her deportment on that occasion is thus finely described by an eye-witness who thirsted for her blood—Simon Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, in a letter to her great enemy, the emperor Charles Vth, dated February 24th, 1554.

"The lady Elizabeth," says he, "arrived here yesterday, dressed all in white, surrounded with a great com-

[1] Elizabeth's illness appears to have been an attack of dropsy, from her swollen and pallid appearance.

pany of the queen's people, besides her own attendants. She made them uncover the litter in which she rode, that she might be seen by the people. Her countenance was pale and stern, her mien proud, lofty, and disdainful, by which she endeavoured to conceal her trouble."

A hundred gentlemen in velvet coats formed a sort of guard of honour for Elizabeth on this occasion, next her person, and they were followed by a hundred more "in coats of fine red cloth guarded with black velvet;"[1] this was probably the royal livery. The road on both sides the way, from Highgate to London, was thronged with gazing crowds, some of whom wept and bewailed her. It must indeed have been a pageant of almost tragic interest, considering the excited state of the public mind, for Suffolk had been executed that morning, and it was only eleven days since the young, lovely, and interesting lady Jane Gray had been brought to the block. Many persons in that crowd remembered the execution of Elizabeth's mother, queen Anne Boleyn, not quite seventeen years ago, and scarcely anticipated a better fate for her, whom they now saw conducted through their streets a guarded captive, having arrayed herself in white robes, emblematic of innocence. Her youth, her pallid cheek and searching glance, appealed to them for sympathy, and it might be for succour; but neither arm nor voice was raised in her defence in all that multitude; and this accounts for the haughty and scornful expression which Renaud observed in her countenance as she gazed upon them. Perhaps she thought, with sarcastic bitterness, of the familiar proverb—"A little help is worth a deal of pity."

The cavalcade passed through Smithfield and Fleet Street to Whitehall, between four and five in the afternoon, and entered the palace through the garden. Whatever might be her inward alarm, Elizabeth assumed an intrepid bearing.

"Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
Were the words of her lip and the glance of her eye."

She boldly protested her innocence, and demanded

[1] MS. Cotton., Vitell. f. 5.

an interview with her sister the queen, on the plea of Mary's previous promise never to condemn her unheard. Mary declined seeing her, and she was conducted to a quarter of the palace at Westminster, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guards. Six ladies, two gentlemen, and four servants of her own retinue, were permitted to remain in attendance on her person, the rest of her train were sent into the city of London and lodged there. It was on the fidelity and moral courage of these persons, that the life of Elizabeth depended; and it is certain that several of them were implicated in the conspiracy. Courtenay, her affianced husband, had been arrested on the 12th of February, in the house of the earl of Sussex, and was safely lodged in the bell-tower, and subjected to daily examinations. He had previously given tokens of weakness and want of principle sufficient to fill every one with whom he had been politically connected, with apprehension. Yet he seems to have acted honourably with regard to Elizabeth, for none of his admissions tended to implicate her.

Nothing could be more agonizing than the state of suspense, in which, for three weeks, Elizabeth remained at Whitehall, while her fate was debated by her sister's privy council. Fortunately for her this body was agitated with jealousies and divided interests. One party relentlessly urged the expediency of putting her to death, and argued against the folly of sparing a traitress who had entered into plots with foreign powers against her queen and country.[1] Lord Arundel and Lord Paget were the advocates of these ruthless counsels, which, however, really emanated from the emperor Charles V., who considered Elizabeth in the light of a powerful rival to the title of the bride elect of his son Philip, and he laboured for her destruction, in the same spirit that his grandfather Ferdinand had made the execution of the unfortunate earl of Warwick one of the secret articles in the marriage treaty of Katharine of Arragon, and Arthur prince

[1] Renaud's Letter to the emperor Charles V.

of Wales. Besides this political animosity, Charles entertained a personal hatred to Elizabeth, because she was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whose fatal charms had been the cause of so much evil to his beloved aunt.

Bishop Gardiner, who was at that time opposed to the Spanish party, acted in this instance as the friend of Elizabeth and Courtenay. He contended "that there was no proof of a treasonable correspondence between them during the late insurrections, alleging the residence of Courtenay in the queen's household at St. James's palace, and Elizabeth's dangerous sickness at Ashridge, as reasons why they were not, and could not have been actually engaged in acts of treason, whatever might have been their intentions.[1] In this matter, Gardiner acted in the true spirit of a modern politician: he threw all the weight of his powerful talents and influence into the scale of mercy and justice, not for the sake of the good cause he advocated, but because it afforded him an opportunity of contending with his rivals on vantage ground. The murderous policy of Spain is thus shamelessly avowed by Renaud in one of his letters to his imperial master:— "The queen," he says,[1] "is advised to send her (Elizabeth) to the Tower, since she is accused by Wyat, named in the letters of the French ambassador, and suspected by her own council; and it is certain that the enterprise was undertaken in her favour. Assuredly, sire, if they do not punish her and Courtenay, now that the occasion offers, the queen will never be secure, for I doubt that if she leaves her in the Tower, when she goes to meet the parliament, some treasonable means will be found to deliver her or Courtenay, or perhaps both, and then the last error will be worse than the first."

The council was in possession of two notes addressed to Elizabeth by Wyat, the first, advising her to remove to Donnington, which was close to their head-quarters; the second, after her neglecting to obey the queen's summons to court, informing her of his victorious entry into Southwark. Three dispatches of Noailles to his own government had been intercepted and deciphered, which

[1] Mackintosh. Lingard. Tytler.

revealed all the plans of the conspirators in her favour. Noailles, too—and that made the matter worse—had married one of her maids of honour;[1] which circumstance, of course, afforded a direct facility for more familiar intercourse, than otherwise could publicly have taken place, between the disaffected heiress of the crown, and the representative of a foreign power. In addition to these presumptive evidences, a letter, supposed to have been written by her to the king of France, had fallen into the hands of the queen. The duke of Suffolk, doubtless with a view to the preservation of his own daughter, lady Jane Gray, had declared that the object of the conspiracy was the dethronement of the queen, and the elevation of Elizabeth to her place.[2] Wyat acknowledged that he had written more than one letter to Elizabeth, and charged Courtenay, face to face, with having first suggested the rebellion. Sir James Crofts confessed "that he had conferred with Elizabeth, and solicited her to retire to Donnington;" Lord Russell, "that he had privately conveyed letters to her from Wyat;" and another prisoner, "that he had been privy to a correspondence between Carew and Courtenay respecting the intended marriage between that nobleman and the princess."[3] In short, a more disgusting series of treachery and cowardice never was exhibited than on this occasion; and if it be true, that there is honour among thieves—that is to say, an observance of good faith towards each other in time of peril—it is certain nothing of the kind was to be found among these confederates, who respectively endeavoured, by the denunciation of their associates, to shift the penalty of their mutual offences to their fellows in misfortune.

Wyat's first confession was, "that the Sieur D'Oysell, when he passed through England into Scotland with the French ambassador to that country, spoke to Sir James Crofts to persuade him to prevent the marriage of queen Mary, with the heir of Spain, to raise Elizabeth to the

[1] Kempe's Losely MSS.
[2] Lingard's Elizabeth, Hist. Eng., vol. vii.
[3] Renaud's Letters to Charles V.

throne, marry her to Courtenay, and put the queen to death." He also confessed the promised aid that was guaranteed by the king of France to the confederates, and the projected invasions from France and Scotland.

"We have this morning," writes Mr. Secretary Bourne, "travailed with sir Thomas Wyat, touching the lady Elizabeth and her servant, sir William Saintlow; and your lordship shall understand that Wyat affirmeth his former sayings (depositions), and says further, that sir James Crofts knoweth more, if he be sent for and examined. Whereupon, Crofts has been called before us and examined, and confesseth with Wyat, charging Saintlow with like matter, and further, as we shall declare unto your said lordships. Wherefore, under your correction, we think necessary, and beseech you to send for Mr. Saintlow, and to examine him, or cause him to be sent hither, by us to be examined. Crofts is plain, and will tell all."[1]

The Spanish ambassador, in his report to the emperor, dated March 1st, affirms that Crofts had confessed the truth in a written deposition, and admitted, in plain terms, the intrigues of the French ambassador with the heretics and rebels; but this deposition has been vainly sought for at the State Paper Office.

Great pains were taken by the Spanish faction to incense the queen, to the death, against Elizabeth; Renaud even presumed to intimate that her betrothed husband, Don Philip, would not venture his person in England till Elizabeth and Courtenay were executed, and endeavoured, by every sort of argument, to tempt her to hasten her own marriage by the sacrifice of their lives. Irritated as Mary was against both, she could not resolve on shedding her sister's blood. She told the subtle statesman, "that she should act as the law decided, on the evidences of their guilt, but that the prisoners, whose guilt had actually been proved, should be executed before she left her metropolis" to open her parliament, which was summoned to meet at Oxford. She was in great perplexity in what

[1] Report of Bourne, Southwell, Pope, and Hyggins, in State Paper Office, February 25, 1553-4.

manner to dispose of Elizabeth for her own security, before she herself departed from London, and she asked the lords of her council, one by one, "if either of them would take charge of that lady." They all declined the perilous responsibility, and then the stern resolution was adopted of sending her to the Tower,[1] after a stormy debate in council on the justifiableness of such a measure. The truth was, Gardiner, finding himself likely to be left in a minority by his powerful rivals in the cabinet, succumbed to their wishes, and, instead of opposing the motion, supported it, and kept his chancellorship, for a temporary reconciliation was then effected between him and the leaders of the Spanish faction, Arundel, Paget, and Petre, of which the blood of Elizabeth was the intended cement. From the moment this trimming statesman abandoned the liberal policy he had for a few brief months advocated, he shamed not to become the most relentless and determined of those who sought to bring the royal maiden to the block.[2] On the Friday before Palm Sunday, he, with nine more of the council, came into her presence, and there charged her, both with Wyat's conspiracy, and the rising lately made in the west by sir Peter Carew and others, and told her it was the queen's pleasure that she should be removed to the Tower." The name of this doleful prison, which her own mother, and, more recently, her cousin, lady Jane Gray, had found their next step to the scaffold, filled her with dismay.

"I trust," said she, "that her majesty will be far more gracious, than to commit to that place a true and most innocent woman, that never has offended her in thought, word, or deed." She then entreated the lords to intercede for her with the queen, which some of them compassionately promised to do, and testified much pity for her case. About an hour after, four of them—namely, Gardiner, the lord steward, the lord treasurer, and the earl of Sussex—returned with an order to discharge all her attendants, except her gentleman usher, three gentle-

[1] Renaud's Despatches.
[2] Tytler. Renaud. Speed. Fox.

women, and two grooms of her chamber.[1] Hitherto Elizabeth had been in the honourable keeping of the lord chamberlain, no other than her uncle, lord William Howard, and sir John Gage, but now that a sterner policy was adopted, a guard was placed in the two anterooms leading to her chamber, two lords with an armed force in the hall, and two hundred Northern white coats in the garden, to prevent all possibility of rescue or escape. The next day, the earl of Sussex, and another lord of the council, announced to her "that a barge was in readiness to convey her to the Tower, and she must prepare to go as the tide served, which would tarry for no one."[2] This intimation seems to have inspired Elizabeth with a determination to outstay it, since the delay of every hour was important to her whose fate hung on a balance so nicely poised. She implored to see the queen her sister, and that request being denied, she then entreated for permission to write to her. This was peremptorily refused by one of the noblemen; who told her "that he durst not suffer it, neither, in his opinion, was it convenient."[3] But the earl of Sussex, whose generous nature was touched with manly compassion, bent his knee before her, and told her "she should have liberty to write her mind," and swore, "as he was a true man, he would himself deliver it to the queen, whatsoever came of it, and bring her back the answer."

Elizabeth then addressed, with the earnest eloquence of despair, the following moving letter to her royal sister, taking good care not to bring it to a conclusion till the tide had ebbed so far as to render it impossible to shoot the bridge with a barge that turn.

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN.[4]

"If any ever did try this old saying, 'that a king's word was more than another man's oath,' I must humbly beseech your majesty to verify it in

[1] Speed. Fox. [2] Ibid.

[3] The name of this ungentle peer is not recorded, from motives of delicacy, by Fox and Holinshed, but he is supposed to be Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, who was alive when these books were written.

[4] MS. Harleian, 7190-2. The document, in its original orthography, may be seen in sir H. Ellis's Original Letters, 2nd series, vol. ii. p. 255. The commencing sentence of this letter is a quotation from the noble speech of king John of France, when he returned to his captivity in England.

me, and to remember your last promise[1] and my last demand—that I be not condemned without answer and due proof—which it seems that I now am; for without cause proved, I am by your council from you commanded, to go to the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor, than a true subject. Which though I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of all this realm it appears proved. I pray to God I may die the shamefullest death that any ever died, if I may mean any such thing; and to this present hour I protest before God (who shall judge my truth whatsoever malice shall devise) that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way, or dangerous to the state by any means. And therefore I humbly beseech your majesty to let me answer afore yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors—yea, and that afore I go to the Tower—if it be possible—if not, before I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly your highness will give me leave to do it afore I go, that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on, as I now shall be—yea, and that without cause!

"Let conscience move your highness to pardon this my boldness, which innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindness, which I trust will not see me cast away without desert, which what it (*her desert*) is I would desire no more of God, but that you truly knew—but which thing I think and believe, you shall never by report know, unless by yourself you hear. I have heard of many in my time cast away, for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my lord of Somerset say, that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him, he had never suffered, but persuasions were made to him so great that he was brought in belief, that he could not live safely if the admiral (*lord Thomas Seymour*) lived, and that made him give consent to his death. Though these persons are not to be compared to your majesty, yet I pray God the like evil persuasions persuade not one sister against the other, and all, for that they have heard false report, and the truth not known.

"Therefore, once again, kneeling with humbleness of heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your highness, which I would not be so bold as to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true.

"And as for the traitor Wyatt, he might, peradventure, write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him. And as for the copy of the letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter, by any means, and to this truth I will stand in till my death.

"Your highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end.

"ELIZABETH.

"I humbly crave but only one word of answer from yourself."

This letter, written, as has been shewn, on the spur of the moment, possesses more perspicuity and power than any other composition from the pen of Elizabeth. She

[1] This promise must have been given at the last interview of the royal sisters, before Elizabeth retired to Ashridge, when she had to clear herself from conspiring with Noailles, the French ambassador, as before related.

had not time to hammer out artificial sentences, so completely entangled with far-fetched metaphors and pedantic quotations, that a commentator is required to construe every one of her ambiguous paragraphs. No such ambiguity is used here, where she pleads for her life in good earnest, and in unequivocal language appeals boldly, from the inimical privy council, to her sister's natural affection, and the event proved in the end, that she did not appeal in vain. Yet her majesty shewed no symptoms of relenting, at the time it was delivered, being exceedingly angry with Sussex for having lost the tide, and, according to Renaud, she rated her council soundly for having presumed to deviate from the instructions she had issued.[1] The next tide did not serve till midnight, misgivings were felt, lest some project were in agitation among her friends and confederates, to effect a rescue under cover of the darkness, and so it was decided that they would defer her removal till the following day. This was Palm Sunday, and the council considered that it would be the safest plan to have the princess conveyed to the Tower by water during the time of morning service, and on that account the people were strictly enjoined to carry their palms to church.

Sussex and the lord treasurer were with Elizabeth soon after nine o'clock that morning, and informed her that the time was now come, that her grace must away with them to the Tower. She replied, "The Lord's will be done; I am contented, seeing it is the queen's pleasure." Yet as she was conducted through the garden to the barge, she turned her eyes towards every window in the lingering hope, as it was thought, of seeing some one who would espouse her cause, and finding herself disappointed in this, she passionately exclaimed, "I marvel what the nobles mean by suffering me, a prince, to be led into captivity, the Lord knoweth wherefore, for myself I do not."[2]

Her escort hurried her to the barge, being anxious to pass the shores of London at a time when they would be

[1] See his letter to the emperor Charles, dated March 22, 1553-4, in Tytler's Mary. [2] Speed. Fox.

least likely to attract attention; but in their efforts not to be too late, they were too early, for the tide had not risen sufficiently high to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of the water was so great that the experienced boatmen declined attempting it. The peers urged them to proceed, and they lay hovering upon the water in extreme danger for a time, and at length their caution was overpowered, by the imperative orders of the two noblemen, who insisted on their passing the arch. They reluctantly essayed to do so, and struck the stern of the barge against the starling, and not without great difficulty and much peril succeeded in clearing it. Not one, perhaps, of the anxious spectators, who, from the houses which at that time overhung the bridge, beheld the jeopardy of that boat's company, suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from a watery grave must have elicited an ejaculation of thanksgiving from many a kindly heart. Elizabeth objected to being landed at the traitor's gate, "neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe," she said. One of the lords told her "she must not choose," and as it was then raining, offered her his cloak. "She dashed it from her, with a good dash," says our author,[1] and as she set her foot on the stairs, exclaimed,—"Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!" To which the nobles who escorted her replied, "If it were so, it was the better for her." When she came to the gate a number of the warders and servants belonging to the Tower were drawn up in rank, and some of them, as she passed, knelt and "prayed God to preserve her grace," for which they were afterwards reprimanded. Instead of passing through the gates to which she had been thus conducted, Elizabeth seated herself on a cold damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering a prison which had proved so fatal to her race. Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, said to her, "Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely."

[1] Speed. Fox.

"Better sit here than in a worse place," she replied, "for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me."[1]

On hearing these words, her gentleman usher burst into a passion of weeping, which she perceiving, chid him for his weakness in thus giving way to his feelings, and discouraging her, whom he ought rather to comfort and support, especially knowing her truth to be such that no man had any cause to weep for her;" when, however, she was inducted into the apartment appointed for her confinement, and the doors made fast upon her with locks and bolts, she was sore dismayed, but called for her book, and gathering the sorrowful remnant of her servants round her, begged them to unite with her in prayer for the divine protection and succour. Meantime the lords of the council who had brought her to the Tower proceeded to deliver their instructions to the authorities there for her safe keeping; but when some measure of unnecessary rigour was suggested by one of the commissioners, the earl of Sussex, who appears to have been thoroughly disgusted with the ungracious office that had been put upon him, and the unmanly conduct of his associates, sternly admonished them in these words:— "Let us take heed, my lords, that we go not beyond our commission, for she was our king's daughter, and is, we know, the prince next in blood, wherefore let us so deal with her now, that we have not, if it so happen, to answer for our dealings hereafter."[2]

[1] Fox; Speed; Holinshed. [2] Ibid.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Elizabeth in the Tower—Examined by Gardiner and the council—Confronted with sir J. Crofts—Her expostulation—Rigorous examination of her servants—Compelled to hear mass—Harsh treatment of her Protestant ladies—Her deportment in prison—Precautions against her escape—The Spanish ambassador urges her execution—Wyat exonerates her on the scaffold—She is permitted to take the air—Sympathy of children for Elizabeth—Flowers brought her in the Tower garden—Warden's child examined by the council—Her cause favoured by her uncle (Lord W. Howard) and Arundel—Illness of the queen—Attempt of Gardiner to destroy Elizabeth—Mary replaces her sister's picture—Refuses to have her tried—Elizabeth taken from the Tower to Richmond by water—Refuses to marry Philibert of Savoy—Harsh treatment on her journey to Woodstock—Sympathy of the people—Lord William's hospitality to Elizabeth—Her captivity at Woodstock—Her prison verses—Her needle-work—Dangerous illness—Recovery—Journey to Hampton Court—Interview with Gardiner, &c.—Her spirited conduct—Her interview with the queen—Reconciliation—Joins the royal parties at Christmas—Takes her place next the queen—Homage paid to her by Philip II.—She again rejects Philibert of Savoy—Returns to Woodstock—Accusations of sorcery with Dr. Dee—Philip II.'s friendship for Elizabeth—She is permitted to return to Hatfield—Sir T. Pope her castellan—His courtesy to Elizabeth—Fetes and pageants—Implication in new plots—Her letter to the queen—She visits the court—Meditates withdrawing to France—Fresh reconciliation with the queen—Offer by the prince of Sweden—Her prudent conduct—Appointed successor to the crown—Mary's last requests to her—Contradictory statements—Interview with the Spanish ambassador—Sups with him at lady Clinton's—Their conversation—Queen Mary sends her the crown jewels—Premature reports of Mary's death—Elizabeth sends Throckmorton—Death of the queen announced to her—Her exclamation on being saluted queen.

It was on the 18th of March that Elizabeth was lodged in the Tower, and she was soon afterwards subjected to a

rigorous examination by the lord chancellor Gardiner, with nine other of the lords of the council. They questioned her on her motives for her projected remove to Donnington Castle during the late insurrection. Elizabeth, being taken by surprise, allowed her natural propensity for dissimulation to betray her into the childish equivocation of affecting to be unconscious that she had such a house as Donnington.[1] When sir James Crofts was brought in and confronted with her, she recollected herself, and said, "As touching my remove to Donnington, my officers, and you, sir James Crofts, being then present, can well testify whether any rash or unbeseeming word did then pass my lips, which might not have well become a faithful and loyal subject."

Thus adjured, sir James Crofts knelt to her and said, "He was heartily sorry to be brought in that day to be a witness against her grace, but he took God to record that he never knew anything of her, worthy the least suspicion."[2]

"My lords," said Elizabeth, "methinks you do me wrong to examine every mean prisoner against me; if they have done evil, let them answer for it. I pray you, join me not with such offenders. Touching my remove from Ashridge to Donnington, I do remember me that Mr. Hoby, mine officers, and you, sir James Crofts, had some talk about it; but what is that to the purpose? Might I not, my lords, go to mine own houses at all times?"[3]

Whereupon the lord of Arundel, kneeling down, observed, "that her grace said truth, and that himself was sorry to see her troubled about such vain matters."

"Well, my lords," rejoined she, "you sift me narrowly, but you can do no more than God hath appointed, unto whom I pray to forgive you all."[4]

This generous burst of feeling on the part of the earl of Arundel must have had a startling effect on all pre-

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Lingard.
[2] Heywood. Fox.
[3] Speed. Fox. Bright's Miraculous Preservation.
[4] Speed.

sent, for he had been foremost in the death-cry against Elizabeth, and had urged the queen to bring her to trial and execution. Blinded by the malignant excitement of party feeling, he had, doubtless, so far deceived himself as to regard such a measure as a stern duty to the nation at large, in order to prevent future insurrections, by sacrificing one person for the security of Mary's government; but when he saw and heard the young defenceless woman, whom he and his colleagues had visited in her lonely prison room, to browbeat and to entangle in her talk, his heart smote him for the cruel part he had taken, and he yielded to the generous impulse which prompted him to express his conviction of her innocence, and his remorse for the injurious treatment to which she was subjected. So powerful was the re-action of his feelings on this occasion, that he not only laboured as strenuously for the preservation of Elizabeth, as he had hitherto done for her destruction, but even went so far as to offer his heir to her for a husband, and subsequently made her a tender of his own hand, and became one of the most persevering of her wooers. It is to be feared that Elizabeth, then in the bloom of youth, and very fairly endowed by nature, exerted all her fascinations to entangle the heart of this stern pillar of her sister's throne in the perplexities of a delusive passion for herself. That the royal coquette indulged the stately old earl with deceitful hopes, appears evident by the tone he assumed towards her after her accession to the throne, and his jealousy of his handsome, audacious rival, Robert Dudley; but of this, hereafter.

Elizabeth's confinement in the Tower was, at first, so rigorous, that she was not permitted to see any one but the servants who had been selected by the council to wait upon her—a service fraught with danger even to those who were permitted to perform it. As for the other members of her household, several were in prison, and one of these, Edmund Tremaine, was subjected to the infliction of torture, in the vain attempt to extort evidence against her.[1]

[1] Speed.

Before Elizabeth had been two days in the Tower, the use of English prayers and Protestant rites were prohibited, and she was required to hear mass. One of her ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, refused to attend that service; on which her father brought abbot Feckenham to persuade her to it; but as she continued firm in her resistance, she was dismissed from her office, and another lady, Mrs. Coldeburn, appointed in her stead.[1] Another of Elizabeth's ladies, the beautiful Isabella Markham, who was just married to sir John Harrington, was also sequestered from her service, on account of her heretical opinions, and committed to a prison lodging in the Tower, with her husband, whose offence was having conveyed a letter to the princess. This misdemeanor, however, appears to have been committed as far back as the second year of Edward VI., if we may judge from the allusions Harrington makes to his former master, the lord admiral, Thomas Seymour, in the spirited letter of remonstrance which he addressed to Gardiner, on the subject of his imprisonment and that of his wife. Nothing can afford a more beautiful picture, of the attachment subsisting between the captive princess and these faithful adherents than this letter, which is written in the fearless spirit of a true knight and noble-minded gentleman:—

"My lord,

"This mine humble prayer doth come with much sorrow, for any deed of evil that I have done to your lordship; but, alas! I know of none, save such duty to the lady Elizabeth as I am bounden to pay her at all times; and if this matter breedeth in you such wrath towards her and me, I shall not, in this mine imprisonment, repent thereof. My wife is her servant, and doth but rejoice in this our misery when we look with whom we are holden in bondage. Our gracious king Henry did ever advance our family's good estate, as did his pious father aforetime; wherefore our service is in remembrance of such good kindness, albeit there needeth none other cause to render our tendance, sith the lady Elizabeth beareth such piety and godly affection to all virtue. Consider that your lordship aforetime hath combated with much like affliction: why, then, should not our state cause you to recount the same, and breed pity to us-ward? Mine poor lady hath greater cause to wail, than we of such small degree, but her rare example affordeth comfort to us, and shameth our complaint. Why, my good lord, must I be thus annoyed for one deed of special good will to the lady Elizabeth, it bearing a letter sent from

[1] Strype.

one that had such right to give me his commands,[1] and to one that had such right to all mine hearty service?

"May God incline you to amend all this cruelty, and ever and anon turn our prayer in good and merciful consideration. My lord admiral Seymour did truly win my love amidst this hard and deadly annoyance. Now may the same like pity touch your heart, and deal us better usage. His service was ever joyful, and why must *this* be afflicting? Mine auncient kindred have ever held their duty and liege obeysance, nor will I do them such dishonour as may blot out their worthy deeds, but will ever abide in all honesty and love. If you should give ear to my complaint, it will bind me to thankfully repay this kindness; but if not, we will continue to suffer, and rest ourselves in God, whose mercy is sure and safe, and in all true love to her (the princess Elizabeth) who doth honour us in tender sort, and scorneth not to shed her tears with ours. I commend your lordship to God's appointment, and rest, sorely afflicted,

"From the *Toure*, 1554."[2] "JOHN HARRINGTON."

The above most interesting letter is the more valuable because it affords the testimony of the accomplished writer as to the personal deportment of Elizabeth among her own immediate friends during their mutual imprisonment in the Tower. Sir John Harrington the younger says—"that his parents had not any comfort to beguile their affliction but the sweet words and sweeter deeds of their mistress and fellow-prisoner, the princess Elizabeth."

[1] This can only allude to Harrington's former master, Seymour of Sudley, as the context proves.

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington the younger, the son of this faithful man, to whom Elizabeth stood godmother. The imprisonment and harsh treatment of his parents is indignantly recorded by the godson of Elizabeth among the evil deeds of Gardiner, which he sums up in these words:—"Lastly, the plots he laid to entrap the lady Elizabeth, his terrible hard usage of all her followers, I cannot yet scarce think of with charity, nor write of with patience. My father, only for carrying of a letter to the lady Elizabeth, and professing to wish her well, he kept in the Tower twelve months, and made him spend a thousand pounds ere he could be free of that trouble. My mother, that then served the said lady Elizabeth, he caused to be sequestered from her as an heretic, so that her own father durst not take her into his house, but she was glad to sojourn with one Mr. Topclife; so, as I may say in some sort, this bishop persecuted me before I was born."—Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii. pp. 67, 68.

It was on the discharge of lady Harrington, which took place some months before that of her husband, that she was refused an asylum by her father. Sir John Harrington, becoming weary of his long incarceration, vented his indignant feelings in some bitterly satirical verses, addressed to Gardiner, which he had the temerity to send to his powerful adversary. Gardiner instantly ordered him to be released from his captivity, observing, that but for his saucy sonnet he was worthy to have lain a year longer in the Tower.

In after years Elizabeth herself told Castelnau, the French ambassador, when adverting to this period,[1] "that she was in great danger of losing her life from the displeasure her sister had conceived against her, in consequence of the accusations that were fabricated, on the subject of her correspondence with the king of France; and having no hope of escaping, she desired to make her sister only one request, which was, that she might have her head cut off with a sword, as in France, and not with an axe, after the present fashion adopted in England, and therefore desired that an executioner might be sent for out of France, if it were so determined." What frightful visions, connected with the last act of her unfortunate mother's tragedy, must have haunted the prison-musings of the royal captive! who having but recently recovered from a long and severe malady, was probably suffering from physical depression of spirits at this time. The traditions of the Tower of London affirm, that the lodging of the princess Elizabeth was immediately under the great alarum bell, which in case of any attempt being made for her escape, was to have raised its clamorous tocsin, to summon assistance, and the hue and cry for pursuit. It seems scarcely probable, however, that she would have been placed in such close contiguity with Courtenay, unless the proximity were artfully contrived, as a snare to lure them into a stolen intercourse, or attempts at correspondence, for the purpose of furnishing a fresh mass of evidence against them.

In a letter, of the 3rd of April, Renaud relates the particulars of two successive interviews, which he had had with the queen and some of the members of her council, on the measures necessary to be adopted for the security of Don Philip's person, before he would venture himself in England. His excellency states, "that he had assured the queen, that it was of the utmost importance that the trials and executions of the criminals, especially those of Courtenay and Elizabeth, should be concluded before the arrival of the prince. The queen evasively replied "that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety

[1] Memoir de Castelnau, i. p. 32.

she took for the security of his highness at his coming." Gardiner then remarked, "that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquil, but if every one went to work as *roundly* as he did in providing remedies, things would go on better."

"As touching Courtenay," pursues Renaud, "there is matter sufficient against him to make his punishment certain, but for Elizabeth they have not yet been able to obtain matter sufficient for her conviction, because those persons with whom she was in communication have fled.[1] Nevertheless, her majesty tells me, "that from day to day they are finding more proofs against her. That especially they had several witnesses, who deposed as to the preparation of arms and provisions, which she made for the purpose of rebelling with the others, and of maintaining herself in strength in a house to which she sent the supplies." This was of course Donnington Castle, to which allusion has so often been made.

Renaud then proceeds to relate the substance of a conversation, he had had with Paget, on the subject of Elizabeth, in which he says, that Paget told him, "that if they could not procure sufficient evidence to enable them to put her to death, the best way of disposing of her would be, to send her out of the kingdom, through the medium of a foreign marriage," and the prince of Piedmont was named as the most eligible person on whom to bestow her. Great advantages were offered to all parties. Paget considered if this convenient union could be effected, it would obviate all the dangers and difficulties involved in the unpopular marriage between Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and if Elizabeth could be induced to consent to such an alliance, her own rights in the succession were to be secured to her consort, in the event of the queen having no children, for the minister added, "he could see no way by which she could at present, be excluded or deprived of the right, which the Parliament had given her."

If we may rely on Holinshed, whose testimony as a

[1] Among these was Sir Francis Knollys, the husband of the daughter of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

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contemporary, is, at any rate, deserving of attention, Elizabeth's table, while she was a prisoner in the Tower, was supplied at her own cost. He gives a curious account of the disputes that took place daily, between the authorities in the Tower, and the servants of the princess, who were appointed to purvey for her. These, when they brought her daily diet to the outer gate of the Tower, were required to deliver it, says our chronicler, "to the common rascal soldiers," and they considering it unmeet that it should pass through such hands, requested the vice chamberlain, sir John Gage, who had personal charge and control over the royal captive, that they might be permitted to deliver it within the Tower themselves. This he refused, on the plea that the lady Elizabeth was a prisoner and should be treated as such, and when they remonstrated with him, he threatened that "if they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should neither see sun nor moon." Either they, or their mistress, had the boldness to appeal to the lords of the council, by whom ten of the princess's own servants were appointed to superintend the purveyances and cooking department, and to serve at her table—namely, two yeomen of her chamber, two of her robes, two of her pantry and ewry, one of her buttery, one of her cellar, another of her larder, and two of her kitchen. At first the chamberlain was much displeased, and continued to annoy them by various means, though he afterwards behaved more courteously, and good cause why, adds the chronicler, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best, and her grace paid for it."

From a letter of Renaud to the emperor, dated the 7th of April, we find there were high words between Elizabeth's kinsman, the admiral, lord William Howard, and sir John Gage, about a letter full of seditious expressions in her favour, which had been found in the street. In what manner lord William Howard identified sir John Gage with this attempt to ascertain the state of public feeling towards Elizabeth, or whether he suspected it of being a device for accusing her friends, it is difficult to judge, but he passionately told Gage, that "she would be

the cause of cutting off so many heads that both he and others would repent it."

On the 13th of April, Wyat was brought to the block, and on the scaffold publicly retracted all that he had formerly said, in the vain hope of escaping the penalty of his own treason, to criminate Elizabeth and Courtenay.

Up to this period, the imprisonment of Elizabeth had been so extremely rigorous, that she had not been permitted to cross the threshold of her own apartments, and now, her health beginning to give way again, she entreated permission to take a little air and exercise. Lord Chandos, the constable of the Tower, expressed "his regret at being compelled to refuse her, as it was contrary to his orders." She then asked leave to walk only in the suite of apartments called the queen's lodgings. He applied to the council for instructions, and, after some discussion, the indulgence was granted, but only on condition that himself, the lord chamberlain, and three of the queen's ladies, who were selected for that purpose, accompanied her, and that she should not be permitted to shew herself at the windows, which were ordered to be kept shut. A few days afterwards, as Elizabeth evidently required air as well as exercise, she was allowed to walk in a little garden that was enclosed with high pales, but the other prisoners were strictly enjoined "not so much as to look in that direction while her grace remained therein."[1]

The powerful interest that was excited for the captive princess at this fearful crisis, may be conjectured by the lively sympathy manifested towards her by the children of the officers and servants of the royal fortress, who brought her offerings of flowers. One of these tender-hearted little ones was the child of Martin, the keeper of the queen's robes; another was called little Susanna, a babe not above three years old; there was also another infant girl, who having one day found some little keys, carried them to the princess when she was walking in the garden, and innocently told her, "she had brought her the keys now, so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates and go abroad."[2]

[1] Speed. Fox. Warton. [2] Strype.

Elizabeth was all her life remarkable for her love of children, and her natural affection for them, was doubtless greatly increased, by the artless traits of generous feeling and sympathy, which she experienced in her time of trouble, from her infant partisans in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept on her, and them, may be gathered from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the emperor Charles V.[1] "It is asserted that Courtenay has sent his regards to the lady Elizabeth by a child of five years old, who is in the Tower, the son of one of the soldiers there. This passage authenticates the pretty incident, related in the life of Elizabeth, in Fox's Appendix, where we are told, that at the hour she was accustomed to walk in the garden in the Tower, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers,[2] and to receive at her hands such things as commonly please children, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor, that by this child, letters were exchanged between the princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent little creature was examined by the lords of the council, and plied with alternate promises of rewards if he would tell the truth and confess who sent him to the lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child, and he was dismissed with threats, and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to her grace, which nevertheless he attempted the next day to do, but finding the door locked, he peeped through a hole, and called to the princess who was walking in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now."

The Tower was at that time crowded with prisoners of

[1] Dated 1st of May, 1554. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 285.
[2] Fox. Speed. See the Vignette.

state, among whom, besides Elizabeth's kinsman and political lover Courtenay, were sir James Crofts, sir William Saintlow, Edmund Tremaine, Harrington, and others of her own household, and last, not least, lord Robert Dudley, who was afterwards her great favourite, the celebrated earl of Leicester. This nobleman was born on the same day and in the same hour with Elizabeth, and had been one of her playfellows in childhood, having, as he afterwards said, "known her intimately from her eighth year." Considering the intriguing temper of both, it is probable that, notwithstanding the jealous precautions of their respective jailors, some sort of secret understanding was established between them even at this period, possibly through the medium of the child, who brought the daily offering of flowers to the princess, although the timid Courtenay was the person suspected of carrying on a correspondence by the agency of this infant Mercury. The signal favour that Elizabeth lavished on Robert Dudley, by appointing him her master of horse, and loading him with honours within the first week of her accession to the crown, must have originated from some powerful motive which does not appear on the surface of history. His imprisonment in the Tower was for aiding and abetting his ambitious father, the duke of Northumberland, and his faction in raising lady Jane Gray, the wife of his brother, lord Guildford Dudley, to the throne, to the prejudice of Elizabeth, no less than her sister Mary; therefore he must by some means have succeeded, not only in winning Elizabeth's pardon for this offence, but in exciting an interest in her bosom of no common nature, while they were both imprisoned in the Tower, since being immediately after his liberation employed in the wars in France, he had no other opportunity of ingratiating himself with that princess.

On the 17th of April, Noailles writes, "Madame Elizabeth, having since her imprisonment been very closely confined, is now more free. She has the liberty of going all over the Tower, but without daring to speak to any one but those appointed to guard her. As they cannot prove her implication (with the recent insurrection), it is thought

she will not die. Great agitation pervaded Mary's privy council at this time, according to the reports of Renaud to his imperial master, on the subject of Elizabeth and Courtenay. "What one counsels," says he, "another contradicts; one advises to save Courtenay, another Elizabeth, and such confusion prevails that all we expect is to see their disputes end in war and tumult." He then notices that the chancellor Gardiner headed one party, and the earl of Arundel, Pembroke, Sussex, the master of the horse, Paget, Petre, and the admiral, another. These were now the protectors of Elizabeth, and Renaud adds,[1] "that the queen is irresolute about what should be done with her and Courtenay; but that he can see that she is inclined to set him at liberty, through the intercession of her comptroller, sir Robert Rochester, and his friends, who have formed a compact for his marriage with that lady. As for Elizabeth," pursues he, "the lawyers can find no matter for her condemnation. Already she has liberty to walk in the Tower garden; and even if they had proof, they would not dare to proceed against her for the love of the admiral her kinsman, who espouses her quarrel, and has at present all the force of England in his power. If, however, they release her, it appears evident that the heretics will proclaim her queen."

The part taken by Arundel, in favour of Elizabeth, was so decided, that the queen was advised to send him to the Tower. Paget appears to have played a double game, first plotting with one side and then with the other; sometimes urging the immediate execution of Elizabeth and then intriguing with her partisans.

In the midst of these agitations, the queen was stricken with a sudden illness, and it must have been at that time that Gardiner, on his own responsibility, sent a privy council warrant to the lieutenant of the Tower for the immediate execution of Elizabeth. He knew the temper of that princess, and probably considered that in the event of the queen's death, he had sinned too deeply against her to be forgiven, and therefore ventured a bold stroke

[1] Renaud's Letters to the Emperor.

to prevent the possibility of the sword of vengeance passing into her hand, by her succeeding to the royal office. Bridges, the honest lieutenant of the Tower, observing that the queen's signature was not affixed to this illegal instrument, for the destruction of the heiress of the realm, and being sore grieved for the charge it contained, refused to execute it till he had ascertained the queen's pleasure by a direct communication on the subject with her majesty.[1]

The delay caused by this caution preserved Elizabeth from the machinations of her foes. The queen was much displeased when she found such a plot was in agitation, and sent Sir Henry Bedingfeld, a stern Norfolk knight, in whose courage and probity she knew she could confide, with a hundred of her guard, to take the command of the Tower till she could form some plan for the removal of her sister to one of the royal residences further from the metropolis.[2] Notwithstanding all that had been done by friends, foes, and designing foreign potentates, to inflame the queen's mind against Elizabeth, the voice of nature was suffered to plead in behalf of the oppressed captive. Early in May it was noticed that her majesty began, when speaking of Elizabeth, to call her "sister," which she had not done before since her imprisonment, and that she had caused her portrait to be replaced next to her own in her gallery.[3]

She had positively given up the idea of bringing either her or Courtenay to trial for their alleged offences, and had negatived the suspicious proposal of the emperor that Elizabeth should be sent into a sort of honourable banishment to the court of his sister, the queen of Hungary, or his own court at Brussels. It was then suggested in council that she should be imprisoned at Pontefract Castle;[4] but that ill-omened place, "stained with the blood of princes," was rejected for the royal bowers of Woodstock, where it was finally determined to send her, under

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Fox. Speed. See the preceding memoir, vol. v.

[2] See the Life of Mary, vol. v. [3] Noailles.

[4] Renaud's Letters to the Emperor.

the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, and lord Williams of Tame, who were both stanch catholics.

Elizabeth, who naturally regarded every unwonted movement and change with apprehension, when she first saw sir Henry Bedingfeld, and the hundred men at arms in blue coats under his command, enter the inner court of the Tower, supposing it to be a prelude to her execution, demanded in terror, "if the lady Jane's scaffold were removed."[1]

She then sent for lord Chandos,[2] and fearfully inquired the meaning of what she saw. He endeavoured to calm her mind by telling her, "that she had no cause for alarm; but that his orders were to consign her into the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, to be conveyed, he believed, to Woodstock."

Elizabeth then declared that she knew not what manner of man Bedingfeld was, and inquired, "whether he were a person who made conscience of murder, if such an order were entrusted to him?" Her mind evidently recurred on this occasion to the appointment of sir James Tyrrel by Richard III. for the midnight murder of the youthful brethren of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, as a parallel circumstance; and when it is remembered that seventy years had not elapsed since the perpetration of that mysterious tragedy, it is not to be wondered, that the stout heart of Elizabeth Tudor, occasionally vibrated with a thrill of terror, during her incarceration as a state prisoner, within those gloomy walls.

The 19th of May is generally mentioned as the date of Elizabeth's removal from the Tower. We find this notice in a contemporary record:—"The 20th day of May, my lady Elizabeth, the queen's sister, came out of the Tower, and took her barge at the Tower wharf, and so to Richmond."[3] Elizabeth was attended on this occasion by the lord-treasurer, (marquis of Winchester,) and the chamberlain. She performed the voyage to Richmond without once landing, till she arrived there.[4] It is affirmed that

[1] Speed's Chronicle. Fox.

[2] Chandos appears the same person as Bridges, the Lieutenant of the Tower. [3] MS. Cotton. Vital, fol. v.

[4] Letter from Robert Swift to the earl of Shrewsbury. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 238.

she was then conducted to the palace, where she had an interview with the queen, her sister, who offered her pardon and liberty, on condition of her accepting the hand of Philibert of Savoy, prince of Piedmont, in marriage; and that she firmly refused to contract matrimony with him or any other foreign prince whatsoever, alleging her preference of a single life.[1]

The harsh measures that were adopted that evening at Richmond, in removing all her own servants from their attendance on her person, were probably resorted to on account of the inflexibility of her determination on this point. She evidently considered herself in great peril, for she required the prayers of her departing servants with mournful earnestness, "for this night," said she, "I think I must die;" which sorrowful words drew fountains of tears from their eyes, and her gentleman-usher went to the lord Tame in the court, and conjured him to tell him, "whether the princess his mistress were in danger of death that night; that if so, he and his fellows might take such part as God would appoint." "Marry, God forbid!" exclaimed lord Tame, "that any such wickedness should be intended, which rather than it should be wrought, I and my men will die at her feet."[2]

All night, however, a strict guard of soldiers kept watch and ward about the house where she lay, to prevent escape or rescue.

The next morning, in crossing the river at Richmond, to proceed on her melancholy journey towards Woodstock, she found her disbanded servants lingering on the banks of the Thames to take a last look of her. "Go to them," said she, to one of the gentlemen in her escort, and tell them from me '*Tanquam ovis*,' like a sheep to the slaughter, for so," added she, "am I led."

No one was, however, permitted to have access to her, and the most rigorous scrutiny was used towards every one who endeavoured to open the slightest communication, either direct or indirect, with the royal captive.

Noailles, the French ambassador, no sooner understood that Elizabeth was removed from the Tower, than he

[1] Nare's Life of Burleigh. [2] Speed. Fox.

commenced his old tricks, by sending a spy with a present of apples to her on her journey; a very unwelcome mark of attention from such a quarter, considering the troubles and dangers in which the unfortunate girl had already been involved, in consequence of that unprincipled diplomat's previous intercourse with her, and her household. The guards, as a matter of course, stopped and examined the messenger, whom they stripped to the shirt,[1] but found nothing except the apples, which from the season of the year might appear an acceptable offering, but certainly an ill-judged one under the present circumstances; and doubtless it had an unfavourable effect on the mind of Elizabeth's stern guardian, sir Henry Bedingfeld. The sympathy of the people for the distressed heiress of the realm, was manifested by their assembling to meet her by the way, and greeting her with tearful prayers and loving words; but when they pressed nearer, to obtain a sight of her, they were driven back, and angrily reviled by the names of rebels and traitors to the queen; and whereas, pursues the chronicler, "in certain villages the bells were rung for joy of her supposed deliverance as she passed, sir Henry Bedingfeld took the matter so distastefully that he commanded the bells to be stopped, and set the ringers in the stocks."[2] The second day's journey brought Elizabeth to Windsor, where she spent the night, and lodged in the dean's-house near Saint George's chapel. The next resting-place was Ricote, in Oxfordshire, which being the seat of lord Williams of Tame, she there received every princely and hospitable entertainment, from that amiable nobleman, who had invited a noble company of knights and ladies, to meet his royal charge at dinner, and treated her with all the marks of respect that were due to her exalted rank as the sister of his sovereign. This seasonable kindness greatly revived the drooping spirits of the princess, though it was considered rather *de trop* by sir Richard Bedingfeld, who significantly asked his fellow-commissioner, "if he were aware of the consequences of thus entertaining the queen's prisoner?" The generous

[1] Noailles' Despatches. [2] Speed. Fox.

Williams replied, with manly spirit, "that let what would befal, her grace might and should be merry in his house."[1]

It is said, that when Elizabeth expressed a wish to sir Henry Bedingfeld, to delay her departure till she had seen a game of chess, in which lord Williams and another gentleman were engaged, played out; he would not permit it. Probably, sir Henry suspected that she intended to outwit him by means of a secret understanding between the friendly antagonists, in order to gain time; for it is well known, that a game of chess may be prolonged for days, and in fact to any length of time.

It is also related, that as they were proceeding towards Woodstock, a violent storm of wind and rain, which they encountered, greatly disordered the princess's dress, insomuch, that her hood and veil were twice or thrice blown off, on which she begged to retire to a gentleman's house, near the road. This, we are told, sir Henry Bedingfeld, who, perhaps, had some reason for his caution, would not permit; and it is added, that the royal prisoner was fain to retire behind the shelter of a hedge by the way-side to replace her head-gear and bind up her disordered tresses.[2]

When she arrived at Woodstock, instead of being placed in the royal apartments, she was lodged in the gatehouse of the palace, in a room which retained the name of "the princess Elizabeth's chamber," till it was demolished in the year 1714.[3] Holinshed has preserved the rude couplet which she wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass, in the window of this room.

"Much suspected—of me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Her confinement at Woodstock was no less rigorous than when she was in the Tower. Sixty soldiers were on guard all day, both within and without the quarter of the palace where she was in ward; and forty kept watch

[1] Holinshed. [2] Fox.

[3] By Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, who had the ill-taste to destroy the last relic of this ancient abode of royalty, which had been hallowed by the historical recollections of six centuries, and the memory of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart monarchs.

within the walls all night; and though she obtained permission to walk in the gardens, it was under very strict regulations; and five or six locks were made fast after her whenever she came within the appointed bounds for her joyless recreation. Although sir Henry Bedingfeld has been very severely censured on account of these restraints, and other passages of his conduct, with regard to the captive princess, there is reason to believe that his harshness has been exaggerated, and that he had great cause to suspect that the ruthless party who thirsted for Elizabeth's blood, having been foiled in their eagerly expressed wish of seeing her brought to the block, were conspiring to take her off by murder. This he was determined should not be done while she was in his charge.

It is said, that once, having locked the garden-gates when Elizabeth was walking, she passionately upbraided him for it, and called him "her jailor;" on which he knelt to her, beseeching her "not to give him that harsh name, for he was one of her officers appointed to serve her, and guard her from the dangers by which she was beset."[1]

Among the incidents of Elizabeth's imprisonment, a mysterious tale is told of an attempt made by one Basset, a creature of Gardiner, against her life, during the temporary absence of sir Henry Bedingfeld. This Basset, it seems, had been, with five-and-twenty disguised ruffians, loitering with evil intentions at Bladenbridge, seeking to obtain access to the lady Elizabeth, on secret and important business, as he pretended; but sir Henry had given such strict cautions to his brother, whom he left as deputy castellan in his absence, that no one should approach the royal prisoner, that the project was defeated. Once, a dangerous fire broke out in the quarter of the palace where she was confined, which was kindled, apparently not by accident, between the ceiling of the room under her chamber and her chamber floor, by which her life would have been greatly endangered, had it not been providentially discovered before she retired to rest.[2] The lofty spirit of Elizabeth, though unsubdued,

[1] Heywood. [2] Speed.

was saddened by the perils and trials to which she was daily exposed, and in the bitterness of her heart she once expressed a wish to change fortunes with a milkmaid, whom she saw singing merrily over her pail, while milking the cows in Woodstock Park, for she said, "that milkmaid's lot was better than hers, and her life merrier."[1]

It was doubtless while in this melancholy frame of mind that the following touching lines were composed by the royal captive, which have been preserved by Hentzner, with the interesting tradition that she wrote them on a shutter with a piece of charcoal, no doubt at a period when she was entirely deprived of pen and ink.

"Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved,
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have wrought,
"Quoth ELIZABETH, Prisoner."[2]

She also composed some elegant Latin lines on the same subject, and when in a more heavenly frame of mind, inscribed the following quaint but beautiful sentence in the blank leaf of a black-letter edition of the epistles of St. Paul, which she used during her lonely imprisonment at Woodstock.

"August.—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbes of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie, by gathering them together, that so having tasted their sweetness I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

The volume is covered with devices in needle-work, embroidered by the royal maiden, who was then drinking deeply of the cup of adversity, and thus solacing her weary hours in holy and feminine employments. This interesting relic is preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

[1] Holinshed. Fox. [2] Hentzner.

Needle-work, in which, like her accomplished step-mother, queen Katharine Parr, and many other illustrious ladies, Elizabeth greatly excelled, was one of the resources with which she wiled away the weary hours of her imprisonment at Woodstock, as we learn both by the existing devices wrought by her hand, in gold thread on the cover of the volume, which has just been described, and also from the following verses, by Taylor, in his poem in praise of the needle.

"When this great queen, whose memory shall not
By any term of time be overcast,
For when the world and all therein shall rot,
Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last.
When she a maid had many troubles past,
From jail to jail by Marie's angry spleen,
And Woodstock and the Tower in prison fast,
And after all was England's peerless queen.
Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A needle-woman royal and renowned."

The fate of Elizabeth was long a subject of discussion at the council-board of her royal sister, after her removal to the sequestered bowers of Woodstock. The base Paget had dared to assert, "that there would be no peace for England till her head were smitten from her shoulders." Yet Courtenay, who had been removed from the Tower to Fotheringay Castle, confessed to a person named Sellier, who conducted him to his new prison, that Paget had importuned him to marry the lady Elizabeth, adding, "that if he did not, the son of the earl of Arundel would, and that Hoby and Morison both, at the instigation of Paget, had practised with him touching that marriage."[1]

On the 8th of June, Elizabeth was so ill, that an express was sent to the court, for two physicians to come to her assistance. They were sent, and continued in attendance upon her for several days, when youth and a naturally fine constitution enabled her to triumph over

[1] Renaud and Montmorencie's Reports to the emperor.

a malady that had, in all probability, been brought on by anxiety of mind.

The physicians, on their return, made a friendly report of the loyal feelings of the princess towards the queen, which appears to have had a favourable effect on Mary's mind.

"And now," says Camden, "the princess Elizabeth, guiding herself like a ship in tempestuous weather, heard divine service after the Romish manner, was frequently confessed, and at the pressing instances of cardinal Pole, and for fear of death, professed herself to be of the Roman-catholic religion." The queen, doubting her sincerity, caused her to be questioned as to her belief in transubstantiation, on which Elizabeth, being pressed to declare her opinion, as to the real presence of the Saviour in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, replied in the following extempore lines:—

> "Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it,
> And what his word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

It was impossible for either Catholic or Protestant, to impugn the orthodoxy of this simple scriptural explanation, of one of the sublimest mysteries of the Christian faith. It silenced the most subtle of her foes, at least they forbore to harass her, with questions on theological subjects. Dr. Storey, however, in one of his fierce declamations against heretics, declared "that it was of little avail destroying the branches, as long as the root of all heresies," meaning the princess Elizabeth, "were suffered to remain."[1]

The delusive hopes which queen Mary entertained in the autumn of that year, of bringing an heir to England, appear to have altered Elizabeth's position, even with her own party, for a time, and Philip, being desirous of pleasing the people of England, is supposed to have interceded with his consort for the liberation of all the prisoners in the Tower, also that he requested that his

[1] Camden.

sister-in-law, the princess Elizabeth, might be admitted to share in the Christmas festivities at Hampton Court.

She travelled from Woodstock under the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, and rested the first night at Ricote.[1] The next she passed at the house of Mr. Dormer, at Winge, in Buckinghamshire, and from thence to an inn at Colnebrook, where she slept. At this place she was met by the gentlemen and yeomen of her own household, to the number of sixty, "much to all their comforts," who had not seen her for several months; they were not, however, permitted to approach near enough to speak to her, but were all commanded to return to London.[2] The next day she reached Hampton Court, and was ushered into the "prince's lodgings," but the doors were closed upon her and guarded, so that she had reason to suppose she was still to be treated as a prisoner. Soon after her arrival she was visited by Gardiner, and three other of the queen's cabinet, whom, without waiting to hear their errand, she addressed in the following words:—

"My lords, I am glad to see you, for methinks I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone. Wherefore I would entreat you to be a means to the king's and queen's majesties, that I may be delivered from my imprisonment, in which I have been kept a long time, as to you, my lords, is not unknown."[3]

Gardiner, in reply, told her "she must then confess her fault, and put herself on the queen's mercy." She replied, "that rather than she would do so, she would lie in prison all her life, that she had never offended against the queen, in thought, word, or deed, that she craved no mercy at her majesty's hand, but rather desired to put herself on the law."

The next day Gardiner and his colleagues came to her again, and Gardiner told her on his knee, "that the queen marvelled at her boldness in refusing to confess her offence, so that it might seem, as if her majesty had wrongfully imprisoned her grace."

[1] Warton. [2] Fox. [3] Ibid.

"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "she may, if it please her, punish me as she thinketh good."

"Her majesty willeth me to tell you," retorted Gardiner, "that you must tell another tale ere that you are set at liberty." Elizabeth replied, "that she had as lief be in prison, with honesty, as to be abroad suspected of her majesty," adding, "that which I have said I will stand to."

"Then," said Gardiner, "your grace hath the vantage of me and these lords, for your long and wrongful imprisonment."

"What advantage I have you know,"[1] replied Elizabeth; "I seek no vantage at your hands for your so dealing with me—but God forgive you and me also." They then, finding no concessions were to be obtained from her, withdrew, and Elizabeth was left in close confinement for a week, at the end of which time she was startled by receiving a summons, to the queen's presence one night, at ten o'clock. Imagining herself in great danger, she bade her attendants "pray for her, for she could not tell whether she should ever see them again."[1] She was conducted to the queen's bed-chamber, where the interview that has been related in the memoir of queen Mary took place.[2]

It has always been said, that Philip of Spain was concealed behind a large screen, or the tapestry, to witness this meeting between the royal sisters, after their long estrangement. Historians have added, "that he was thus ambushed, in order to protect Elizabeth from the violence of the queen, if necessary, but there was no warrant for such an inference. Mary was never addicted to the use of striking arguments; and Elizabeth, at that period of her life, knew how to restrain her lips from angry expletives, and her fingers from fighting. Philip's object, therefore, in placing himself *perdu*, could scarcely have been for the purpose of seeing fair play between the ladies, in the event of their coming to blows, as gravely insinuated by Fox and others, but rather, we should surmise, with the jealous intention of making himself acquainted, with what passed between his consort and the

[1] Fox. [2] Life of queen Mary, vol. v.

heiress presumptive of England, against whose life, he and his father had, for the last fifteen months, practised with such determined malice, that Philip ought to have been, as it appeared he really was, ashamed to look upon her for the first time face to face. Great confusion exists among historians, as to the year, in which this memorable interview took place, but there can be no doubt that it was in the autumn of 1554,[1] because of the presence of Philip of Spain, and his friend Philibert of Savoy, who both graced the festivals of the English court, that Christmas and no other, and it is supposed, that one object of bringing Elizabeth into the royal circle, on this occasion, was to afford the gallant Savoyard an opportunity of pleading his own cause to her in person.

Philibert was not only invited to receive the hand of Elizabeth, but was actually inducted in her town residence, during his stay in London. "The prince is expected in four days," writes Noailles to his sovereign,[2] "and apartments are prepared for him in Somerset House, which now belongs to the lady Elizabeth." When he arrived he was so very ill from sea-sickness that he was obliged to stay at Dover fifteen days, to the great regret of the king and queen.

At the brilliant Christmas-eve festival, Elizabeth appeared once more publicly in her sister's palace, as the second royal personage in the realm; as such she took her place, both at feasts and tournaments, before the assembled chivalry of England, Spain, and Flanders, in the presence of Alva, Egmont, Ruy Gomez, and other distinguished men, whose fame for good or evil expanded throughout Europe. Her own suitor, Philibert Emanuel, the most illustrious for worth and valour, was also present. At this banquet, Elizabeth was seated at the queen's table—next the royal canopy or cloth of

[1] Noailles repeatedly wrote to France in the month of December that it was the wish of the king and queen to receive Elizabeth and Courtenay very soon publicly into favour, and to set them at liberty directly afterwards, but that Gardiner put it off till after the dissolution of Parliament. These notices corroborate the idea that the private reconciliation of the queen and her sister had previously taken place. Some weeks afterwards, he declares "that Courtenay was set at liberty, but as for lady Elizabeth he can tell nothing certain about her."—Noailles, vol. iv. pp. 82, 101.

[2] Noailles' Despatches, vol. iv. p. 36.

estate. After supper she was served by her former treacherous friend and cruel foe, Lord Paget, with a perfumed napkin and a plate of comfits. She retired, however, to her ladies, before the masking and dancing began, perhaps to avoid any communication with her suitor, in the rejection of whose addresses (after events fully manifested) the queen supported her.[1] It would have been a more deadly blow to the Protestant interest of this country, than all the persecutions with which it was visited in the succeeding years of Mary's reign, had Elizabeth, while yet her character was flexible, married this great man. In this case, as may be gathered from his matrimonial felicity with Margaret of Valois, the intellectual daughter of Francis I., the personal character and happiness of Elizabeth would have been improved, but England might have remained, if we may judge from the slavish devotion of the era to the religion of their monarch, a Roman-catholic country. The extreme beauty and grace of Courtenay's person, perhaps rendered Elizabeth indifferent to the addresses of Philibert Emanuel.

On St. Stephen's day, Elizabeth heard matins in the queen's closet, in the chapel-royal, on which occasion she was attired in a style of almost bridal elegance, wearing a robe of rich white satin, passamented all over with large pearls. At the tournament, on the 29th of December, she sat with their majesties in the royal gallery to witness the grand, but long-delayed pageant of the jousting, in honour of her sister's nuptials. Two hundred spears were broken on this occasion, by the cavaliers of Spain and Flanders, attired in their national costume.[2]

The great respect with which Elizabeth was treated at this period, by the principal personages in the realm, can scarcely be more satisfactorily proved, than by the following account, which Fox narrates of a dispute between one of her servants, and an ill-mannered trades-

[1] See the translation of Mary's letter of remonstrance to her husband, Life of Mary, vol. v. p. 438, where the queen urges the unwillingness both of her sister and the parliament, to the marriage, and the inexpediency of contending against both.

[2] Cotton. MS., Vitell. f

man about the court, who had said, "that jilt, the lady Elizabeth, was the real cause of Wyat's rising."[1] The princess's man cited the other before the ecclesiastical court, to answer for his scandalous language, and there expressed himself as follows:—"I saw yesterday, at court, that my lord cardinal Pole, when meeting the princess in the presence-chamber, kneeled down and kissed her hand; and I saw also, that king Philip, meeting her, made her such obeisance, that his knee touched the ground; and then me-thinketh it were too much to suffer such a varlet as this, to call her jilt, and to wish them to hop headless,[1] that shall wish her grace to enjoy possession of the crown, when God shall send it unto her in right of inheritance."

"Yea," quoth Bonner, who was then presiding, "when God sendeth it unto her, let her enjoy it." However, the reviler of Elizabeth was sent for, and duly reproved for his misbehaviour.

Elizabeth failed not to avail herself of every opportunity of paying her court to her royal brother-in-law,[2] with whom she was on very friendly terms, although she would not comply with his earnest wish, of her becoming the wife of his friend and ally, Philibert of Savoy.

The period of Elizabeth's return to Woodstock is doubtful; but it does not appear that she was under any particular restraint there, for she had all her own people about her, and early in the spring, 1555, some of the members of her household were accused of practising, by enchantment, against the queen's life. Elizabeth had ventured to divert her lonely sojourn in the royal bowers of Woodstock, by secret consultations with a cunning clerk of Oxford, one John Dee, (afterwards celebrated, as an astrologer and mathematician, throughout Europe,) and who, by his pretended skill in divination, acquired an influence over the strong mind of that learned and clear-headed princess, which he retained as long as she lived.[3] A curious letter of news from Thomas Martin of London, to Edward Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, then travelling

[1] Fox's Martyrology, book 3rd, folio 774. [2] Michelé's Reports.
[3] Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers, J. Dee. Likewise Diary of John Dee, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. A. S., for the Camden Society

in Italy, was lately discovered at the State Paper Office, which was doubtless intercepted; and considering to whom it was written, and the facts, in which Elizabeth's name is implicated, it must be regarded as a document of no common interest. "In England," says he, "all is quiet; such as wrote traitorous letters into Germany be apprehended, as likewise others, that did calculate the king's, the queen's, and my lady Elizabeth's nativity, whereof one Dee, and Cary, and Butler, and one other of my lady Elizabeth's, are accused, that they should have a familiar spirit, which is the more suspected, for that Ferys, one of their accusers had, immediately on the accusation, both of his children stricken—the one with death, the other with blindness."

Carey and Butler were both related to Elizabeth, by her maternal lineage, and Dee had obtained access to her, through his relationship and intimacy with her confidential servants, the Parrys. Elizabeth escaped a public implication in the charge of these occult practices; her household were faithful to her, but it was probably the cause of her removal from Woodstock, and of her being once more conducted as a prisoner of state to Hampton Court, which, according to most authorities, she was, a second time, April 1555.[1]

It has been generally said, that she was indebted for her liberation to the good offices of her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain,[2] who, when he found himself disappointed in his hopes of an heir to England by queen Mary, and perceived on how precarious a thread her existence hung, became fully aware of the value of Elizabeth's life, as the sole barrier to the ultimate recognition of Mary, queen of Scots and dauphiness of France, as queen of Great Britain. To prevent so dangerous a preponderancy in the balance of power from falling to his political rival, the monarch of France, he wisely determined, that Elizabeth's petty misdemeanors should be winked at, and the queen finally gave her permission to reside once more in royal state, at her own

[1] Aikin; Turner; Warton; Rapin; Burnet.
[2] Speed; Burnet; Rapin; Lingard; Aikin; Camden.

favourite abode, Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire. At parting, Mary placed a ring on the princess's finger, to the value of seven hundred crowns, as a pledge of amity.

It was not, however, Mary's intention to restore Elizabeth so entirely to liberty, as to leave her the unrestrained mistress of her own actions, and sir Thomas Pope was entrusted with the responsible office of residing in her house, for the purpose of restraining her from intriguing with suspected persons, either abroad or at home. Veiling the intimation of her sovereign will under the semblance of a courteous recommendation, Mary presented this gentleman to Elizabeth, as an officer who was henceforth to reside in her family, and who would do his best to render her and her household comfortable.[1] Elizabeth, to whom sir Thomas Pope was already well known, had the tact to take this in good part. She had indeed reason to rejoice that her keeper, while she remained as a state prisoner at large, was a person of such honourable and friendly conditions, as this learned and worthy gentleman. The fetters in which he held her were more like flowery wreaths flung lightly round her, to attach her to a bower of royal pleasaunce, than aught which might remind her of the stern restraints, by which she was surrounded, during her incarceration in the Tower, and her subsequent abode at Woodstock in the summer and autumn of 1554. There is reason to believe, that she did not take her final departure from the court till late in the autumn. It is certain, that she came by water to meet the queen her sister and Philip, at Greenwich, for the purpose of taking a personal farewell of him, at his embarkation for Flanders.

Elizabeth did not, however, make one in the royal procession, when queen Mary went through the city in an open litter, in order to shew herself to the people, who had long believed her to be dead. At this very time Elizabeth passed to Greenwich by water, and shot London Bridge in a shabby barge, very ill appointed, attended by only four damsels and three gentlemen. With all this the people were much displeased, as they

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

supposed it was contrived, that they might not see the princess, which they greatly desired.[1] During king Philip's absence he manifested a great interest in the welfare of Elizabeth, whether personal or political it is not so easy to ascertain. Her vanity led her to believe that her brother-in-law was in love with her, and much she boasted of the same in after life. Meantime he wrote many letters to his wife, queen Mary, and to some Spanish grandees, resident at the English court, commending Elizabeth to their kindness. She made many visits to the queen, and went to mass every day, besides fasting with her very sedulously, in order to qualify themselves, for the reception of the pope's pardon, and to fit them for the benefits of the jubilee, which he had granted.[2]

Altogether Elizabeth appeared to be fairly in her sister's good graces; nor did Mary ever betray the least personal jealousy, respecting king Philip's regard for her sister. Yet contemporaries, and even Elizabeth herself, after the queen's death, had much to say on the subject, attributing to him partiality beyond the due degree of brotherhood; insomuch, that, many years subsequently, Thomas Cecil, the eldest son of Lord Burleigh, repeated at Elizabeth's court, that king Philip had been heard to say, after his return to Spain, "That whatever he suffered from queen Elizabeth was the just judgment of God, because, being married to queen Mary, whom he thought to be a most virtuous and good lady, yet in the fancy of love he could not affect her; but as for the lady Elizabeth, he was enamoured of her, being a fair and beautiful woman."[3]

When Elizabeth took her final departure from London to Hatfield that autumn, October 18th, the people crowded to obtain a sight of her; "great and small," says Noailles, "followed her through the city, and greeted her with acclamations, and such vehement manifestations of affection, that she was fearful it would

[1] M. de Noailles' Despatches from England, vol. v. pp. 84, 126, 127; August 26, 1555. [2] Strype, and Miss Aikin.
[3] Bishop Goodman in his Court of James, vol. i. p. 4.

expose her to the jealousy of the court, and with her wonted exercise of caution she fell back behind some of the officers in her train, as if unwilling to attract public attention and applause. At Hatfield she was permitted to surround herself, with her old accustomed train of attached servants, among whom were, her beloved governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, her husband, the Parrys, and last, not least, her learned preceptor Roger Ascham, who had obtained the preferment of Latin secretary to her sister, the queen, and was permitted to visit and resume his instructions to Elizabeth, who, in her twenty-second year, was better qualified than ever, to make the most of the advantages she enjoyed under such an instructor. On the 14th of September, 1555, Ascham wrote to his friend Sturmius—"From Metullus[1] you will learn what my most noble Elizabeth is. He will tell you," pursues Ascham, "how much she excels in Greek, Italian, Latin, and French, also her knowledge of things in general, and with what a wise and accurate judgment she is endowed."[2] He added, "that Metullus thought it more to have seen Elizabeth than to have seen England. The lady Elizabeth and I," pursues Ascham, "are reading together in Greek the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes; she reads before me; and at first sight she so learnedly comprehends, not only the idiom of the language and the meaning of the orator, but the whole grounds of contention, —the decrees, and the customs and manners of the people, as you would greatly wonder to hear." Again, in a conversation with Aylmer, on the subject of the talents and attainments of the princess, he said, "I teach her words and she me, things. I teach her the tongues to speak, and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do, for I think she is the best disposed of any in all Europe." Castiglione, an Italian master, added, "that Elizabeth possessed two qualities that were seldom united in one woman—namely, a sin-

[1] This was a learned foreigner, who was indebted to Ascham, for an introduction to the princess, with whom he had the honour of conversing.

[2] Ascham's Epistles, p. 51.

gular wit, and a marvellous meek stomach."[1] He was, however, the only person, who ever gave the royal lioness of the Tudor line, credit for the latter quality, and very probably intended to speak of her affability, but mistook the meaning of the word.

According to Noailles, the queen paid Elizabeth a visit at Hatfield, more than once, this autumn, and yet soon after, it appears, when Elizabeth had removed to another of her houses in Hertfordshire, that two of her majesty's officers arrived with orders to take Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and three of Elizabeth's maids of honour, into custody, which they actually did, and lodged Mrs. Ashley in the Fleet prison, and the other ladies in the Tower.[2] The cause of this extraordinary arrest has never been satisfactorily explained. Speed openly attributes it to the hostility of Gardiner; and Miss Aikin, taking the same view, observes, "that it was a last expiring effort of his indefatigable malice against Elizabeth." He died on the 12th of November. When, however, the intriguing disposition of Mrs. Ashley is remembered, and that it was on the eve of the abortive attempt of sir Henry Dudley to raise a fresh insurrection in England, in favour of Elizabeth and Courtenay, and that several of the princess's household were actually implicated in the plot, it is more natural to suppose, that she and the other ladies had been accused of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the confederates. Elizabeth had the prospect of a new royal suitor at this period, for a report was prevalent, when the archduke of Austria came to visit his kinsman, Philip II., at Brussels, December 1555, that his intention was to propose for her hand; as for her former lover, Philibert Emanuel, of Savoy, he had committed himself both with Philip and Elizabeth, having been seen making love from his window to the fair duchess of Lorraine, Christina of Denmark;[3] and for the present the princess had a respite from his unwelcome addresses. The respectful and kind attention which Elizabeth received from sir Thomas Pope, during her

[1] Strype's Life of Aylmer. [2] Speed. Aikin. [3] Noailles.

residence under his friendly *surveillance* at Hatfield, is testified by the following passage in a contemporary chronicle:[1]—"At Shrovetide, sir Thomas Pope made for the lady Elizabeth, all at his own cost, a grand and rich masking in the great hall at Hatfield, where the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were there twelve minstrels antiquely disguised, with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many knights, nobles, and ladies of honour, apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered with wreathes of gold, and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. There was the device of a castle, of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harness tourneyed. At night, the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessels, and a banquet of seventy dishes, and after a *void*, of spices and subtleties, with thirty spice plates, all at the charge of sir Thomas Pope; and the next day, the play of Holofernes. But the queen, *percase*, misliked these follies, as by her letters to sir Thomas Pope did appear, and so these disguisings were ceased." The reason of Mary's objection to these pageants and public entertainments, was probably on account of the facility they afforded for the admission of strangers and emissaries from the king of France, or the foreign ambassadors, with whom Elizabeth and her partisans had been so frequently suspected of intriguing.

The spring and summer of 1556 were agitated by a series of new plots by the indefatigable conspirators, who made Elizabeth's name the rallying point of their schemes of insurrection, and this whether she consented or not. It was extremely dangerous for her, that persons of her household were always involved in these attempts. In the conspiracy, between the king of France and sir Henry Dudley, to depose Mary and raise Elizabeth to the throne, two of Elizabeth's chief officers were deeply engaged; these men, Peckham and Werne, were tried and executed. Their confessions, as usual, impli-

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell., f. 5.

cated Elizabeth, who, it is asserted, owed her life to the interposition of king Philip;[1] likewise, it is said that he obliged Mary to drop all inquiry into her guilt, and to give out that she believed Peckham and Werne had made use of the name of their mistress without her authority. Moreover, Mary sent her a ring in token of her amity. That Mary did so is probable, but that she acted on compulsion and against her inclination is scarcely consistent with a letter concerning the next insurrection, which took place in June, a few weeks after, in which Elizabeth was actually proclaimed queen. A young man named Cleobury, who was extremely like the earl of Devonshire, landed on the coast of Sussex, as if that noble had returned from exile, and proclaimed Elizabeth queen and himself king, as Edward earl of Devonshire and her husband. This scene took place in Yaxely church, but the adventurer was immediately seized, and in the September following, was executed for treason at Bury. This insurrection was communicated to Elizabeth by a letter from the hand of queen Mary herself; a kind one it may be gathered from the following answer still extant, where, amidst Elizabeth's laboured and contorted sentences, this fact may be elicited by the reader.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO QUEEN MARY.[2]

"August 2, 1556.

"When I revolve in mind (most noble queen) the old love of paynims to their princes, and the reverent fear of the Romans to their senate, I cannot but muse for my part and blush for theirs, to see the rebellious hearts and devilish intents of Christians in name, but Jews in deed, towards their anointed king, which methinks if they had feared God, (though they could not have loved the state) they should for the dread of their own plague, have refrained that wickedness, which their bounden duty to your majesty had not restrained. But when I call to remembrance that the devil, *tamquam leo rugiens circumvit quærens quem devorare*

[1] Lingard, p. 219, vol. vii., who quotes from the MS. Life of the Duchess of Feria, (Jane Dormer) but when the Duchess of Feria wrote, she was living in Spain, the subject of Philip II., and had been deep in the Ridolphi plot for Mary queen of Scots, and at that time, it was part of the policy of Philip's advocates, to reproach Elizabeth with ingratitude to him for having preserved her life from her sister, which Elizabeth earnestly and officially denied. A letter of the duchess of Feria from Spain, on family matters, forms an interesting portion of the Stradling Correspondence, edited by the Rev. M. Traherne.

[2] Lansdown MSS., 1236, p. 37.

potest, like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour. I do the less marvel that he (*the devil*) have gotten such novices into his professed house, as vessels (without God's grace) more apt to serve his (*the devil's*) palace than meet to inhabit English land. I am the bolder to call them (*Mary's rebels*) his imps, for that St. Paul saith, *seditiosi sunt filii diaboli*, the seditious are sons of the devil; and since I have so good a buckler, I fear less to enter into their judgment.

" Of this I assure your majesty, it had been my part, above the rest, to bewail such things, though my name had not been in them, yet much it vexed me, that the devil oweth me such a hate, as to put in any part of his mischievous instigations, whom, as I profess him my foe, (that is, all Christians' enemy,) so wish I he had some other way invented to spite me.

" But since it hath pleased God thus to bewray their (*the insurgents'*) malice, I most humbly thank him, both that he has ever thus preserved your majesty through his aid, much like a lamb from the horns of this Basan's bull (*the devil*) and also stirred up the hearts of your loving subjects to resist them, and deliver you to his honour and their[1] (*the insurgents'*) shame. The intelligence of which, *proceeding from your majesty, deserves more humble thanks than with my pen I can render*, which as infinite I will *leave* to number (*i.e., will not attempt to number.*)

" And amongst earthly things I chiefly wish this one, that there were as good surgeons for making anatomies of hearts (that I might shew my thoughts to your majesty) as there are expert physicians of bodies, able to express the inward griefs of maladies to their patients. For then I doubt not, but know well, that whatever others should subject by malice, yet your majesty should be sure, by knowledge, that the more such mists render effuscate the clear light of my soul, the more my tried thoughts should listen to the dimming of *their* (*the insurgents'*) hidden malice.[2]

" But since wishes are vain and desires oft fail, I must crave that my deeds may supply that, which my thoughts cannot declare, and that they be not misdeemed, as the facts have been so well tried. And like as I have been your faithful subject from the beginning of your reign, so shall no wicked person cause me to change to the end of my life. And thus I commend your majesty to God's tuition, whom I beseech long time to preserve, ending with the new remembrance of my old suit,[3] more than for that I should not be forgotten, than for I think it not remembered.

" From Hatfield, the 2nd of August.

" Your majesty's obedient subject and humble sister,

" ELIZABETH."

Her majesty was happily satisfied with the painfully elaborate and metaphorical protestations of innocence and loyalty, contained in this letter, and the princess continued in the gentle keeping of sir Thomas Pope. He appears to have been really fond of his royal charge, who for her part well knew how to please him by her

[1] Elizabeth evidently means the insurgents' shame; by grammatical construction it would be the *loving subjects*. Her letters of vindication, by reason of the perpetual confusion of the relatives, are difficult to read.

[2] Either the insurgents, or the devil's imps, or the physicians: which of them this relative refers to, is not clear.

[3] Some favour she had previously asked; this proves the queen was in familiar correspondence with her.

learned and agreeable conversation, and more especially by frequently talking with him, on the subject nearest to his heart, Trinity College, which he had just founded at Oxford, for a president priest and twelve fellows. He mentions in one of his letters, with peculiar satisfaction, the interest she manifested in his college. "The princess Elizabeth," says he, "often asketh me about the course I have devised for my scholars, and that part of my statutes respecting study I have shewn her she likes well. She is not only gracious, but most learned, ye right well know."

Two of the fellows of this college were expelled by the president and society, for violating one of the statutes. They repaired in great tribulation to their founder, and, acknowledging their fault, implored most humbly for re-admittance to his college. Sir Thomas Pope, not liking by his own relentings, to countenance the infringements of the laws, he had made for the good government of his college, yet willing to extend the pardon that was solicited, kindly referred the matter to the decision of the princess, who was pleased to intercede for the culprits, that they might be restored to their fellowships, on which the benevolent knight wrote to the president,[1] "that although the two offenders, Sympson and Rudde, had well deserved their expulsion from his college, yet at the desire and commandment of the lady Elizabeth's grace, seconded by the request of his wife, he had consented that they should, on making a public confession of their fault, and submitting to a fine, be again received, and that it should be recorded in a book that they had been expelled, and that it was at the lady Elizabeth's and his wife's desire that they were re-admitted, and that he was fully resolved never to do the like again to please any creature living, the queen's majesty alone excepted." This letter bears date August 22, 1556.

In the following November, Elizabeth having been honoured with an invitation to her sister's court, came to London in state. Her entrance and the dress of her retinue, are thus quaintly recorded by a contemporary.

[1] Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

"The 28th day of November, came riding through Smithfield and Old Baily, and through Fleet Street unto Somerset Place, my good lady Elizabeth's grace, the queen's sister, with a great company of velvet coats and chains, her grace's gentlemen, and after, a great company of her men, all in red coats, guarded with a broad guard of black velvet and cuts,"[1] (slashes).

Elizabeth found herself treated with so many flattering marks of attention, by the nobility as well as the commons, whose darling she always had been, that she assembled a sort of court around her, and determined to settle herself in her town residence for the winter. She was, however, assailed by the council, at the instance of her royal brother-in-law, with a renewal of the persecution she had undergone in favour of her persevering suitor, Philibert of Savoy. The imperial ambassadors had been very urgent with the queen on the subject, and Elizabeth found she had only been sent for in order to conclude the marriage treaty. The earnestness with which this was pushed on, immediately after the death of Courtenay, naturally favours the idea, that a positive contract of marriage had subsisted between that unfortunate nobleman and the princess, which had formed a legal impediment to her entering into any other matrimonial engagement during his life. She was, however, positive in her rejection of the duke of Savoy's hand, though, as before, she protested her unalterable devotion to a maiden life, as the reason of her refusal.[2] After this decision she was compelled to give up the hope of spending a festive Christmas in London, and the Cottonian MS.[3] records her departure, after the brief sojourn of one week, in these words:—

"On the third day of September came riding from her place (Somerset House) my lady Elizabeth's grace, from Somerset Place, down Fleet Street and through Old Baily and Smithfield, and so her grace took her way towards Bishop Hatfield."

Such was the disgust that Elizabeth had conceived during her late visit to court, or the apprehensions that had been excited by the intimidation used by the Spanish

[1] MS. Cotton., f. 5. [2] Warton; Aikin. [3] Vitell., f. 5.

party, that she appears to have contemplated, the very impolitic step, of secretly withdrawing from the realm, that was so soon to become her own, and taking refuge in France. Henry II. had never ceased urging her by his wily agent Noailles to accept an asylum in his court, doubtless with the intention of securing the only person who, in the event of queen Mary's death, would stand between his daughter-in-law and the crown of England. Noailles had, however, interfered in so unseemly a manner in the intrigues and plots that agitated England, that he had been recalled, and superseded in his office by his brother, the bishop of Acqs, a man of better principles, and who scrupled to become a party in the iniquitous scheme of deluding a young and inexperienced princess to her own ruin. With equal kindness and sincerity this worthy ecclesiastic told the countess of Sussex, when she came to him secretly in disguise, to ask his assistance in conveying the lady Elizabeth to France, "that it was an unwise project, and that he would advise the princess to take example by the conduct of her sister, who, if she had listened to the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to take refuge with the emperor, would still have remained in exile." The countess returned again to him on the same errand, and he then plainly told her, "that if ever Elizabeth hoped to ascend the throne of England, she must never leave the realm." A few years later he declared "that Elizabeth was indebted to him for her crown." Whatever might be the cloud that had darkened the prospects of the princess, at the period when she had cherished intentions so fatal to her own interests, it quickly disappeared, and on the 25th of February, 1557, she came from her house at Hatfield to London, "attended by a noble company of lords and gentlemen, to do her duty to the queen, and rested at Somerset House till the 28th, when she repaired to her majesty at Whitehall with many lords and ladies."[1] Again: "one morning in March the lady Elizabeth took her horse and rode to the palace of Shene, with a goodly company of lords, ladies, knights and gentlemen." These visits

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell.

were probably on account of the return of Philip of Spain, which restored the queen to unwonted cheerfulness for a time, and caused a brief interval of gaiety in the lugubrious court.

We are indebted to the lively pen of Giovanni Michele, the Venetian ambassador,[1] for the following graphic sketch of the person and character of Elizabeth, at this interesting period of her life. "*Miladi* Elizabeth," says he, "is a lady of great elegance, both of body and mind, though her face may be called pleasing rather than beautiful. She is tall and well made, her complexion fine, though rather sallow." Her bloom must have been prematurely faded by sickness and anxiety; for Elizabeth could not have been more than three and twenty at this period. "Her eyes, but above all, her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty. In her knowledge of the Greek and Italian languages, she surpasses the queen, and takes so much pleasure in the latter, that she will converse with Italians in no other tongue. Her wit and understanding are admirable, as she has proved by her conduct in the midst of suspicion and danger, when she concealed her religion, and comported herself like a good Catholic." Katharine Parr and lady Jane Gray made no such compromise with conscience; indeed, this dissimulation on the part of Elizabeth appears like a practical illustration of the text, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light." Michele proceeds to describe Elizabeth "as proud and dignified in her manners; for though she is well aware what sort of a mother she had, she is also aware that this mother of hers was united to the king in wedlock, with the sanction of holy church, and the concurrence of the primate of the realm." This remark is important, as it proves that the marriage of Anne Boleyn was considered legal by the representative of the Catholic republic of Venice. However, he goes on to say, "The queen, though she hates her most sincerely, yet treats her in public with

[1] From the report, made by that envoy, of the state of England, on his return to his own country, in the year 1557. MSS. Cotton. Nero B. 7. Ellis, 2nd series, vol. ii.

every outward sign of affection and regard, and never converses with her, but on pleasing and agreeable subjects." A proof, by the bye, that Mary neither annoyed her sister by talking at her, nor endeavoured to irritate her by introducing the elements of strife into their personal discussions when they were together. In this, the queen, at least, behaved with the courtesy of a gentlewoman. Michele adds, "that the princess had contrived to ingratiate herself with the king of Spain, through whose influence the queen was prevented from having her declared illegitimate, as she had it in her power to do, by an act of parliament, which would exclude her from the throne. It is believed," continues he, "that but for this interference of the king, the queen would, without remorse, chastise her in the severest manner; for whatever plots against the queen are discovered, my lady Elizabeth, or some of her people, are always sure to be mentioned among the persons concerned in them." Michele tells us, moreover, "that Elizabeth would exceed her income and incur large debts, if she did not prudently, to avoid increasing the jealousy of the queen, limit her household and followers, for," continues he, "there is not a lord or gentleman in the realm, who has not sought to place himself, or a brother, or son, in her service. Her expenses are naturally increased by her endeavours to maintain her popularity, although she opposes her poverty as an excuse for avoiding the proposed enlargements of her establishment." This plea answered another purpose, by exciting the sympathy of her people, and their indignation, that the heiress of the crown should suffer from straitened finances. Elizabeth was, nevertheless, in the enjoyment of the income her father had provided for her maintenance—three thousand pounds a year, equal to twelve thousand per annum of the present currency, and precisely the same allowance which Mary had before her accession to the crown.

"She is," pursues Michele, "to appearance, at liberty in her country residence, twelve miles from London, but really surrounded by spies and shut in with guards, so that no one comes or goes, and nothing is spoken or

done without the queen's knowledge." Such is the testimony of the Venetian ambassador, of Elizabeth's position in her sister's court, but it should be remembered that he is the same man, who had intrigued with the conspirators to supply them with arms, and that his information is avowedly only hearsay evidence. After this, it may not be amiss to enrich these pages with the account given by an English contemporary of one of the pageants that were devised for her pleasure, by the courteous dragon by whom the captive princess was guarded, in her own fair mansion of Hatfield and other domains adjacent.[1]

"In April, the same year, (1557,) she was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield chase, by a retinue of twelve ladies, clothed in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her grace might hunt the hart. At entering the chase or forest, she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows; one of whom presented her a silver-headed arrow winged with peacock's feathers. Sir Thomas Pope had the devising of this show. At the close of the sport, her grace was gratified with the privilege of cutting the buck's throat,"—a compliment of which Elizabeth, who delighted in bear-baitings and other savage amusements of those semi-barbarous days, was not unlikely to avail herself. When her sister, queen Mary, visited her at Hatfield, Elizabeth adorned her great state chamber for her majesty's reception, with a sumptuous suit of tapestry, representing the siege of Antioch; and after supper a play was performed by the choir-boys of St. Paul's; when it was over, one of the children sang, and was accompanied on the virginals by no meaner musician than the princess Elizabeth herself.[2] The account of Elizabeth's visit to the queen, at Richmond, and the splendid banquet and pageant which Mary, with the assistance of sir Thomas Pope, with whom her majesty was long in consultation on the subject, devised for the entertainment of her sister, has been described in the life of queen Mary.[3]

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell. f. 5. Strype.
[2] MS. Cotton. Vitell. f. 5. [3] Vol. v.

The pleasant and sisterly intercourse, which was for a brief time established between these royal ladies, was destined to be once more interrupted, by the pertinacious interference of king Philip, in favour of his friend's matrimonial suit for Elizabeth. Her hand was, probably, the reward with which that monarch had promised to guerdon his brave friend, for his good services at St. Quentin, but the gallant Savoyard found that it was easier to win a battle in the field, under every disadvantage, than to conquer the determination of an obdurate lady love. Elizabeth would not be disposed of in marriage to please any one, and as she made her refusal a matter of conscience, the queen ceased to importune her on the subject. Philip, as we have seen, endeavoured to compel his reluctant wife, to interpose her authority, to force Elizabeth to fulfil the engagement he had made for her, and Mary proved, that she had, on occasion, a will of her own as well as her sister. In short, the ladies made common cause, and quietly resisted his authority.[1] He had sent his two noble kinswomen, the duchesses of Parma and Lorraine, to persuade Elizabeth to comply with his desire, and to convey her to the continent, as the bride elect of his friend, but Elizabeth, by her sister's advice, declined receiving these fair envoys, and they were compelled to return without fulfilling the object of their mission.

Meantime, Elizabeth received several overtures from the ambassador of the great Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, who was desirous of obtaining her in marriage for his eldest son, Prince Eric.[2] She declined listening to this proposal, because it was not made to her through the medium of the queen her sister. The ambassador told her, in reply, "that the king of Sweden, his master, as a gentleman and a man of honour, thought it most proper to make the first application to herself, in order to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to her, to enter into such an alliance, and if she signified her consent, he would then, as a king, propose it in due form to her majesty." This delicacy of feeling was in unison with the

[1] See Mary's Life, vol. v.
[2] Camden. Warton's Life of Pope.

chivalric character of Gustavus Vasa, who having delivered his country from a foreign yoke, had achieved the reformation of her church without persecution or bloodshed, and regarding Elizabeth as a protestant princess who was suffering for conscience' sake, was nobly desirous of making her his daughter-in-law. Elizabeth, however, who had previously rejected the heir of his neighbour, Christian of Denmark, desired the Swedish envoy to inform his master "that she could not listen to any proposals of the kind that were not conveyed to her through the queen's authority," and at the same time declared, "that if left to her own free will she would always prefer a maiden life." This affair reaching her majesty's ears, she sent for sir Thomas Pope to court, and having received from him a full account of this secret transaction, she expressed herself well pleased with the wise and dutiful conduct of Elizabeth, and directed him to write a letter to her expressive of her approbation. When sir Thomas Pope returned to Hatfield, Mary commanded him to repeat her commendations to the princess, and to inform her "that an official communication had now been made to her, from the king of Sweden, touching the match with his son, on which she desired sir Thomas to ascertain her sister's sentiments from her own lips, and to communicate how her grace stood affected in this matter, and also to marriage in general."[1]

Sir Thomas Pope, in compliance with this injunction, made the following report of what passed between himself and Elizabeth on the subject.

"First, after I had declared to her grace how well the queen's majesty liked of her prudent and honourable answer made to the same messenger (from the king of Sweden,) I then opened unto her grace, the effects of the said messenger's credence, which after her grace had heard, I said that the queen's highness had sent me to her grace, not only to declare the same, but also to understand how her grace liked the said motion. Whereunto, after a little pause, her grace answered in form following:—

"'Master Pope, I require you, after my most humble commendations unto the queen's majesty, to render unto the same like thanks, that it pleased her highness of her goodness, to conceive so well of my answer made to the said messenger, and herewithal of her princely commendation, with such speed to command you by your letters, to signify the same unto me, who before remained wonderfully perplexed, fearing that her majesty

[1] Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

might mistake the same, for which her goodness I acknowledge myself bound to honour, serve, love and obey her highness during my life. Requiring you also to say unto her majesty, that in the king my brother's time, there was offered me a very honourable marriage or two, and ambassadors sent to treat with me touching the same, whereunto I made my humble suit unto his highness, (as some of honour yet living can be testimonies) that it would like the same (king Edward) to give me leave with his grace's favour to remain in that estate I was, which of all others best pleased me, and in good faith, I pray you say unto her highness, I am even at this present of the same mind, and so intend to continue with her majesty's favour, assuring her highness I so well like this state, as I persuade myself there is not any kind of life comparable to it. And as concerning my liking the motion made by the said messenger, I beseech you say unto her majesty, that to my remembrance I never heard of his master before this time, and that I so well like both the message and the messenger, as I shall most humbly pray God upon my knees, that from henceforth I may never hear of the one nor the other."

Not the most civil way in the world, it must be owned, of dismissing a remarkably civil offer, but Elizabeth gives her reason, in a manner artfully calculated to ingratiate herself with her royal sister. "And were there nothing else," pursues she, "to move me to mislike the motion other, than that his master would attempt the same without making the queen's majesty privy thereunto, it were cause sufficient." "And when her grace had thus ended," resumes sir Thomas Pope, in conclusion, "I was so bold, as of myself, to say unto her grace, her pardon first required, that I thought few or none would believe but her grace would be right well contented to marry, so there were some *honourable marriage* offered her, by the queen's highness, or with her majesty's assent. Whereunto her grace answered, 'What I shall do hereafter I know not, but I assure you, upon my truth and fidelity, and as God be merciful unto me, I am not at this time otherwise minded than I have declared unto you. No, though I were offered the greatest prince in all Europe.'" Sir Thomas Pope adds his own opinion of these protestations, in the following sly comment, "And yet *percase* (perhaps) the queen's majesty may conceive this rather to proceed of a maidenly shamefacedness, than upon any such certain determination."

This important letter is among the Harleian MSS., and is endorsed, "The lady Elizabeth, her grace's answer, made at Hatfield, the 26th of April, 1558, to sir T. Pope,

knt., being sent from the queen's majesty to understand how her grace liked of the motion of marriage, made by the king elect of Swetheland's messenger."[1] It affords unquestionable proof, that Elizabeth was allowed full liberty to decide for herself, as to her acceptance or rejection of this Protestant suitor for her hand, her brother-in-law, king Philip, not being so much as consulted on the subject. Camden asserts, "that after Philip had given up the attempt of forcing her to wed his friend, Philibert of Savoy, he would fain have made up a marriage between her and his own son, don Carlos, who was then a boy of sixteen; but he finally, when he became a widower, offered himself to her acceptance, instead of his heir.

Elizabeth was so fortunate as to escape any implication in Stafford's rebellion, but among the Spaniards a report was circulated, that her hand was destined to reward the earl of Westmoreland, by whom the insurrection was quelled. There were also rumours of an engagement between her and the earl of Arundel. These are mentioned in Gonsalez.[2] She is always called "Madame Isabel" in contemporary Spanish memoirs. Though much has been asserted to the contrary, the evidences of history prove, that Elizabeth was on amicable terms with queen Mary at the time of her death, and for some months previous to that event.

On the 9th of November, the count de Feria, one of Philip's most confidential counsellors, brought the dying queen a letter from her absent consort, who, already embarrassed in a war with France, and dreading the possibility of the queen of Scots being placed on the throne, requested Mary to declare Elizabeth her successor. The queen had anticipated his desire, by her previous appointment of Elizabeth, from whom she, however, exacted a profession of her adherence to the Catholic creed.

Elizabeth complained, "that the queen should doubt the sincerity of her faith," and, if we may credit the duchess of Feria, added, "That she prayed God that

[1] MS. Harleian, 444—7; also MS. Cotton. Vitell. 12, 16.
[2] Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia. Madrid.

the earth might open and swallow her alive, if she were not a true Roman Catholic."[1] Although Elizabeth never scrupled throughout her life to sacrifice truth to expediency, it is difficult to believe that any one could, to secure a temporal advantage, utter so awful a perjury. She afterwards told count Feria, that "she acknowledged the real presence in the sacrament, at least, so the count affirmed, in a letter he wrote to Philip II. the day before queen Mary died. She likewise assured the lord Lamar of her sincerity in this belief, and added, "that she did now and then pray to the Virgin Mary." Strype, who quotes documents in support of these words of Elizabeth, offers no contradiction to them.[2]

Edwin Sandys, in a letter to Bullinger, gives a very different report of the communication which passed between the royal sisters. "Mary, not long before her death," says he,[3] "sent two members of her council to her sister Elizabeth, and commanded them to let her know 'that it was her intention to bequeath to her the royal crown, together with the dignity that she was then in possession of by right of inheritance.' In return, however, for this great favour conferred upon her, she required of her three things: first, 'that she would not change her privy council;' secondly, 'that she would make no alteration in religion;' and, thirdly, 'that she would discharge her debts, and satisfy her creditors.' Elizabeth replied in these terms:—'I am very sorry to hear of the queen's illness, but there is no reason why I should thank her for her intention of giving me the crown of this realm, for she has neither the power of bestowing it upon me, nor can I lawfully be deprived of it, since it is my peculiar and hereditary right. With respect to the council, I think myself as much at liberty to choose my councillors as she was to choose hers. As to religion, I promise thus much, that I will not change it, provided, only, that it can be proved by the word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion.

[1] MS. Life of the duchess of Feria, p. 156. Lingard.
[2] Strype's Annals, vol. i. part i. p. 3.
[3] Zurich Letters.

Lastly, in requiring the payment of her debts, she seems to me to require nothing more than what is just, and I will take care that they shall be paid as far as may lie in my power.'"[1]

Such is the contradictory evidence given by two contemporaries, one of whom, Jane Dormer, afterwards duchess of Feria, certainly had the surest means of information as to the real state of the case, as she was one of the most trusted of queen Mary's ladies in waiting; and her subsequent marriage with the Spanish ambassador, the conde de Feria, tended to enlighten her still more on the transactions between the dying queen and the princess. Dr. Sandys was not in England at the time, and merely quotes the statement of a nameless correspondent as to the affairs in England. The lofty tone of Elizabeth's reply suited not the deep dissimulation of her character, and appears inconsistent with the fact, that she was at that time, in all outward observances, a member of the church of Rome. She continued to attend the mass, and all other Catholic observances, a full month after her sister's death, and till she had clearly ascertained that the Protestant party was the most numerous, and likely to obtain the ascendancy. If, therefore, she judged that degree of caution necessary after the sovereign authority was in her own hands, was it likely that she would declare her opinion while the Catholics, who surrounded the dying bed of Mary, were exercising the whole power of the crown? Her answer was probably comprised in language sufficiently mystified to conceal her real intentions from Mary and her counsellors.

On the 10th of November, count Feria, in obedience to the directions of his royal master, went to pay his compliments to the princess, and to offer her the assurances of don Philip's friendship and good will. Elizabeth was then at the house of lord Clinton, about thirteen miles from London. There Feria sought and obtained an interview with her, which forms an important episode in the early personal annals of this great sovereign. The particulars are related by Feria, himself, in a confidential

[1] Zurich Letters, published by the Parker Society.

letter to Philip.[1] He says, "the princess received him well, though not so cordially as on former occasions." He supped with her and lady Clinton, and, after supper, opened the discourse, according to the instructions he had received from the king his master. The princess had three of her ladies in attendance, but she told the count "they understood no other language than English, so he might speak before them." He replied, "that he should be well pleased if the whole world heard what he had to say."

Elizabeth expressed herself as much gratified by the count's visit, and the obliging message he had brought from his sovereign, of whom she spoke in friendly terms, and acknowledged, that she had been under some obligations to him when she was in prison; but when the count endeavoured to persuade her that she was indebted, for the recognition of her right to the royal succession, neither to queen Mary nor her council, but solely to don Philip, she exhibited some degree of incredulity. In the same conference, Elizabeth complained "that she had never been given more than 3000*l.* of maintenance,[2] and that she knew the king had received large sums of money." The count contradicted this, because he knew it to be a fact that queen Mary had once given her 7000*l.*, and some jewels of great value, to relieve her from debts in which she had involved herself, in consequence of indulging in some expensive entertainments, in the way of ballets. She then observed, "that Philip had tried hard to induce her to enter into a matrimonial alliance with the duke of Savoy, but that she knew how much favour the queen had lost by marrying a foreigner." The count probably felt the incivility of this remark, but only replied carelessly, in general terms.[3] Here the details of the conversation end, and Feria proceeds to communicate his own opinion of the princess. "It appears to me," says he,[5] "that she is a woman of extreme vanity,

[1] Archives of Simança.
[2] A general term for income.
[3] The expression used by Feria is, *Para payar ciertas tropas alemanas.*
[4] Letter of count Feria to Philip II., in the Archives of Simança.
[5] Reports of the conde de Feria, from Gonzales, pp. 254, 255.

but acute. She seems greatly to admire her father's system of government. I fear much that in religion she will not go right, as she seems inclined to favour men who are supposed to be heretics, and they tell me, the ladies who are about her, are all so. She appears highly indignant at the things that have been done against her during her sister's reign. She is much attached to the people, and is very confident that they are all on her side, (which is indeed true;) in fact, she says 'it is they that have placed her in the position she at present holds,' as the declared successor to the crown." On this point, Elizabeth, with great spirit, refused to acknowledge that she was under any obligation either to the king of Spain, his council, or even to the nobles of England, though she said "that they had all pledged themselves to remain faithful to her." "Indeed," concludes the count, "there is not a heretic or traitor in all the realm who has not started, as if from the grave, to seek her and offer her their homage."

Two or three days before her death, queen Mary sent Jane Dormer to deliver the crown jewels to Elizabeth, together with her dying requests to that princess, "first, that she would be good to her servants; secondly, that she would repay the sums of money that had been lent on privy seals; and, lastly, that she would continue the church as she had re-established it."[1] Philip had directed his envoy to add to these jewels a valuable casket of his own, which he had left at Whitehall, and which Elizabeth had always greatly admired. In memory of the various civilities this monarch had shewn to Elizabeth, she always kept his portrait in her bedchamber, even after they became deadly political foes.

During the last few days of Mary's life, Hatfield became the resort of the time-serving courtiers, who sought to worship Elizabeth as the rising sun. The conde de Feria readily penetrated the secret of those who were destined to hold a distinguished place in her councils, and predicted that Cecil would be her principal secretary. She did not conceal her dislike of her kinsman,

[1] MS. Life of the duchess de Feria. Lingard.

cardinal Pole, then on his death-bed. "He had never," she said, "paid her any attention, and had caused her great annoyance." There is, in Leti, a long controversial dialogue between Elizabeth and him, in which the princess appears to have the best of the argument, but, however widely he might differ with her on theological subjects, he always treated her with the respect due to her elevated rank, and opposed the murderous policy of her determined foe, Gardiner. He wrote to her in his last illness, requesting her "to give credit to what the dean of Worcester could say in his behalf, not doubting but his explanations would be satisfactory;" but her pleasure or displeasure was of little moment to him in that hour, for the sands in the wuning glass of life ebbed with him scarcely less quickly than with his departing sovereign and friend, queen Mary. She died on the 17th of November, he on the 18th.

Reports of the death of Mary were certainly circulated some hours before it took place, and sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was secretly employed by Elizabeth to give her the earliest possible intelligence of that event, rode off at fiery speed to Hatfield to communicate the tidings. The caution of Elizabeth taught her that it was dangerous to take any steps towards her own recognition till she could ascertain, to a certainty, the truth of a report that might only have been devised, to betray her into some act that might be construed into treason. She bade Throckmorton "hasten to the palace, and request one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, who was in her confidence, if the queen were really dead, to send her, as a token, the black enamelled ring which her majesty wore night and day." The circumstances are quaintly versified, in the precious Throckmorton metrical chronicle of the "Life of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton."

" Then I, who was misliked of the time,
Obscurely sought to live scant seen at all,
So far was I from seeking up to climb,
As that I thought it well to scape a fall.
Elizabeth I visited by stealth,
As one who wished her quietness with health.

'Repairing oft to Hatfield, where she lay,
My duty not to slack that I did owe,
The queen fell very sick as we heard say,
The truth whereof her sister ought to know,
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secret means herself did quickly find.

"She said (since nought exceedeth woman's fears,
Who still do dread some baits of subtlety,)
'Sir Nicholas, know a ring my sister wears,
Enamelled black, a pledge of loyalty, -
The which the king of Spain in spousals gave,—
If ought fall out amiss, 'tis that I crave.

"'But hark, ope not your lips to any one
In hope as to obtain of courtesy,
Unless you know my sister first be gone,
For grudging minds will soon *coyne* treachery,[1]
So shall thyself be safe and us be sure;
Who takes no hurt shall need no care of cure.

"'Her dying day shall thee such credit get,
That all will forward be to pleasure thee,
And none at all shall seek thy suit to *let* (hinder)
But go and come, and look here to find me.'
Thence to the court I gallopped in post,
Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.

"*The ring received*, my brethren, which lay
In London town with me,[2] to Hatfield went,
And as we rode, there met us by the way
An old acquaintance hoping avancement,
A sugared bait, that brought us to our bane,
But chiefly me who therewithal was ta'en.

"I egged them on with promise *of reward*;
I thought if neither credit nor some gain
Fell to their share, the world went very hard,
Yet reckoned I without mine host in vain.

* * * * * * *

"When to the court I and my brother came,
My news was stale, but yet she knew them true,
But see how crossly things began to frame,
The cardinal died, whose death my friends may rue,
For then lord Gray and I were sent, in hope
To find some writings to or from the pope."

[1] This line stands thus in the MS., which being beautifully written no mistake can arise on the part of the transcriber. Elizabeth's meaning seems to be that the ring was not to be sought till Mary's death. *Coin* treachery, we think, should be the phrase in the fourth line.

[2] At the close of the year 1556, Throckmorton, who had been banished by Mary for his participation in the rebellion of Wyat, and had narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life, ventured to return to England. He privately paid his court to the princess Elizabeth, who employed him,

While Throckmorton was on his road back to London, Mary expired, and ere he could return with the ring to satisfy Elizabeth of the truth of that event, which busy rumour had ante-dated, a deputation from the late queen's council had already arrived at Hatfield,[1] to apprise her of the demise of her sister, and to offer their homage to her as their rightful sovereign. Though well prepared for the intelligence, she appeared at first amazed and overpowered at what she heard, and, drawing a deep respiration, she sank upon her knees and exclaimed:—"*O domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!*" "It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes,"[2] "which," says our authority, (sir Robert Naunton,) "we find to this day on the stamp of her gold, with this on her silver—*Posui Deum adjutorem meum.*"[3] "I have chosen God for my helper."

Eight-and-twenty years afterwards, Elizabeth, in a conversation with the envoys of France, Chasteauneuf and Bellievre, spoke of the tears which she had shed on the death of her sister Mary, but she is the only person by whom they were ever recorded.

on the report of her sister's death, to ascertain the truth thereof—this he effected dexterously and secretly. He was a faithful, but a bold adviser; and soon came to issue with the new queen; their point of dispute was on the propriety of excluding some zealous catholic lords from the council; the queen wished to retain them, sir Nicholas Throckmorton insisted on their dismission. The queen, irritated by the freedom of his remonstrances, exclaimed:—"God's death, villain, I will have thy head!"

A remark which proves that swearing was an accomplishment of her youth. Throckmorton very coolly replied to this threat—

"You will do well, madam, to consider, in that case, how you will afterwards keep your own on your shoulders."

[1] Throckmorton MSS. [2] Psalm cxviii. 23.

[3] Fragmenta Regalia.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Recognition of Elizabeth in parliament—Proclaimed queen in Westminster Hall, &c.—Her first council—Cecil placed at the helm—Elizabeth's state entry into London—Sojourn at the Tower—Attends her sister's funeral—Temporizes with church reform—Hears mass for a month—Rejects it on Christmas-day—Her coronation—Pageants and processions—She re-establishes the reformed church—Declares that she will die a virgin—Refuses Philip II.—Her perilous position in Europe—Instals her favourite, Robert Dudley, as knight of the garter—Suitors for her hand—Fêtes to the French ambassador—Tournament, &c.—Wooed by the earls of Arran and Arundel—They are rivalled by lord Robert Dudley—Scandals regarding Elizabeth—Offers of the archduke Charles and Eric of Sweden—Portraits of Elizabeth—Reports of her marriage with Robert Dudley—Her popular charities—Elizabeth's coinage and coins—Her antipathy to J. Knox—Her visit to the Mint—Progress through the city—Censures the marriages of the Clergy—Severity to lady K. Gray—Differences with the queen of Scots—Refuses her safe conduct—Entertains the grand prior of France.

WHILE queen Mary lay on her death-bed, the greatest alarm had prevailed regarding the expected crisis. A contemporary, who watched closely the temper of the public, thus describes the anxieties of the responsible part of the community:—"The rich were fearful, the wise careful, the honestly-disposed doubtful," and he adds, emphatically, "the discontented and desperate were joyful, wishing for strife as the door for plunder."[1] All persons, therefore, who had anything to lose, what-

[1] Bishop Godwin.

ever their religious bias might be, must have felt relieved at the peaceable accession of Elizabeth.

On the morning of the 17th of November, parliament, (which was then sitting) assembled betimes, for the dispatch of business. The demise of the crown was, however, only known in the palace. Before noon, Dr. Heath, the archbishop of York and lord-chancellor of England, sent a message to the speaker of the House of Commons, requesting "that he, with the knights and burgesses of the nether house, would without delay adjourn to the upper house, to give their assents, in a matter of the utmost importance." When the commons were assembled in the House of Lords, silence being proclaimed, lord-chancellor Heath addressed the united senate in these words :—

"The cause of your summons hither, at this time, is to signify to you, that all the lords, here present, are certainly certified, that God this morning hath called to his mercy our late sovereign lady, queen Mary, which hap, as it is most heavy and grievous to us, so have we no less cause otherwise, to rejoice with praise to Almighty God, for leaving to us a true, lawful, and right inheritrix to the crown of this realm, which is the lady Elizabeth, second daughter to our late sovereign, of noble memory, Henry VIII., and sister to our said late queen, of whose most lawful right and title to the crown, thanks be to God, we need not doubt.[1]

"Albeit, the parliament (house of commons) by the heavy accident of queen Mary's death, did dissolve,[2] yet, as they had been elected to represent the common people of the realm, and to deal for them in matters of state, they could no way better discharge that trust than, in joining with the lords, in publishing the next succession to the crown.[3]

"Wherefore the lords of this house have determined, with your assents and consents, to pass from hence into the palace, and there to proclaim the lady Elizabeth queen of this realm, without any further *tract* of time."

"God save queen Elizabeth!" was the response of the lords and commons to the speech of their lord-chancellor—"Long may queen Elizabeth reign over us!"

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1784, first edition. 1577.

[2] Such was the law of the realm till the 7th and 8th years of William III., cap. 15, which enacted that parliament should sit for six months, if not sooner dissolved by the reigning monarch.

[3] Hayward's Annals of Elizabeth, Camden Society, p. 2. The important speech of lord-chancellor Heath is conjointly preserved in Hayward and Holinshed. Drake's Parliamentary History, after quoting the journals of the house, indignantly points out Rapin's deliberate falsification on this point of history.

"And so," adds our chronicle, "was this parliament dissolved by the act of God."

Thus, through the wisdom and patriotism of the lord-chancellor of England, was the title of queen Elizabeth rendered indisputable, for her first proclamation and recognition, were rendered most solemn acts of parliament. It is scarcely possible, but that Heath must have foreseen his own doom, and that of his religion, of which he was at that moment, with the exception of the expiring Pole, the ostensible head in England, yet it is most evident, that he preferred consulting the general good, by averting a civil war, to the benefit of his own particular class. It ought to be remembered that his conduct, at this crisis, secured the loyalty of the catholics of England to Elizabeth.

All the important acts of the united houses of parliament respecting the recognition of queen Elizabeth, were completed before the clock struck twelve, that 17th of November.[1] The lords, with the heralds, then entered the palace of Westminster, and directly before its hall door, after several solemn soundings of trumpets, the new queen was proclaimed "Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, and defender of the faith, &c." This "&c." hides an important historical fact—namely, that she was *not* then proclaimed supreme head of the church.

The young duke of Norfolk, as earl-marshal, accompanied by several bishops and nobles, then went into the city, where they met the lord-mayor and civic authorities, and the heralds proclaimed queen Elizabeth at the cross of Cheapside. In the afternoon all the city bells rang, bonfires were lighted, ale and wine distributed, and the populace invited to feast at tables put out at the doors of the rich citizens; all signs of mourning for the deceased queen being entirely lost in joy for the accession of her sister. So passed the first day of the reign of Elizabeth—a day which came to cheer with hope a season of universal tribulation and misery; for, besides the inquisitorial cruelties of Bonner, which had proved

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784.

plague sufficient to the London citizens, it was a time of famine and of pestilence more universal than the plague, which usually confined its ravages to great cities. Many thousands had, in the autumn of 1558, fallen victims to a fever called a quotidian ague, but which was, doubtless, a malignant typhus. It had broken out in the harvest, and carried off so many country people, that the harvest rotted on the ground for want of hands. Great numbers of ecclesiastics had died of this fever; thirteen bishops died in the course of four months; and to this circumstance the facile change of religion, which took place directly, may partly be attributed. Cardinal Pole lay in the agonies of death; Christopherson bishop of Chichester, and Griffin bishop of Rochester, were either dying or dead.

While these important scenes were transacting in her senate and metropolis, the new sovereign remained, probably out of respect to her sister's memory, in retirement at Hatfield, and the ceremony of her proclamation did not take place there till the 19th, when it was performed before the gates of Hatfield House. In the same day and hour, however, in which her accession to the regal office was announced to her, she entered upon the high and responsible duties of a vocation, for which few princes possessed such eminent qualifications as herself.

The privy council repaired to the new queen at Hatfield, and there she sat in council for the first time with them, November 20th. Sir Thomas Parry, the cofferer of her household, Cave, Rogers, and sir William Cecil, were sworn in as members.[1]

Her majesty's address to Cecil, on that occasion, is a noble summary of the duties which he was expected to perform to his queen and country:—

"I give you this charge that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that, without respect to my private will, you will give me that council which you think best, and if you shall know any-

[1] Strype. Camden.

thing necessary to be declared to me of secrecy, you shall shew it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein, and therefore herewith I charge you."[1]

Elizabeth left no room for doubt or speculation among the eager competitors for her favour, as to the minister whom she intended to guide the helm of state, for she accepted a note of advice from sir William Cecil, on the most urgent matters that required her attention, that very day, and appointed him her principal secretary of state. The political tie that was then knit between Cecil and his royal mistress, though occasionally shaken, was only broken by the death of that great statesman, who was able to elevate or bend the powers of his acute intellect to all matters of government, from measures that rendered England the arbitress of Europe, to the petty details of the milliner and tailor, in sumptuary laws.

Elizabeth commenced her progress to her metropolis, November 23rd, attended by a magnificent retinue of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and a prodigious concourse of people who poured out of London and its adjacent villages, to behold and welcome her. On the road to Highgate she met a procession of the bishops, who kneeled by the way-side, and offered her their allegiance, which was very graciously accepted.[2] She gave to every one of them her hand to kiss excepting Bonner, bishop of London.[3] This exception she made to mark her abhorrence of his cruelty. The lord mayor and aldermen, in their scarlet gowns, likewise met her, and conducted her in great state to the Charter House, then the town residence of lord North. Lord-chancellor Heath and the earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, received her there. She stayed at the Charter House five days, and sat in council every day.[4]

The queen left the Charter House on Monday, November 28, to take formal possession of her royal for-

[1] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ. Strype.
[2] Macintosh, vol. iii.; Strype; Citizens' Journal; and Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784.
[3] Stowe's Annals, 634.
[4] Strype's Citizens' Journal.

tress of the Tower. Immense crowds assembled to greet her, and to gaze on her, both without and within the city gates, and a mighty retinue of the nobility of both sexes surrounded her. She ascended a rich chariot, and rode from the Charter House along the Barbican, till she reached Cripplegate, where the lord-mayor and city authorities received her. Then she mounted on horseback and entered the city in equestrian procession. She was attired in a riding-dress of purple velvet, with a scarf tied over her shoulder; the serjeants-at-arms guarded her. Lord Robert Dudley, as master of the horse, rode next her; thus early was this favourite exalted to the place he held so long. The lord-mayor preceded her, carrying her sceptre, and by his side rode Garter king-at-arms. Lord Pembroke rode directly before her majesty, bearing the sword of state. The queen rode along London-wall, then a regular fortification, which was richly hung with tapestry, and the city waits sounded loud music. She rode up Leadenhall-street to Grace-church-street, called by our citizen journalist "Grass-church-street," till she arrived at the Blanch Chapelton,[1] at the entry of the Mart, or Market-lane, now the well-known Mark-lane, still the corn-mart of England, though few who transact business there are aware of the extreme antiquity of their station.

When the queen arrived at the Blanch Chapelton, the Tower guns began to herald her approach, and continued discharging all the while she progressed down Mart Lane and Tower Street; she was greeted at various places by playing on regals, singing of children, and speeches from the scholars of Saint Paul's School. "The presence of the queen," says an eye-witness,[2] "gave life to all these solemnities, she promptly answered all speeches made to her, she graced every person either of dignity or office, and so cheerfully noticed and accepted everything, that in the judgment of the beholders, these great honours were esteemed too mean for her personal

[1] An ecclesiastical structure named in Holinshed and the Citizens' Journal, swept away by the fire of London.

[2] Hayward, p. 10.

worth. Deeply had Elizabeth studied her *metier du roi*, before she had an opportunity of rehearsing her part. Fortunately for her, the pride and presumption of youth had been a little tamed by early misfortune, and, stimulated by the inexorable necessity of self-defence, she had been forced to look into human character and adapt her manners to her interest. Adversity had taught her the invaluable lesson embodied by Wordsworth in these immortal words—

"Of friends, however humble, scorn not one."

As she entered the Tower, she majestically addressed those about her. "Some," said she, "have fallen from being princes of this land, to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be prince of this land. *That* dejection was a work of God's justice; *this* advancement is a work of his mercy; as they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful for the other." It is said that she immediately went to her former prison apartment, where she fell on her knees, and offered up aloud an extempore prayer, in which she compared herself to Daniel in the lion's den, the words of which are in print, but bear very strongly the tone of Master Fox's composition.

She remained at the Tower till the 5th of December, holding privy councils of mighty import, whose chief tenor was to ascertain, what members of the late queen's catholic council would coalesce with her own party—which were the remnants of the administration of Edward VI.—Cecil, Bacon, Sadler, Parr, Russell, and the Dudleys. Likewise to produce a modification between the church of Edward VI. and the Henrican, or anti-papal church of her father, which might claim to be a reformed church, with herself for its supreme head. On the 5th of December, the queen removed from the Tower by water, and took up her abode at Somerset House, where a privy council was held daily for fifteen days.

Meantime, mass was said at the funerals of queen Mary, of cardinal Pole, and the two deceased bishops,

whose obsequies were observed with all the rites of the ancient church.

Elizabeth attended in person at her sister's burial, and listened attentively to her funeral sermon, preached by Dr. White, bishop of Winchester, which was in Latin. The proverb, that "comparisons are odious," was truly illustrated by this celebrated discourse, which Sir John Harrington calls "a black sermon."[1] It contained a biographical sketch of the late queen, in which he mentioned, with great praise, her renunciation of church supremacy, and repeated her observation, "that as Saint Paul forbade women to speak in the church, it was not fitting, for the church to have a dumb head." This was not very pleasant to Elizabeth, who had either just required the oath of supremacy to be administered, or was agitating that matter in the privy council. Had Dr. White preached in English, his sermon might have done her much mischief. When the bishop described the grievous suffering of queen Mary, he fell into such a fit of weeping that his voice was choked for a time. When he recovered himself, he added, "that queen Mary had left a sister, a lady of great worth, also, whom they were bound to obey; for," said he, "*melior est canis vivus leone mortuo.*" Elizabeth was too good a Latinist not to fire at this elegant simile, which declared "that a living dog was better than a dead lion;" nor did the orator content himself with this currish comparison, for he roundly asserted, "that the dead deserved more praise, than the living, for Mary had chosen the better part."

As the bishop of Winchester descended the pulpit stairs, Elizabeth ordered him under arrest. He defied her majesty, and threatened her with excommunication, for which she cared not a rush. He was a prelate of austere but irreproachable manners; exceedingly desirous of testifying his opinions by a public martyrdom, which he did and said all in his power to obtain, but Elizabeth was, at that period of her life, too wise to indulge the zealous professors of the ancient faith, in any such wishes.

No author but the faithful and accurate Stowe, has

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii. p. 84, 85. Camden. Life of Elizabeth.

noted the important result of the daily deliberations held by the queen and her privy council at Somerset House at this epoch: he says, "the queen began then to put in practice, that oath of supremacy which her father first ordained, and amongst the many that refused that oath was my lord-chancellor, Dr. Heath. The queen having a good respect for him would not deprive him of his title, but committed the custody of the great seal to Nicholas Bacon, attorney of the wards, who from that time was called lord keeper, and exercised the authority of lord-chancellor as confirmed by act of parliament."[1] This oath of supremacy was the test which sifted the council from those, to whom the ancient faith was matter of conscience, and those to whom it was matter of worldly business, the nonjurors withdrew either into captivity, or country retirement.

Of the Catholic members of the privy council who remained, lord William Howard was her majesty's uncle and entire friend, Sackville was her cousin, the earl of Arundel her lover. The marquis of Winchester acted according to his characteristic description of his own policy, by playing the part of the willow, rather than the oak,[2] and from one of the most cruel of Elizabeth's persecutors, became at once the supplest of her instruments. His example was imitated by others in this list, who for the most part appeared duly impressed with the spirit of the constitutional maxim—"The crown takes away all defects."

Elizabeth acted much as Mary did at her accession; she forbade any one to preach without her licence, and ostensibly left the rites of religion as she found them, but she, for a time, wholly locked up the famous pulpit of political sermons, Saint Paul's Cross.[3]

Meantime, mass was daily celebrated in the chapel royal, and throughout the realm;[4] and the queen, though

[1] Stowe's Chronicle, black letter, folio 635.

[2] Naunton's Fragmentæ Regaliæ.

[3] This step, so important to her personal and regnal life, is left in the deepest obscurity by all but Stowe, who was, it ought to be remembered, persecuted by the privy council for his historical labours.

[4] Holinshed, first edition, vol. ii., 1785.

well known to be a Protestant, conformed outwardly to the ceremonial observances of the church of Rome.

It was desirable that the coronation of Elizabeth should take place speedily, in order that she might have the benefit of the oaths of allegiance, of that part of the aristocracy, who regarded oaths. But a great obstacle arose: there was no one to crown her. The archbishop of Canterbury was dead; Dr. Heath, the archbishop of York, positively refused to crown her as supreme head of the church; there were but five or six Catholic bishops surviving the pestilence, and they all obstinately refused to perform the ceremony, neither would they consecrate any bishops, who were of a different way of thinking.

Notwithstanding these signs and symptoms of approaching change, all ceremonies were preparing for celebrating the Christmas festival, according to the rites of the ancient church. It was on the morning of Christmas Day, that Elizabeth took the important step of personal secession from the mass. She appeared in her closet in great state, at the celebration of the morning service, surrounded by her ladies and officers. Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, was at the altar, preparing to officiate at high mass; but when the gospel was concluded, and every one expected that the queen would have made the usual offering, she rose abruptly, and with her whole retinue withdrew from the closet into her privy chamber, which was strange to divers. "God be blessed for all his gifts!" adds the narrator of this scene.[1] This withdrawal was to signify her disapprobation of the mass; yet she proceeded softly and gradually, till she ascertained the tone of the new parliament, which had not yet met. Had her conduct on Christmas morning excited general reprobation, instead of approbation, she could have laid her retreat, and that of her personal attendants, on her sudden indisposition. When she found this step was well received she took another, which was to issue a proclamation, ordering, that from the approaching new year's day, the litany should, with the epistle

[1] Ellis's Original Letters, vol. ii. p. 262, second series. Letter of Sir W. Fitzwilliam to Mr. More. The original is one of the Losely MSS.

and gospel, be said in English in her chapel, and in all churches.

Further alteration was not at this time effected, because it was determined, that Elizabeth should be crowned with the religious ceremonials of the Catholic church; but her mind was occupied with other thoughts than religion, relative to her coronation. She sent her favourite, Robert Dudley, to consult her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, to fix a lucky day for the ceremony.[1]

Such were the occupations of the great Elizabeth, in the first exercise of her regal power—now dictating the mode of worship in her dominions, now holding a consultation with a conjuror. Elizabeth has been praised for her superiority to the superstitions of her age. Her frequent visits, and close consultations with Dr. Dee, throughout the chief part of her life are in lamentable contradiction to such panegyric. He had, as already noticed,[2] been prosecuted for telling the fortunes of Elizabeth when princess, and casting the nativity of queen Mary, to the infinite indignation of that queen. He had, it seems, made a lucky guess as to the short duration of Mary's life; and, truly, it required no great powers of divination to do so. Such was the foundation of queen Elizabeth's faith in this disreputable quack; her confidential maid too, Blanche Parry (who was in all the secrets of her royal mistress, before and after her accession) was an avowed disciple of Dr. Dee, and his pupil in alchemy and astrology.[3]

The queen, her privy council, and Dr. Dee, having agreed that Sunday, the 15th of January, would be the most suitable day for her coronation, she likewise appointed the preceding day, Saturday the 14th, for her grand recognition-procession through the city of London. As this procession always commenced from the royal fortress of the Tower, the queen went thither in a state-barge on the 12th of January, from the palace of West-

[1] Godwin's Life of Dr. Dee. He has drawn his information from Dr Casaubon.

[2] Letter in the State Paper Office. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii. p. 479.

[3] Lodge's Illustrations.

minster, by water. The lord mayor, and his city companies met her on the Thames, "with their barges decked with banners of their crafts and mysteries." The lord mayor's own company—namely, the mercer's—had "a bachelor's barge and an attendant foist, with artillery shooting off lustily as they went, with great and pleasant melody of instruments, which played in a sweet and heavenly manner." Her majesty shot the bridge about two o'clock, at the still of the ebb, the lord mayor with the other barges following her; and she landed at the private stairs, on Tower wharf. The queen was occupied the next day by making knights of the Bath; she, likewise, created or restored five peers; among others she made her mother's nephew, sir Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon.

The recognition-procession through the city of London, was one of peculiar character, marked not by any striking difference of parade or ceremony, but by the constant drama acted between the new queen and the populace. The manner and precedence of the line of march much resembled that, previously described in the life of her sister, queen Mary. Elizabeth left the Tower about two in the afternoon, seated, royally attired, in a chariot covered with crimson velvet, which had a canopy borne over it by knights, one of whom was her illegitimate brother, sir John Perrot. "The queen," says George Ferrers, who was an officer in the procession,[1] "as she entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries, and tender words, and all signs, which argue an earnest love of subjects towards their sovereign; and the queen, by holding up her hands and glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those, that stood nigh to her grace, shewed herself no less thankful to receive the people's goodwill, than they to offer it. To all that wished her well, she gave thanks. To such as bade 'God save her grace,' she said, in return, 'God save you all!' and added, 'that she thanked them with all her heart.' Wonderfully transported were the people with the loving answers and

[1] He is the real author of this curious narrative printed in Holinshed.

gestures of their queen; the same she had displayed at her first progress from Hatfield. The city of London might, at that time, have been termed *a stage*, wherein was shown the spectacle of the noble-hearted queen's demeanour towards her most loving people, and the people's exceeding joy at beholding such a sovereign, and hearing so princely a voice. How many nosegays did her grace receive at poor women's hands! How often stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body approach to speak to her! A branch of rosemary given to her majesty, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Fleet-bridge, was seen in her chariot, when her grace came to Westminster, not without the wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the queen's gracious reception and keeping the same." An apt simile to the stage seems irresistibly to have taken possession of the brain of our worthy dramatist, George Ferrers, in the midst of this pretty description of his liege lady's performance. However, her majesty adapted her part well to her audience—a little coarsely in the matter of gesture, perhaps—as more casting up her eyes to Heaven, signing with her hands, and moulding of her features, are described, in the course of the narrative, than are exactly consistent, with the good taste of a gentlewoman in these days; nevertheless her spectators were not very far advanced in civilization, and she dexterously adapted her style of performance to their appreciation.

The pageants began in Fenchurch Street, where a "fair child," in costly apparel, was placed on a stage to welcome her majesty to the city. The last verse of his greeting shall serve as a specimen of the rest:

> "Welcome, O queen, as much as heart can think!
> Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell!
> Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink!
> God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!"

At the words of the last line the people gave a great shout, repeating, with one assent, what the child had said.[1] "And the queen's majesty thanked graciously both the city for her reception, and the people for confirming the same.

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1787.

Here was noted the perpetual attentiveness in the queen's countenance, while the child spake, and a marvellous change in her look, as the words touched either her or the people; so that her rejoicing visage declared that the words took their place in her mind." Thus Elizabeth, who steered her way so skilfully, till she attained the highest worldly prosperity, appreciated the full influence of the "mute angel of attention." It is evident she knew how to listen, as well as to speak.

At the upper end of Gracechurch Street, before the sign of the Eagle (perhaps the Spread Eagle), the city had erected a gorgeous arch, beneath which was a stage, which stretched from one side of the street to the other. This was an historical pageant, representing the queen's immediate progenitors. There sat Elizabeth of York, in the midst of an immense white rose, whose petals formed elaborate furbelows round her; by her side was Henry VII. issuing out of a vast red rose, disposed in the same manner; the hands of the royal pair were locked together, and the wedding ring ostentatiously displayed. From the red and white roses proceeded a stem, which reached up to a second stage, occupied by Henry VIII., issuing from a red and white rose; and, for the first time since her disgrace and execution, was the effigy of the queen's mother, Anne Boleyn, represented by his side. One branch sprang from this pair, which mounted to a third stage, where sat the effigy of Queen Elizabeth herself, enthroned in royal majesty; and the whole pageant was framed with wreaths of roses, red and white."[1]

By the time the queen had arrived before this quaint spectacle, her loving lieges had become so outrageously noisy in their glee, that there were all talkers and no hearers; not a word that the child said, who was appointed to explain the whole puppet-show, and repeat some verses, could be heard, and the queen was forced to command and entreat silence. Her chariot had passed so far forward that she could not well view the said kings and queens, but she ordered it to be backed, "yet scarcely could she see, because the child who spoke was placed too

[1] Holinshed, p. 1788.

much within." Besides, it is well known, Elizabeth was near-sighted as well as her sister.

As she entered Cornhill, one of the knights, who bore her canopy, observed that an ancient citizen turned away and wept. "Yonder is an alderman," he said to the queen, "which weepeth and averteth his face."

"I warrant it is for joy," replied the queen. "A gracious interpretation," adds the narrator, "which makes the best of the doubtful." In Cheapside she smiled, and being asked the reason, she replied, "Because I have just overheard one say in the crowd, 'I remember old king Harry the Eighth.'"

A scriptural pageant was placed on a stage, which spanned the entrance of Soper's Lane; it represented the eight beatitudes, prettily personified by beautiful children. One of these little performers addressed to the queen the following lines, which are a more favourable specimen than usual of pageant poetry:—

"Thou hast been eight times blest, oh queen of worthy fame!
By meekness of thy sprite, when care did thee beset,
By mourning in thy grief, by mildness in thy blame,
By hunger and by thirst, when right thou couldst not get.

"By mercy shewed, not proved, by pureness of thine heart,
By seeking peace alway, by persecution wrong,
Therefore trust thou in God, since he hath helpt thy smart,
That as his promise is, so he will make thee strong."

The people all responded to the wishes the little spokesman had uttered, whom the queen most gently thanked, for their loving goodwill.

Many other pageants were displayed at all the old stations in Cornhill and Chepe, with which our readers are tolerably familiar in preceding biographies. These must we pass by unheeded; so did not queen Elizabeth, who had some pertinent speech, or least some appropriate gesture, ready for each. Thus, when she encountered the governors and boys of Christ Church Hospital, all the time she was listening to a speech from one of the scholars, she sat with her eyes and hands cast up to Heaven, to the great edification of all beholders.[1]

Her reception of the grand allegory of Time and

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1776.

Truth, at the Little Conduit in Cheapside, was more natural and pleasing. She asked "Who an old man was who sat with his scythe and hour-glass?" She was told "Time." "Time!" she repeated, "and time has brought me here!"

In this pageant, she spied that Truth held a Bible in English, ready for presentation to her, and she bade sir John Perrot (the knight nearest to her, who held up her canopy) to step forward and receive it for her; but she was informed, that was not the regular manner of presentation, for it was to be let down into her chariot, by a silken string. She therefore told sir John Perrot to stay; and at the proper crisis, in some verses recited by Truth, the book descended, "and the queen received it in both her hands, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and thanked the city for this present, esteemed above all others. She promised to read it diligently, to the great comfort of the by-standers."

Throughout the whole of Cheapside, from every penthouse and window hung banners and streamers, and the richest carpets, stuffs, and cloth of gold tapestried the streets, specimens of the great wealth of the stores within, for Cheapside was the principal location of the mercers and silk-dealers in London. At the upper end of this splendid thoroughfare were collected the city authorities, in their gala dresses, headed by their recorder, master Ranulph Cholmely, who, in the name of the lord mayor and the city of London, begged her majesty's acceptance of a purse of crimson satin, containing a thousand marks in gold, and withal, beseeched her to continue good and gracious lady and queen to them.

The queen's majesty took the purse, "with both her hands," and readily answered,

"I thank my lord mayor, his brethren, and ye all. And whereas, master recorder, your request is, that I may continue your good lady and queen, be ye assured, that I will be as good unto ye as ever queen was to a people."

After pausing to behold a pageant of Deborah, who governed Israel in peace for forty years, she reached the Temple Bar, where Gog and Magog, and a concert of

sweet-voiced children, were ready to bid her farewell, in the name of the whole city. The last verse of the song of farewell gave a hint of the expected establishment of the Reformation:

> "Farewell, O worthy queen, and as our hope is sure,
> That into error's place thou wilt now truth restore,
> So trust we that thou wilt our sovereign queen endure,
> And loving lady stand from henceforth evermore."

Allusions to the establishment of truth and the extirpation of error, had been repeated in the previous parts of this song, and whenever they occurred Elizabeth held up her hands and eyes to heaven, and at the conclusion expressed her wish that all the people should respond, Amen!

As she passed through Temple Bar, she said, as a farewell to the populace—"Be ye well assured I will stand your good queen."

The acclamations of the people in reply exceeded the thundering of the ordnance, at that moment shot off from the Tower.

Thus ended this celebrated procession, which certainly gave the tone to Elizabeth's public demeanour, throughout the remainder of her life.

The queen's perplexity regarding the prelate, who was to crown her, must have continued till the last moment, because, had Dr. Oglethorpe, the bishop of Carlisle, been earlier prevailed on, to perform this ceremony, it is certain proper vestments could have been prepared for him, instead of borrowing them from Bonner, which was actually done on the spur of the moment. Dr. Oglethorpe was the officiating bishop at the royal chapel; he might therefore consider that he owed more obedience to the sovereign's command than the rest of the catholic prelates. The compromise appears to have been, that if Elizabeth took the ancient oath administered to her catholic predecessors, he would set the crown on her head. That she took such oath is universally agreed by historians.

She passed the night preceding her coronation at Whitehall, and early in the morning came in her barge, in procession by water, to the old palace at Westmin-

ster. She assumed the same robes in which she afterwards opened parliament—a mantle of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, with a cordon of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels of the same; a train and surcoat of the same velvet, the train and skirt furred with ermine; a cap of maintenance, striped with passaments of gold lace, and a tassel of gold to the same. This was by no means in accordance with the jewelled circlets usually worn by queens of England, whether consort or regnant, preparatory to their coronation. There is every reason to believe, from the utter exhaustion of the treasury, that the coronation of Elizabeth was in many instances abbreviated of its usual splendour. But one very scarce and imperfect detail exists of it;[1] for it could not have given pleasure to any party—the protestants must have been ashamed of the oath she took, and the catholics enraged at her breaking it. Her procession from Westminster Hall was met by the one bishop, Oglethorpe. He wore his mitre and the borrowed vestments of Bonner. Three crosses were borne before him, and he walked at the head of the singers of the queen's chapel, who sang as they went, *Salve festa dies.* The path for the queen's procession was railed in and spread with blue cloth. The queen was conducted, with the usual ceremonies, to a chair of state at the high altar. She was then led by two noblemen to the platform for recognition, and presented by bishop Oglethorpe as queen, trumpets blowing between every proclamation. When she presented herself before the high altar, she knelt before Oglethorpe, and kissed the cover (*veil*) of the paten and chalice, and made an offering in money. She returned to her chair while bishop Oglethorpe preached the sermon and "bade the beads," a service somewhat similar to our Litany, and the queen, kneeling, said the Lord's Prayer. Then, being reseated, the bishop administered the coronation oath. The precise words of it are omitted, but it has been asserted that it was the same exacted from James I. and the Stuart

[1] The original MS. is in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford. Mr. Nicholls has printed it verbatim in his Progresses of Elizabeth, vol. i. p. 30. And Mr. Planché has made a pleasant narrative from it, in his Regal Records.

kings of England, who were required to take a similar oath—viz., to keep the church in the same state as did king Edward the Confessor.[1] Some important points of difference certainly existed between the discipline of the Anglo-Saxon church of the eleventh century and the Roman-catholic of the sixteenth century; what they were it is the place of theologians to discuss. But it is our duty to our subject to suggest, as her defence from the horrid appearance of wilful perjury, that it is possible she meant at that time to model the reformed church she projected, and for which she challenged the appellation of catholic as near as possible to the Anglo-Saxon church.

When bishop Oglethorpe was kneeling before the altar, the queen gave a little book to a lord to deliver to him; the bishop refused to receive it, and read in other books; but immediately afterwards the bishop took the queen's book, "and read it before her grace." It is supposed, that the queen sent, with her little book, a request that Oglethorpe would read the gospel and epistle in English, which was done, and it constituted the sole difference between the former catholic coronations and that of Elizabeth. Then the bishop sang[2] * * * * * the mass from a missal, which had been carried in procession before the queen. A carpet was spread before the high altar, and cushions of gold cloth placed upon it, and then secretary Cecil delivered a book to the bishop, *another bishop*[3] standing at the left of the altar.

The queen now approached the altar, and leaned upon cushions, while her attendants spread a silken cloth over her, and the bishop anointed her.[4] It seems she was displeased at this part of the ceremony, for when it was finished, and she retired behind her traverse, to change

[1] Taylor's Glories of Regality, where the coronation oaths of the English sovereigns are printed from authentic documents.

[2] Here is an hiatus in the MS.

[3] Here is a discrepancy with historical documents, which deny that any of the catholic bishops (and there were no other in the kingdom) would assist in the ceremony.

[4] Change of apparel was noted before, but it could only have been putting on the coif and the preparation for anointing.

her dress, she observed to her maids, "that the oil was grease and smelled ill."[1]

When she re-appeared before the public in the Abbey, she wore a train and mantle of cloth of gold furred with ermine. Then a sword with a girdle was put upon her, the belt going over one shoulder and under the other, two *garters* were put on her arms—these were the armilla, or armlets, and were not connected with the order of the Garter. Then the bishop put the crown upon her head, and delivered the sceptre into her hand. She was then crowned with another crown,—probably the crown of Ireland—the trumpets again sounding. The queen then offered the sword, laying it on the altar, and knelt with the sceptre and cross in her hand, while the bishop read from a book.

The queen then returned to her chair of state, the bishop put his hands into the queen's hands, and repeated certain words. This was the homage, the whole account being evidently given by an eye witness, not previously acquainted with the ceremony. He asserts that the lords did homage to the queen, kneeling and kissing her. He adds, "then the rest of the bishops did homage," but this must be a mistake, because they would have preceded the nobles.

Then the bishop began the mass, the epistle being read, first in Latin and then in English, the gospel the same—the book being sent to the queen, who kissed the gospel. She then went to the altar to make her second offering, three unsheathed swords being borne before her, and one in the scabbard. The queen kneeling, put money in the basin, and kissed the chalice; and then and there, certain words were read to her grace. She retired to her seat again during the consecration and kissed the pax.[2] She likewise received the eucharist, but did not receive from the cup.[3] When

[1] Bishop Goodman, Court of James I.

[2] The pax is a piece of board having the image of Christ upon the cross on it, which the people, before the Reformation, used to kiss after the service was ended, that ceremony being considered as the kiss of peace. The word has been often confounded with *pix*.—(*Johnson's Dictionary.*)

[3] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii. p. 256.

mass was done, she retired behind the high altar, and as usual, offered her crown, robes, and regalia, in St. Edward's chapel, coming forth again with the state crown on her head, and robed in violet velvet and ermine, and so proceeded to the banquet in Westminster hall.

The champion of England, Sir Edward Dymock, performed his official duty, by riding into the hall, in fair, complete armour, upon a beautiful courser richly trapped with gold cloth. He cast down his gauntlet in the midst of the hall, as the queen sat at dinner, with offer to fight him, in the queen's rightful quarrel, who should deny her to be the lawful queen of this realm.

The proclamation of the heralds on this occasion is an historical and literary curiosity. The right, the champion offered to defend, was, according to the proclamation of Mr. Garter King-at-arms, that "of the most high and mighty princess, our dread sovereign, lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, Ireland, *Defender of the true, ancient, and catholic faith, most worthy empress from the Orcade Isles to the Mountains Pyrenée.* A largess, a largess, a largess." [1]

Thus, the title of supreme head of the church, was *not* then publicly challenged by Elizabeth,[2] yet it might appear implied, in the addition to her regal style, so strangely brought in, after the phrase, "Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith"—as if *she* were empress of the faith of those, who renounced the papal domination, from the north of Scotland to the reformers in the south of France. For what but to mystify the listening ear, with some such idea, could such a phrase be in-

[1] This curious addition to the scanty records of Elizabeth's coronation, is owing to the research of Mr. Planché. See his Regal Records, p. 47, where it is printed from Harl. MS., No. 1386.

[2] Bishop Jewel, in a private letter to Bullinger, dated 1559, observes that "Queen Elizabeth had refused to be styled Head of the church, as it was a title that could not be justly given to any mortal." Perhaps this herald's proclamation gave rise to this notion of Jewel, who arrived in London, from banishment at Geneva, the very day of Elizabeth's coronation. Some tortuous expression of this queen must have deceived Jewel into his idea; her proceedings in the private recesses of her council told a different tale, but there was much feeling of the public pulse, before she openly took the title. But this is one of the dark passages in history. See much discussion on this subject in the Zurich letters.

terpolated in such a ceremony? For if she meant to challenge the old claim of Bretwalda over Scotland, why was it not added to her temporal titles? besides, by claiming the whole kingdom of France, in the preceding sentence, she had previously asserted her empire over that country to the Pyrenees.

Labour dire and weary woe is the struggle for those to appear consistent, who are wilfully acting a double part; it is withal useless. Elizabeth, far-famed as she was for courage, personal and mental—and both have, perhaps, been over-rated—had not at this juncture the moral intrepidity to assert, what she had already assumed and acted on in private.

One of the earliest regnal acts of Elizabeth, was to send friendly and confidential assurances to the kings of Denmark and Sweden, and all the protestant princes of Germany, of her attachment to the reformed faith and her wish to cement a bond of union between all its professors.[1] At the same time, with a view of keeping fair with the catholic powers of Europe, and obtaining a recognition, that would ensure the obedience of her own subjects of that persuasion, she directed Carne, her late sister's resident minister at the court of Rome, to announce her accession to Pope Paul IV., and to assure him, that it was not her intention to offer violence to the consciences of any denomination of her subjects, on the score of religion.[2]

The aged pontiff, incensed at the "new doctrine of liberty of conscience" implied in this declaration, and regarding with hostile feelings the offspring of a marriage, which had involved the overthrow of the papal power in England, replied "that he was unable to comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in wedlock, that the queen of Scots claimed the crown, as the nearest legitimate descendant of Henry VII., but that if Elizabeth were willing to submit the controversy to his arbitration, every indulgence should be shewn to her which justice would permit."[3] Elizabeth immediately recalled her minister.

[1] Camden. [2] Fra. Paolo. Lingard. Pallavicino.

[3] Paolo Sarpis's Hist. Council of Trent. Pallavicino. Lingard. Sir James Macintosh. My learned and deeply lamented friend, the late Mr.

The pope forbade his return, under peril of excommunication; and Carne, though he talked largely of his loyalty to his royal mistress, remained at Rome till his death. The bull issued by this haughty pontiff, on the 12th of January, 1558-9, declaring heretical sovereigns incapable of reigning, though Elizabeth's name was not mentioned therein, was supposed to be peculiarly aimed at her; yet it did not deprive her of the allegiance of her catholic peers, all of whom paid their liege homage to her, as their undoubted sovereign, at her coronation.

The new sovereign received the flattering submissions of her late persecutors, with a graciousness of demeanour, which proved that the queen had the magnanimity to forgive the injuries, and even the insults, that had been offered to the princess Elizabeth.

One solitary instance is recorded, in which she used an uncourteous expression to a person, who had formerly treated her with disrespect, and now sought her pardon. A member of the late queen's household, conscious that he had offered many petty affronts to Elizabeth, when she was under the cloud of her sister's displeasure, came in a great fright to throw himself at her feet, on her first triumphant assumption of the regal office, and, in the most abject language, besought her not to punish him for his impertinences to her when princess. "Fear not," replied the queen; "we are of the nature of the lion, and cannot descend to the destruction of mice and such small beasts!"

Howard of Corby, has, in his Supplement to the 13th Appendix of the Howard Memorials, thrown great doubts on the accuracy of this statement, because it has not been mentioned by contemporary historians; neither (which is more important) are there the slightest traces of it in Sir Edward Carne's letters to Elizabeth, at that period, or any other document in the State Paper Office. That such a communication should, however, have been made by Elizabeth, agrees with the temporizing policy of herself and cabinet, and the reply is equally characteristic of the proud Caraffa pontiff, as the head of a church which could not, consistently with its immutable principles, admit the validity of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne Boleyn. I am therefore disposed to adopt the generally-received opinion, on the authority of the historian of the council of Trent, which has been followed by two acute historians of our own times—Dr. Lingard and sir James Macintosh, who are frequently opposed on other points.

To Sir Henry Bedingfeld she archly observed, when he came to pay his duty to her at her first court—"Whenever I have a prisoner who requires to be safely and straitly kept, I shall send him to you." She was wont to tease him by calling him her jailor, when in her mirthful mood, but always treated him as a friend, and honoured him, subsequently, with a visit at his stately mansion, Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

Elizabeth strengthened her interest in the upper house, by adding and restoring five protestant statesmen to the peerage. Henry Carey, her mother's nephew, she created lord Hunsdon; the lord Thomas Howard, brother to the duke of Norfolk, she made viscount Bindon; Oliver St. John, also a connexion of the Boleyn's, baron of Bletsoe. She restored the brother of Katharine Parr, William, marquis of Northampton, to the honours he had forfeited in the late reign, by espousing the cause of lady Jane Gray; and also, the son of the late protector, Somerset, Edward Seymour, to the title of earl of Hertford.

The morning after her coronation, she went to her chapel, it being the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a sovereign—perhaps there was some forgotten religious ceremony connected with this act of grace. In her great chamber one of her courtiers presented her with a petition, and before the whole court, in a loud voice implored "that four or five more prisoners might be released!" On inquiry, he declared them to be "the four evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were, in prison, so that they could not converse with the common people."

Elizabeth answered very gravely—"It is best first to inquire of them, whether they approve of being released or not."[1]

The inquiry was soon after made in the convocation appointed by parliament, the result of which was, that the apostles *did* approve of their translation. A translation of the Scriptures was immediately published by

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

authority, which, after several revisions, became, in the succeeding reign, the basis of our present version.

The religious revolution, effected by Elizabeth was very gently and gradually brought to pass. "The queen," writes Jewel to Peter Martyr, "though she openly favours our cause, is wonderfully afraid of allowing any innovations. This is owing partly to her own friends, by whose advice everything is carried on, and partly to the influence of count Feria, a Spaniard, and Philip's ambassador. She is, however, prudently, piously, and firmly following up her purpose, though somewhat more slowly than we could wish."[1] * * * "The queen," continues Jewel, "regards you most highly; she made so much of your letter, that she read it over a second and third time, with the greatest eagerness. I doubt not but that your book, when it arrives, will be even more acceptable."[2]

Her charge to her judges, given about the same time, is noble in the simplicity of its language. It may be noticed, that when Elizabeth used perspicuous phraseology, in speaking or writing, she was usually sincere.

"Have a care over my people. You have my people—do you that, which I ought to do. They are *my* people. Every man oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They cannot revenge their quarrel, nor help themselves. See unto them—see unto them, for they are my charge. I charge you, even as God hath charged me. I care not for myself; my life is not dear to me. My care is for my people. I pray God, whoever succeedeth me, be as careful as I am. They who know what cares I bear, would not think I took any great joy in wearing a crown."

"These ears," added Dr. Jewel, "heard her majesty speak these words."[3]

The queen rode, in her parliamentary robes, on the 25th of January, with all her peers, *spiritual* and tem-

[1] Zurich Letters. [2] Ibid.

[3] Strype's Annals, vol. i. part 2, p. 308. Jewel, a learned protestant divine, had been in exile, and returned, on the death of Mary, to the convocation held for settling the church of England, of which Elizabeth soon after made him a bishop.

poral, in their robes, to Westminster Abbey, where she attended a somewhat incongruous religious service. High mass was celebrated at the altar[1] before queen, lords, and commons: the sermon was preached by Dr. Cox, Edward VI.'s Calvinistic schoolmaster, who had returned from Geneva for the purpose. The queen's supremacy was debated in this parliament. Dr. Heath, the lord chancellor, who took his seat with the rest of the catholic bishops, spoke against this measure. Finally, the oath of the queen's supremacy, as confirmed by parliament, being tendered to Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York, and the rest of the catholic bishops, all refused it but Landaff; they were deprived of their sees, with which the most illustrious of the protestant divines were endowed.[2]

The learned Dr. Parker, the friend of Anne Boleyn, was appointed by the queen, archbishop of Canterbury. He had been an exile for conscience' sake in the reign of queen Mary; under his auspices the church of England was established, by authority of this session of parliament, nearly in its present state; the common prayer and articles of Edward VI.'s church being restored, with some important modifications; the translation of the scriptures in English was likewise restored to the people. Before the house of commons was dissolved, sir Thomas Gargrave, their speaker, craved leave to bring up a petition to her majesty, of vital importance to the realm; it was to entreat that she would marry, that the country might have her royal issue to reign over them. Elizabeth received the address[3] presented by the speaker,

[1] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii. p. 257.

[2] Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1802. Thirteen catholic bishops were the non-jurors expelled their sees. Oglethorpe of Carlisle, who died soon after broken-hearted for having crowned the queen, was among them. (Macintosh. vol. iii. p. 14.)

[3] We learn from Mr. Palgrave's Essay on the King's Council (commonly called privy council), "that the House of Commons used to sit in the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, before the well-remembered chapel of St. Stephen was desecrated for their accommodation. The stately chamber in the Chapter House is still entire—a monument of the grandeur of ecclesiastical architecture.

knights, and burgesses of the lower house, seated in state in her great gallery at Whitehall palace.

She paused a short space after listening to the request of the commons, and then made a long oration in reply; which George Ferrers, who was present, recorded as near as he could bring it away.[1] But whether the fault rests with the royal oratress or the reporter, this task was not very perspicuously achieved. In the course of her speech, she alluded very mysteriously, to her troubles in the former reign.

"From my years of understanding," she said, "knowing myself a servitor of Almighty God, I chose this kind of life, in which I do yet live, as a life most acceptable to him, wherein I thought I could best serve him. From which my choice, if ambition of high estate offered me in marriage, the displeasure of the prince, the eschewing the danger of mine enemies, or the avoiding the peril of death, (whose messenger the princess' indignation was, continually present before mine eyes,) by whose means, if I knew, or do justly suspect, I will not now utter them; or if the whole cause were my sister herself,[2] I will not now charge the dead. Could all have drawn or dissuaded me, I had not now remained in this virgin's estate wherein you see me. But so constant have I always continued in this my determination, that though my words and youth may seem hardly to agree together, yet, it is true, that to this day, I stand free from any other meaning."

Towards the conclusion of her speech, she made an observation, which, some years later, would have seemed to imply, the future advantage of the whole island being united, by the succession of the heirs of Stuart to the English throne, yet, as Mary of Scotland was then dauphiness of France, and childless, nothing of the kind could have been in the thoughts of Elizabeth.

"And albeit, it doth please Almighty God, to continue me still in the mind to live out of the state of marriage, it is not to be feared but he will so work in my heart and in your wisdoms, that as good provision may be made in convenient time, whereby the realm shall not remain destitute of an heir, that may be a fit governor, and, peradventure, more beneficial to the realm, than such offspring as may come of me. For though I be never so careful for your well doings, yet may mine issue grow out of kind and become ungracious."

[1] Grafton's Chronicle, and Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1777.

[2] It is difficult to define, whether by the three persons named in this involved sentence the *prince*, the *princess, and her sister*, Elizabeth means to designate only the late queen Mary, or to include Philip in the blame.

She then drew from her finger her coronation ring,[1] and, shewing it to the commons, told them that—

"When she received that ring, she had solemnly bound herself in marriage to the realm; and that it would be quite sufficient for the memorial of her name and for her glory, if, when she died, an inscription were engraved on a marble tomb, saying, 'Here lieth Elizabeth, *which* reigned a virgin, and died a virgin.'"

In conclusion, she dismissed the deputation with these words:—

"I take your coming to me in good part, and give to you eftsoons my hearty thanks, yet more for your good will and good meaning than for your message."

Elizabeth, when she made this declaration, was in the flower of her age, having completed her twenty-fifth year in the preceding September, and according to the description given of her, at the period of her accession to the throne, by sir Robert Naunton, she must have been possessed of no ordinary personal attractions.

"She was of person tall, of hair and complexion fair, and there withal well favoured, but high nosed; of limb and feature neat, and, which added to the lustre of these external graces, of a stately and majestic comportment, participating more of her father than of her mother, who was of an inferior allay—plausible, or, as the French have it, *debonnair* and affable—which, descending as hereditary to the daughter, did render her of a more sweet temper, and endeared her to the love of the people."

She had already refused the proffered hand of her sister's widower, Philip II. of Spain, who had pressed his suit with earnestness, amounting to importunity, animated by the desire of regaining, with another regal English bride, a counterbalance to the allied powers of France and Scotland. It has also been asserted, that the Spanish monarch had conceived a passion for Elizabeth during the life of her sister, which rendered his suit more lively; and assuredly he must have commenced his overtures before his deceased consort's obsequies were celebrated, in his eagerness to gain the start of other

[1] This was a repetition, with variation, of the same action which queen Mary had previously practised. See Renaud's Despatches.

candidates. Elizabeth always attributed his political hostility to his personal pique at her declining to become his wife.[1]

According to Camden, Philip addressed many eloquent letters to Elizabeth during his short but eager courtship, and she took infinite pleasure and pride in publishing them among her courtiers. Philip endeavoured also to overcome the scruples of his royal sister-in-law, whom, on that occasion, he certainly treated as a member of the church of Rome, by assuring her "that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a dispensation from the pope for their marriage." Elizabeth felt, however, that it would be a marriage even more objectionable than that of her father, Henry VIII., with Katharine of Arragon; and that for her to become a party in matrimony, contracted under such circumstances, would at once, by virtually invalidating her own legitimacy, declare Mary queen of Scots the rightful heiress of the late queen, her sister, in the succession to the throne of England; and Elizabeth had no inclination to risk the contingency of exchanging the regal garland of Plantagenet and Tudor, for the crown matrimonial of Spain. Yet she had a difficult and a delicate game to play, for the friendship of Spain appeared to be her only bulwark against the combined forces of France and Scotland. She had succeeded to an empty exchequer, a realm dispirited by the loss of Calais, burdened with debt, embarrassed with a base coinage, and a starving population ready to break into a civil war, under the pretext of deciding the strength of rival creeds by the sword. Moreover, her title to the throne had been already impugned, by the king of France compelling his youthful daughter-*in*-law, the queen of Scots, then in her sixteenth year, and entirely under his control, to assume the arms and regal style of England. "On the 16th of January, 1559, the dauphin of France and the queen of Scotland, his wife, did, by the style and title of king and queen of England and Ireland, grant to lord Fleming certain things," notes sir William Cecil in his diary. A brief

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

and quiet entry of a debt incurred in the name of an irresponsible child, which was hereafter to be paid with heavy interest in tears and blood, by that ill-fated princess, whose name had, in the brief season of her morning splendour, filled the hearts of Elizabeth and her council with alarm.

If Elizabeth had shared the feminine propensity of leaning on others for succour, in the time of danger, she would probably have accepted inglorious protection, with the nuptial ring of Philip, but she partook not of the nature of the ivy, but the oak, being formed and fitted to stand alone, and she met the crisis bravely. She was new to the cares of empire, but the study of history had given her experience and knowledge in the regnal science, beyond what can be acquired, during years of personal attempts at governing, by monarchs, who have wasted their youthful energies in the pursuit of pleasure or mere finger-end accomplishments. The chart by which she steered was marked with the rocks, the quicksands, and the shoals on which the barks of other princes had been wrecked; and she knew that, of all the false beacons, that had allured the feeble minded to disgrace and ruin, the expedient of calling in foreign aid, in seasons of national distress, was the most fatal. She knew the English character, and she had seen the evils and discontents, that had sprung from her sister's Spanish marriage, and in her own case, these would have been aggravated by the invalidation of her title to the throne. She therefore firmly, but courteously, declined the proposal, under the plea of scruples of conscience, which were to her insuperable. This refusal preceded her coronation, for the Spanish ambassador, count Feria, in consequence of the slight which he conceived had been put upon his master, by the maiden monarch declining the third reversion of his hand, feigned sickness as an excuse for not assisting at that ceremonial.

The next month, Philip pledged himself to the beautiful Elizabeth of France, a perilous alliance for Elizabeth of England; it rendered Philip of Spain and the

husband of Mary queen of Scots, the formidable rival of her title, brothers-in-law.

Elizabeth's first care was to procure an act, for the recognition and declaring of her own title, from her parliament, which was unanimously passed, and without any allusion to her mother's marriage, or the stigma, that had previously been put on her own birth. The statute declares her to be "rightly, lineally, and lawfully descended from the blood royal," and pronounces "all sentences and acts of parliament derogatory to this declaration to be void." The latter clause is tantamount to a repeal of all those dishonouring statutes, which had passed in the reign of Henry VIII. against her mother and herself; and, in addition, an act was passed, which, without reversing the attainder of Anne Boleyn, rendered Elizabeth inheritable to her mother, and to all her maternal ancestors.[1] This was a prudential care for securing, malgré all the chances and changes that might befal the crown, a share in the wealth of the citizen-family of Boleyn, implying, at the same time, that she was the lawful representative of the elder co-heiress of that house, and, of course, born in lawful wedlock; but in a nobler spirit would it have been, to have used the same influence, for the vindication of her mother's honour, by causing the statutes which infamed her to be swept from the records. The want of moral courage on the part of Elizabeth, in leaving this duty unperformed, was injurious to her own royal dignity, and has been always regarded as a tacit admission of Anne Boleyn's guilt. Many writers have argued that it was a point of wisdom in Elizabeth, not to hazard calling attention to the validity of her father's marriage with Anne Boleyn, or the charges against that unfortunate queen; but inasmuch as it was impossible to prevent those subjects from continuing, as they always had been, points of acrimonious discussion, her cautious evasions of questions so closely touching her own honour gave rise to the very evils she was anxious to avoid; and we find that a gentleman named Labourne was executed at Preston, who died

[1] Journals of Parliament.

saying, "Elizabeth was no queen of England, but only Elizabeth Bullen, and that Mary of Scotland was rightful sovereign."[1]

Notwithstanding the danger of her position, from the probable coalition of the powers of Catholic Europe against her, Elizabeth stood undaunted, and, though aware of the difficulty of maintaining a war, with such resources as she possessed, she assumed as high a tone, for the honour of England, as the mightiest of her predecessors, during the conferences at Chateau Cambresis, for the arrangement of a general treaty of pacification, and, declining the offered mediation of Philip II., she chose to treat alone. She demanded the restoration of Calais, as the prominent article, and that in so bold and persevering a manner, that it was guaranteed to her, at the expiration of eight years, by the king of France, under a penalty of 500,000 crowns.[2] With a view to the satisfaction of her subjects, she caused lord Wentworth, the last lord deputy of Calais, and others of the late commanders there, to be arraigned, for the loss of a place more dear, than profitable to England, and also to shew how firmly the reins of empire could be grasped, in the hand of a maiden monarch. Wentworth was acquitted by his peers, the others were found guilty and condemned, but the sentence was never carried into execution.

During the whole of Lent, the queen had kept the fast, heard sermons regularly, and apparelled herself in black; but the happy restoration of peace caused the Easter festival to be observed with unusual rejoicings. On St. George's day, the queen went about the hall, and all the knights of the garter, singing in procession. The same day, in the afternoon, were four knights elected—viz., the duke of Norfolk, the marquis of Northampton, the earl of Rutland, and the lord Robert Dudley, master of the queen's horse. The following lines, from a contemporary poet, may not be displeasing to the reader:—

"I saw a virgin queen, attired in white,
Leading with her a sort of goodly knights,

[1] Letter in Strype's Annals, printed by Barker, queen's printer.
[2] Camden. Hayward.

With garters and with collars of St. George;
Elizabeth, on a compartiment
Of bice, in gold, was writ,[1] and hung askew
Upon her head, under a royal crown.
She was the sovereign of the knights she led.
Her face methought I knew, as if the same,
The same great empress that we now enjoy,
Had climbed the clouds, and been in person there,
To whom the earth, the sea, and elements
Auspicious are."[2]

When Elizabeth came to the throne, she found herself in a novel position as regarded the order of the garter, for her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, had, in consequence of his marriage with her late sister, queen Mary, been constituted, by the authority of parliament, joint sovereign of the order with his royal consort. Elizabeth having no wish to hold any dignity in partnership with him, yet desiring to do all things with proper courtesy, caused his banner to be removed to the second stall on the prince's side, intimating that he continued a knight companion of the order, though he had, by the death of the queen his wife, lost the joint sovereignty. Philip, however, returned the garter by the hands of the queen's ambassador, lord Montague, who had been sent to negotiate a peace; but Elizabeth did not accept his resignation, and he continued a companion of the order till his death, notwithstanding the hostile character of his subsequent proceedings towards England.[3]

Elizabeth's first chapter of the order was certainly held in St. George's hall at Greenwich, for we find, that the same afternoon she went to Baynard's castle, the earl of Pembroke's place, and supped with him; and after supper she took boat, and was rowed up and down on the river Thames, hundreds of boats and barges rowing about her, and thousands of people thronging the banks of the river to look upon her majesty, rejoicing to see her, and partaking of the music and sights on the Thames.

[1] i. e., the name "Elizabeth" was written, or illuminated in bice, (a green colour,) on a gold label, or fillet.

[2] George Peele's Poem on the Honour of the Garter, printed in the year 1593. Quoted by sir Harris Nicolas, in his splendid work, the Order of the Garter.

[3] History of the Order of the Garter, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. i. pp. 184, 188, 189.

It seems there was an aquatic festival, in honour of the welcome appearance of their new and comely liege lady on the river, for the trumpets blew, drums beat, flutes played, guns were discharged, and fireworks played off, as she moved from place to place. This continued till ten o'clock at night, when the queen departed home.[1]

By thus shewing herself so freely and condescendingly to her people, she made herself dear and acceptable unto them. Well, indeed, had nature qualified Elizabeth to play her part, with *eclat*, in the imposing drama of royalty, by the endowments of wit, eloquence, penetration, and self-possession, joined to the advantages of commanding features and a majestic presence. She had, from childhood upwards, studied the art of courting popularity, and perfectly understood how to please the great body of the people. The honest-hearted mechanical classes, won by the frank manner, in which she dispensed the cheap, but dearly-prized favours of gracious words and smiles, regarded her with feelings approaching to idolatry; and as for the younger nobles and gentlemen of England, who attended her court, they were, almost to a man, eager for the opportunity of risking their lives in her service; and she knew how to improve the love and loyalty of all ranks of her subjects, to the advancement of her power and the defence of her realm.

The pecuniary aids granted by her first parliament to queen Elizabeth, though only proportioned to the extreme necessity of the crown, at that period, were enormous, for, besides the tenths, first fruits, and impropriations of church property, which had been declined by Mary, and the grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they voted a subsidy of two and eightpence in the pound on all movable goods, and four shillings on land, to be paid in two several payments.[2] How such a property tax was ever gathered, after a year of famine and pestilence, must indeed appear a marvel to those, who witness the irritation and inconvenience caused to the needy portion of the middle classes, by the infliction of a comparatively trivial impost at present. It is always easy to convince

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] By statute 1st Eliz. cap. 21.

the wealthy, of the expediency of sacrificing a part to save the whole; therefore, Elizabeth and her acute premier, Cecil, laid a heavier burden on the lords of the soil, and those, who derived their living from ecclesiastical property, than on those, whose possessions were limited to personals, which, at that time were chiefly the mercantile and mechanical classes.

The destitution of the crown having been thus relieved, a series of pageants and festivities were wisely ordained by the queen, as a sure means of diverting the attention of the good people of London and its neighbourhood, from past troubles and present changes. Stowe gives a quaint account of her majesty coming, in great state, to St. Mary's, Spital, to hear a sermon delivered from the cross, on which occasion she was attended, by one thousand men in harness, with shirts of mail, pikes, and field-pieces, with drums and trumpets sounding. The procession was closed by morris-dancers and two white bears in a cart. These luckless animals were, of course, to furnish a cruel pageant for the recreation of the queen and her loving citizens, after the sermon was ended.

In a letter of the 14th of April, that eminent reformer, Jewel, laments, that the queen continued the celebration of mass in her private chapel. It was not till the 12th of May, that the service was changed, and the use of Latin discontinued. "The queen," observes Jewel, "declines being styled the head of the church, at which I certainly am not much displeased." Elizabeth assumed the title of governess of the church, but she finally asserted her supremacy, in a scarcely less authoritative manner than her father had done, and many Catholics were put to death for denying it.

Touching the suitors for Elizabeth's hand, Jewel tells his Zurich correspondent "that nothing is yet talked about the queen's marriage, yet there are now courting her the king of Sweden, the Saxon (son of John Frederic, duke of Saxony), and Charles, the son of the emperor Ferdinand, to say nothing of the Englishman, sir William Pickering. I know, however, what I should prefer; but matters of this kind, as you are aware, are rather

mysterious, and we have a common proverb, that marriages are made in heaven." In another letter, dated May 22, 1559, he says, "that public opinion inclines towards sir William Pickering, a wise and religious man, and highly gifted as to personal qualities."

Jewel is the first person, who mentions Pickering among the aspirants for the hand of queen Elizabeth. He had been employed on diplomatic missions to Germany and France, with some credit to himself, and the queen bestowed so many marks of attention upon him, that the Spanish ambassador, as well as our good bishop and others, fancied that he had as fair a chance of success, as the sons of reigning princes. He is also mentioned by Camden "as a gentleman of moderate fortune, but comely person." It is possible that Pickering had performed some secret service for Elizabeth, in the season of her distress, which entitled him to the delusive honour of her smiles, as there is undoubtedly some mystery in the circumstance of a man, scarcely of equestrian rank, encouraging hopes so much above his condition. Be this as it may, he quickly vanished from the scene, and was forgotten.

On the 23rd of May, a splendid embassy from France, headed by the duke de Montmorenci, arrived, for the purpose of receiving the queen's ratification of the treaty of Cambresis. They landed at the Tower wharf, and were conducted to the bishop of London's palace, where they were lodged. On the following day, they were brought in great state by a deputation of the principal nobles of the court, through Fleet-street, to a supper-banquet with the queen, at her palace at Westminster, where they were entertained with sumptuous cheer and music till after midnight. On the following day they came gorgeously apparelled to dine with her majesty, and were recreated afterwards, with the baiting of bears and bulls. The queen's grace herself and the ambassadors stood in the gallery, looking on the pastime, till six in the evening. On the 26th, another bull and bear baiting was provided, for the amusement of the noble envoys at Paris garden, and on the 28th, when they de-

parted, they were presented with many mastiffs, for the nobler purpose of hunting their wolves.[1]

On the 11th of June, at eight o'clock at night, the queen and her court embarked in their barges at Whitehall, and took their pleasure on the river, by rowing along the bank, and crossing over to the other side, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, and so to Whitehall again. The Londoners were so lovingly disposed to their maiden sovereign, that when she withdrew to her summer bowers at Greenwich, they were fain to devise all sorts of gallant shows, to furnish excuses for following her there, to enjoy, from time to time, the sunshine of her presence. They prepared a sort of civic tournament in honour of her majesty, July 2nd, each company supplying a certain number of men at arms, 1400 in all, all clad in velvet and chains of gold, with guns, morris pikes, halberds, and flags, and so marched they over London Bridge, into the duke of Suffolk's park at Southwark, where they mustered before the lord mayor; and in order to initiate themselves into the hardships of a campaign, they lay abroad in St. George's Fields all that night. The next morning they set forward in goodly array, and entered Greenwich Park at an early hour, where they reposed themselves till eight o'clock, and then marched down into the lawn, and mustered in their arms, all the gunners being in shirts of mail. It was not, however, till eventide that her majesty deigned to make herself visible to the doughty bands of Cockaine—chivalry they cannot properly be called, for they had discreetly avoided exposing civic horsemanship to the mockery of the gallant equestrians of the court, and trusted no other legs than their own, with the weight of their valour and warlike accoutrements, in addition to their velvet gaberdines and chains of gold, in which this midsummer bevy had bivouacked in St. George's Fields on the preceding night. At five o'clock, the queen came into the gallery of Greenwich park gate, with the ambassadors, lords, and ladies—a fair and numerous company. Then the lord marquis of North-

[1] Strype and Nichols.

ampton (queen Katharine Parr's brother whom, like Edward VI., Elizabeth ever treated as an uncle,) her great uncle, lord William Howard, lord admiral of England, and the lord Robert Dudley, her master of the horse, undertook to review the city muster, and to set their two battles in array, to skirmish before the queen, with flourish of trumpets, alarum of drums, and melody of flutes, to encourage the counter champions to the fray. Three onsets were given, the guns discharged on one another, the Moorish pikes encountered together with great alarm, each ran to his weapon again, and then they fell together as fast as they could, in imitation of close fight, while the queen and her ladies looked on. After all this, Mr. Chamberlain, and divers of the commoners of the city, and the wifflers, came before her grace, who thanked them heartily, and all the city; whereupon was given the greatest shout ever heard, with hurling up of caps, and the queen shewed herself very merry. After this was a *running* at tilt; and, lastly, all departed home to London.

As numerous, if not as valiantly disposed a company, poured down from the metropolis to Woolwich on the morrow; for on that day, July 3rd, the queen went in state to witness the launch of a fine new ship of war, which, in honour of her, was called "The Elizabeth."

The gallantry of the city muster inspired the gentlemen of the court with loyal emulation, and they determined to tilt on foot, with spears before the queen, also, in Greenwich Park. The challengers were three, the earl of Ormond, sir John Perrot, and Mr. North, and there were defendants of equal prowess with lances and swords. The whole of the queen's band of pensioners were, however, to run with spears, and preparations were made for a royal and military fête champêtre, such as might be imitated, with admirable effect, in Windsor park even now. It was both the policy and pleasure of the last of the Tudor sovereigns, to keep her loving metropolis in good humour, by allowing the people to participate, as far at least as looking on went, in her princely recreations. Half the popularity of Elizabeth proceeded from

the care she took, that the holidays of her subjects should be merry days. "If ever any person had either, the gift or the style to win the hearts of people," says Hayward, "it was this queen." But to return to her July evening pageant, in the green glades of Greenwich park. A goodly banqueting house was built up for her grace with fir poles, and decked with birch branches and all manner of flowers, both of the field and garden, as roses, July flowers, lavender, marygolds, and all manner of strewing herbs and rushes. There were also tents set up for providing refreshments, and a space made for the tilting. About five in the afternoon came the queen, with the ambassadors and the lords and ladies of her train, and stood over the park gate, to see the exercise of arms, and afterwards the combatants chasing one another. Then the queen took her horse, and, accompanied by three ambassadors and her retinue, rode to the sylvan pavilion, where a costly banquet was provided for her. This was succeeded by a mask, and the entertainment closed, with fireworks and firing of guns, about midnight.[1]

But while Elizabeth appeared to enter into these gay scenes of festive pageantry, with all the zest of a young, sprightly, and handsome woman, who, emerging suddenly from restraint, retirement, and neglect, finds herself the delight of every eye and the idol of all hearts, her mind was intent on matters of high import, and she knew that the flowers, with which her path was strewn, concealed many a dangerous quicksand from those who looked not below the surface. Within one little month of the solemn ratification of the treaty of Chateau Cambresis, by the plenipotentiaries of France in her court, her right to the crown she wore had been boldly impugned by Henry II.'s principal minister of state, the constable de Montmorenci, who, when the duke de Nemours, a prince nearly allied to the throne of France, informed him of his intention of seeking the queen of England in marriage, exclaimed—"Do you not know that the queen-*dolphin* has right and title to England?"[2] A public

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. i.

[2] Forbes' State Papers, vol. i. p. 136.

demonstration of this claim was made, at the jousts in honour of the espousals of the French king's sister, with the duke of Savoy, Elizabeth's oft-rejected suitor, when the Scotch heralds displayed the escutcheon of their royal mistress, the queen of Scots quartered, with those of France and England, which was afterwards protested against by the English ambassador Throckmorton.[1]

It was retorted that Elizabeth had assumed the title of queen of France at her coronation—a pretension too absurd, as the operation of the Salic law had always incapacitated females, from inheriting the sceptre of that realm, even when born (as in the case of the daughter of Louis Hutin) sole issue of a reigning monarch, representing the ancient royal line of France. Calais, the last relic of the conquests of Edward III. and Henry V., was now in the hands of the French government; and although Henry II. had virtually acknowledged the right of Elizabeth to that town, by binding himself to restore it at the end of eight years, and a chimerical proposition had also been made to settle all disputes for its possession, by both claimants ceding it, as a marriage portion, to an imaginary first-born son of Elizabeth, and daughter of Mary Stuart, by Francis of Valois, or otherwise, to the son of Mary and daughter of Elizabeth, it was mere temporizing diplomacy. The mighty plan of uniting the Gallic and Britannic empires, beneath the sceptres of Francis of Valois and Mary of Scotland, had never ceased to occupy the attention of Henry II., from the death of Edward VI. till his own course was suddenly cut short, by the accidental wound he received, from a splinter of his opponent's lance,[2] while tilting in honour of his daughter's nuptials. That event produced an important change in the fortunes of England's Elizabeth. She was at once delivered from the most dangerous and insidious of her foes, and the consequences of the formidable alliance between France and Spain; for although the rival claims of his consort to the throne of England,

[1] Forbes' State Papers, vol. i. p. 150.

[2] Count de Montgomeri, the captain of the Scotch guard, and afterwards a celebrated leader of the Huguenot party.

were asserted by Francis II., he was a sickly youth, inheriting neither the talents nor the judgment of his father. The nominal power of France and Scotland, both passed into the hands of Mary Stuart's uncles, the princes of Lorraine and Guise; but the rival factions, both political and religious, by which they were opposed and impeded on every side, deprived them of the means of injuring Elizabeth, who, on her part, actively employed agents, as numerous as the arms of Briarius, in sowing the seeds of discord, and nursing every root of bitterness, that sprang up in those unhappy realms. The fulminations of John Knox against female government had incited the reformed party, to resist the authority of the queen dowager, Mary of Lorraine, to whom the regent Arran, had in 1555, reluctantly resigned his office. The queen-regent after an ill-judged, fruitless struggle to crush the progress of the Reformation, summoned the earl of Arran, who had recently accepted the French dukedom of Chatelherault, to her aid, as the most powerful peer in Scotland, and the next in succession to the throne, on which, in fact he had, from the first, cast a longing regard. He was the head of the potent house of Hamilton, but his designs had been checked by the rival faction of the earl of Lenox, and subsequently by the more popular and able party of the young queen's illegitimate brother, the earl of Murray; and now, although he gave his lukewarm succour to the queen-regent in her need, he suffered himself to be deluded by the English cabinet, with the idea that the crown might be transferred, from the brows of his absentee sovereign to his own, or rather, to those of his heir the earl of Arran, to whom queen Elizabeth had been offered in her childhood, by her father Henry VIII.[1]

There is every reason to believe, that Cecil seriously meditated uniting the island crowns by a marriage between his royal mistress and young Arran, if the Hamilton party in Scotland had succeeded, in deposing queen Mary, and placing him on the throne. The young earl, who had been colonel of the Scotch guards at Paris, had,

[1] Forbes' State Papers. Lingard. Sharon Turner.

in anticipation of a more brilliant destiny, embraced the reformed religion, and, as it was supposed, at the suggestion and with the aid of Throckmorton, Elizabeth's ambassador at Paris, absconded from the French service; and after visiting Geneva, to arrange his plans with the leaders of that church, he came privately to England. The secret and confidential conference which he held with queen Elizabeth, on the 6th of August,[1] must have taken place at the ancient palace of Eltham, where she arrived on the preceding day. Arran was young and handsome, but weak-minded; at times, indeed, subject to the direful malady which clouded the mental perceptions of his father and brothers, just the subject for the royal coquette, and her wily premier, to render a ready tool in any scheme, connected with hopes of aggrandizement for himself.

As the plan and limits of this work will not admit of launching into the broad stream of general history, the events of the Scotch campaign, which commenced with Elizabeth sending an army and a fleet to aid the insurgent lords of the congregation, in defending themselves against the French forces, called in by the queen-regent, and ended by giving her a predominant power, in the councils of that distracted realm, cannot be detailed here. The MSS. in the State Paper office attest the fact, that the lord James, Mary's illegitimate brother, (afterwards so celebrated as the regent Murray,) and the principal leaders of the popular party, were the pensioners of Elizabeth. The treaty of Edinburgh was framed according to her interest, and proved, of course, unsatisfactory to the queen of Scots and her consort. "I will tell you freely," said Mary's uncle, the cardinal of Lorraine, to the English ambassador Throckmorton, "the Scots do perform no part of their duties; the king and queen have the names of their sovereigns, and your mistress hath the effect and obedience."[2]

The congregational parliament had dispatched a solemn embassy to Elizabeth, consisting of Lething-

[1] Lingard.
[2] State Paper MS. letter of Throckmorton to Elizabeth.

ton and the earls of Morton and Glencairn, to entreat her to join in marriage with the earl of Arran; the cardinal Lorraine, in allusion to the errand of these nobles, said to Throckmorton—"This great legation goeth for the marriage of your queen with the earl of Arran. What shall she have with him? I think her heart too great to marry with such a one as he is, and one of the queen's subjects."[1]

It was not in Elizabeth's nature to return an immediate or direct answer, in any matter of state policy, especially, if involving a proposal of marriage. The unexpected death of the royal husband of the queen of Scots, probably, hastened Elizabeth's decision with regard to her Scottish suitor, and she declined the offer in terms of courtesy; thanking the nobles at the same time for their goodwill, "in offering her the choicest person they had."[2] Arran immediately afterwards became, as doubtless Elizabeth was aware he would, the suitor of his own fair sovereign, the widowed Mary Stuart.

It will now be necessary to return to the chronological order of the personal history of Elizabeth, which we have a little antedated, in putting the reader in possession of the result of the earl of Arran's courtship. The queen had many wooers in the interim, both among foreign princes and her own subjects. Of these, Henry Fitzalan earl of Arundel, claims the first mention as the foremost in rank and consequence. He was the premier earl of England, and at that time there was but one peer of the ducal order, his son-in-law Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk. As the last male of the illustrious house of Fitzalan, he boasted the blood of the Plantagenets and of the ancient royal line of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and he was nearly allied in blood to the queen as a descendant of Woodville earl of Rivers; his possessions were proportioned to his high rank and proud descent. He had been materially instrumental in placing the crown on the head of the rightful heiress, queen Mary, at the time

[1] State Paper MSS., Throckmorton to Elizabeth.
[2] Tytler.

of the brief usurpation of the hapless lady Jane Gray; and, though his ardent loyalty to the late queen and his zeal for the old religion, had induced him at first to take part against Elizabeth, at the time of the Wyat rebellion; we have shewn how soon his manly heart revolted in her favour, and that she was in all probability indebted to his powerful protection, for the preservation of her life, from the malignant and lawless practices of Gardiner and his party. It is certain that he forfeited the favour of Mary, by the boldness with which he afterwards stood forth in the court, the council, and the senate, as the advocate of the captive princess, and that he was employed in embassies to foreign courts, to keep him from dangerous enterprises at home.[1] His only son, whom he had offered to contract to Elizabeth in marriage, in the time of her great adversity, was no more, and the stout earl, who had not exceeded his forty-seventh year, recalling perchance some of the artful compliments to himself, with which the royal maid had declined to enter into an engagement with his heir, hastened home from Brussels, on the death of her sister, and presented himself as a candidate for her hand. Of all the lovers of Elizabeth, his attachment was probably the most sincere, as it commenced in the season of persecution. He now, as lord-steward of the royal household, enjoyed many opportunities of preferring his suit, and, albeit the maiden majesty of England had no intention of becoming the third wife of one of her subjects, old enough to be her father, she gave him sufficient encouragement to excite the jealousy of the other courtiers, if not to afford himself reasonable hopes of success.

About the 8th of August, 1559, the queen honoured him with a visit at Nonsuch,[2] one of the royal residences

[1] State Paper Records.

[2] This sylvan palace, which was built by Henry VIII., at a great expense, for his pleasure and retirement, combined elegance, with all that magnificence could bestow. It was adorned with many statues and casts, and situated in the midst of parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellis works, cabinets of verdure, with many columns and pyramids of marble, and two fountains of great beauty. In the grove of Diana, was the fountain of the goddess turning Actæon into a stag, be-

of which he appears to have obtained a lease from queen Mary. Here, on the Sunday night, he entertained her majesty with a sumptuous banquet, and a mask accompanied with military music, till midnight. On Monday a splendid supper was provided for the royal guest, who previously, from a stand erected for her in the further park, witnessed a course. At night, the children of St. Paul's school, under the direction of their music-master, Sebastian, performed a play, which was succeeded by a costly banquet with music. The queen was served on richly gilded plate, the entertainment lasted till the unusually late hour of three in the morning, and the earl presented her majesty with a cupboard of plate, which was the first of those expensive offerings, Elizabeth habitually accustomed herself to receive, and sometimes almost extorted, from her nobles. By feeding the hopes of Arundel, Elizabeth obtained his vote and influence in the council and senate, whenever she had a point to carry, even with regard to the peaceful establishment of the reformed church.[1] The royal weapon of coquetry was also exercised, though in a playful and gracious manner, towards her former cruel foe Paulet, marquis of Winchester, the lord treasurer, by whom she was splendidly entertained, at his house at Basing, soon after her accession to the throne; at her departure, her majesty merrily bemoaned herself that he was so old, "for else, by my troth," said she, "if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find it in my heart to have him for my husband before any man in England."[2]

When the announcement of the marriage of her former suitor, Philip II., with her fair namesake of France, was made to Elizabeth, she pretended to feel mortified, and complained to the ambassador of the inconstancy of his master, "who could not," she said, "wait four short months to see if she would change her mind."[3] She always kept the portrait of this prince by her bedside, it

sides another pyramid of marble full of concealed pipes to spirt on all, who came, unawares, within their reach. It was situated near Ewel, in Surrey, and has long since been demolished.

[1] Lingard. [2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i.

[3] Records of Simançа, quoted by Lingard.

has been said, as a token of regard, but the probability is, that she found it there, when she took possession of the state apartments occupied by the late queen her sister.

The person, however, who held the most conspicuous place in her majesty's favour, and through whose hands the chief preferments and patronage of her government flowed, was lord Robert Dudley, at that period a married man. He was born, in the same auspicious hour with the queen, with whom his destiny became inseparably connected from the time they were both prisoners in the Tower.[1] From the first month of her accession to the throne, Elizabeth, so remarkable for her frugal distribution of rewards and honours, showered wealth and distinctions on him. She conferred the office of master of the horse on him, in the first instance, with the fee of 100 marks per annum, and the lucrative employment of head commissioner for compounding the fines of such as were desirous of declining the order of knighthood, and he was soon after invested with the garter, and made constable of Windsor Castle and forest, and keeper of the great park during life.[2] His wife, Amy Robsart, a wealthy heiress, whom he had wedded with great pomp and publicity during the reign of Edward VI., was not allowed by him to appear among the noble matronage of Elizabeth's court lest she should mar the sunshine of his favour, by reminding his royal mistress of the existence of so inconvenient a personage. Elizabeth's undisguised partiality for the handsome Dudley, excited the jealousy of the other members of her council, and even the politic Cecil could not forbear hazarding a biting jest to Elizabeth on the subject, when he told her of the misalliance of her cousin Frances, duchess of Suffolk, with her equerry, Adrian Stokes. "What!" exclaimed her majesty, "has she married her horse-keeper?" "Yea, madam," replied the premier, "and she says you would like to do the same with yours."[3]

[1] Camden, who attributes it to a mysterious conjunction of their planets.
[2] Sidney Papers.
[3] In Mr. Wright's valuable collection of documents of the "Life and Times of Queen Elizabeth," there is a pretty letter from this lady, written,

Cecil's inuendo was undoubtedly meant to warn the queen, that her intimacy with Dudley was likely to prove injurious to her reputation, and derogatory to the dignity of the crown. Sir Thomas Chaloner, her majesty's representative at the court of Spain, had, in a private postscript to one of his despatches, addressed the following intimation to the premier on this delicate subject:—

"I assure you, sir, these folks are broad-mouthed, where I spoke of one too much in favour, as they esteem; I think ye guess, whom they named—if ye do not, I will, upon my next letter, write further. To tell you what I conceive, as I count the slander most false, so a young princess cannot be too wary, what countenance or familiar demonstration, she maketh *more* to one than another. I judge no man's service in the realm worth the entertainment with such a tale of obloquy or occasion of speech to such men, as of evil will are ready to find faults."[1]

Chaloner goes on to express the vexation he, as an attached servant of the queen, feels at the impediment such reports are likely to cause in her majesty's marriage, to the detriment of her whole realm, ministering matter for lewd tongues to descant upon, and breeding contempt. All this, he states, is written in strict confidence to his friend Cecil, and entreats him to keep it to himself. He then alludes to an overture of marriage which had been made to the queen by the king of Spain, in behalf of his cousin, the archduke Charles, the emperor Ferdinand's second son, a prince of noble qualities and stainless reputation. He was a catholic, and Elizabeth on that account, probably, or mistrusting the quarter whence the proposal came, had returned an evasive and unsatisfactory answer. Chaloner evidently considered, that the indifference of the queen proceeded from her predilection in favour of the person, to whom he had just alluded, and appears anxious lest the honourable alliance should be lost.[2]

during the absence of her lord, to one of his agents, touching the pasture of some of their flocks, and the sale of their wool, for which she wishes to obtain six shillings per stone, and evinces a housewifely care to make the most of everything. "The Amy Robsart," observes the talented editor, "busy about the affairs of her husband's household, is another character from the Amy Robsart of sir Walter Scott." Her tragical death at Cumnor Hall occurred in the year 1560, fifteen years before the "princelie pleasures of Kenilworth."

[1] Burleigh Papers. [2] Burleigh Papers; Haynes, 212.

"Consider," says he, "how ye deal now in the emperor's matter; much dependeth on it. Here they hang in expectation, as men desirous it should go forward, but as yet they have small hope. In mine opinion (be it said to you only) the affinity is great and honourable; the amity necessary to stop and cool many enterprises. Ye need not fear his greatness should overrule you. He is not a Philip, but better for us than a Philip."[1]

The suit of this accomplished prince was afterwards preferred in due form to Elizabeth, by count Elphinstone, the emperor's ambassador, and she protested openly, that of all the illustrious marriages that had been offered to her, there was not one greater, or, that she affected more than that of the archduke Charles, and expressed a desire to see him in England. It was generally expected, that the prince would come under an assumed character, to visit the court of England, and obtain a first sight of his royal lady by stealth,[2] but this chivalric project, well worthy of the poetic age, which gave birth to Spenser, Shakspeare, and sir Philip Sidney, was never carried into effect. The differences as to their jarring creeds, as Elizabeth demanded conformity to the protestant form of worship, appeared insuperable, and for a time put an end to the negotiations, though they were subsequently renewed, as will be related in due course.

Meantime the suit of a royal candidate, of the reformed religion, for her hand, was renewed by the king of Sweden, in behalf of his heir, prince Eric. The ambassador chosen to plead his cause was John, duke of Finland, the second son of the Swedish monarch, a prince of singular talents and address, and possessed of great personal attractions. On the 27th of September, this distinguished envoy landed at Harwich; and, on the 5th of October, he was met and welcomed at Colchester, in the name of the queen, by the earl of Oxford and lord Robert Dudley, by whom he was conducted to London. At the corner of Gracechurch-street, Leadenhall, he was received by the marquis of Northampton, lord Ambrose Dudley, and a fair com-

[1] Burleigh's State Papers. [2] Lingard.

pany of ladies, as well as gentlemen, in rich array, with the escort of 100 yeomen on horseback, with trumpets sounding. He proceeded over London-bridge to the bishop of Winchester's palace,[1] which was appointed for his abode, it being the custom, in the "good old times," to quarter any foreigner of distinguished rank, and his train, on some wealthy noble or prelate, for board and entertainment.

Seven days after, the prince of Sweden came by water to the court, with his guard, and was honourably received by many noble personages at the hall door, where the guard stood, in their rich coats, in a line which extended to the presence-chamber, where the queen received him with the honours due to a royal visitor, and welcomed him with great cordiality. Whenever he went in state to court he threw handfuls of money among the populace, saying, "*he* gave silver, but his brother would give gold."[2]

"The Swede, and Charles the son of the emperor," observes bishop Jewel, "are courting at a most marvellous rate. But the Swede is most in earnest, for he promises mountains of silver in case of success. The lady, however, is probably thinking of an alliance nearer home."[3]

In November, there were great jousts at the queen's palace, the lord Robert and lord Hunsdon were the challengers, who wore scarfs of white and black, the defendants were lord Ambrose Dudley, and others, wearing scarfs of red and yellow sarsenet. On the last day of the merry year of 1559, a play was acted in the court before the queen, but we learn that the licence usually allowed on such occasions, being abused in this instance, they acted something so distasteful to her majesty, that they were commanded to break off, and were superseded by a mask and dancing.[4]

On the 1st of January, prince John of Sweden came, gorgeously apparelled, to the court, to offer the new

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Holinshed.
[3] Zurich Letters, published by the Parker Society.
[4] Citizens' Journal.

year's greetings to her majesty. His retinue wore velvet jerkins and rich gold chains; it was an equestrian procession, and his guards carried halberts in their hands. That day, her majesty's silk-woman, mistress Montague, brought her for her new year's gift a pair of knit black silk stockings. The queen, after wearing them a few days, was so much pleased with them, that she sent for mistress Montague, and asked her, "From whence she had them? and if she could help her to any more?"

"I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty," said she, "and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand."

"Do so," replied the queen, "for indeed, I like silk stockings well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, and henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." And from that time to her death, the queen never more wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings.[1]

These knit silk stockings were imitations of some which had been previously sent from Spain, perhaps manufactured by the Moors.

It may be observed, that Elizabeth, on her accession to the throne, considering it no longer expedient to mortify her inordinate love of dress, by conforming to the self-denying costume of the more rigid order of reformers, who then began to be known by the name of Puritans, passed from one extreme to the other, and indulged in a greater excess of finery and elaborate decoration, than was ever paralleled by any other queen of England, regnant or consort. Horace Walpole, speaking of her portraits, observes, "that there is not one that can be called beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded, are marks of her continual

[1] Stowe, p. 867. The good annalist continues to explain this point of costume: "For you shall understand that king Henry VIII. did only wear cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broad taffety, or if, by great chance, there came a pair of silk stockings from Spain. King Edward VI. had a pair of Spanish silk stockings sent him as a great present." Stowe betrays here knowledge of his own profession of the needle, by which he gained his living; the intelligence, is, however, at least as interesting to the world in general, as slaughters in battle.

fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius, than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns, and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Elizabeth. It is observable that her majesty thought enormity of dress a royal prerogative, for, in 1579, an order was made in the star-chamber, 'that no person should use or wear excessive long cloaks, as of late be used, and before two years past hath not been used in this realm; no persons to wear such great ruffs about their necks, to be left off such monstrous undecent attiring.' In her father's reign, who dictated everything from religion to fashions, he made an act prohibiting the use of cloth of gold, silver, or tinsel, satin, silk, or cloth mixed with gold, any sable fur, velvet, embroidery in gowns or outermost garments, except for persons of distinction—dukes, marquises, earls, or gentlemen and knights that had 250*l.* per annum. This act was renewed 2nd of Elizabeth. No one who had less than 100*l.* per annum, was to wear satin or damask, or fur of conies; none not worth 20*l.* per annum, or 200*l.* capital, to wear any fur, save lamb, nor cloth above 10*s.* the yard."

The record of presents made by Elizabeth to the ladies of her court is scanty, especially at the early part of her reign, but in a curious MS. wardrobe book of that queen, in possession of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., appears this item:—

"Delivered the 30th of April, anno 4 regina Elizabeth, to the lady Wodehouse,—one loose gown of black velvet, embroidered overthwart, and cut between the borders with a lozenge cut, lined with sarcenet and fustian, and edged with luzarns, and one French kirtle of purple satin, raised, lined with purple taffeta belonging to the late queen Mary."

Before Elizabeth had given any decided answer touching the Swedish match, the aged king Gustavus died, and her suitor Eric succeeded to the throne of that

realm, and having become jealous of his brother, whom he suspected, not without reason perhaps, of playing the wooer on his own account, he recalled him, and sent an ambassador to renew the matrimonial negotiations in his name. The arrival of the new plenipotentiary, Nicholas Guildenstiern, caused great excitement among the Londoners, for it was reported, that he had brought two ships laden with treasure as presents for the queen.[1] Eighteen large pied horses and several chests of bullion, it seems, were actually presented to her majesty, in the name of her royal wooer, with an intimation, "that he would quickly follow in person, to lay his heart at her feet." This announcement caused a little prudish perplexity to Elizabeth and her council, about the manner in which the king of Sweden should be received on his arrival in the palace, "the queen's majesty being a maid."[2] As Eric was the handsomest man in Europe, if he had come in person, it is possible that with Elizabeth's admiration for beauty, the result might have been different, but she was not to be won by proxy courtship. As, however, it had pleased her to accept the king's presents, he was naturally regarded by the nation as her bridegroom elect. The desire of some of the speculative pictorial publishers of the day, to be the first to gratify the loyal public, with united resemblances of the illustrious couple, occasioned the following grave admonition to be addressed, by the secretary of state, to the lord mayor:—

"It may please your lordship, the queen's majesty understandeth, that certain bookbinders and stationers do utter certain papers, wherein be printed the face of her majesty and the king of Sweden, and although her highness is not miscontented, that either her own face or the said king's should be printed or *portraited*, yet to be joined in the same paper with the said king, or with any other prince, that is known to have made any request for marriage to her majesty, is not to be allowed. And therefore her majesty's pleasure is, that your lordship should send for the wardens of the stationers, or for the wardens of any other men, that have such papers to sell, and to take order with them, that all such papers be taken and packed up together, in such sort, that none be permitted to be seen in any part. For otherwise her majesty might seem touched in honour by her own subjects, that would in such papers declare an allowance to have herself

[1] Strype. Nichols. [2] Burleigh's State Papers.

joined, as it were, in marriage with the said king, where indeed her majesty hitherto cannot be induced (whereof we have cause to sorrow) to allow of marriage with any manner of person."[1]

One of these contraband engravings, if in existence, would at present be readily purchased at its weight in gold.

About the same period, that the united resemblances of Elizabeth and her comely northern suitor, were thus peremptorily suppressed, her old preceptor, Roger Ascham, whom she had continued in the post of Latin secretary, and occasionally made her councillor, on matters of greater importance than the niceties of the learned languages, informs his friend Sturmius that he had shewn her majesty a passage in one of his letters relating to the Scotch affairs, and another on the interesting subject of her marriage—Sturmius, it seems, having undertaken, through the medium of the Latin secretary, to advocate the suit of Eric, king of Sweden, to the regal spinster. "The queen read, remarked, and graciously acknowleged in both of them," writes Ascham, "your respectful observance of her. Your judgment in the affairs of Scotland, as they then stood, she highly approved, and she loves you for your solicitude respecting us and our concerns. The part respecting her marriage she read over thrice, as I well remember, and with somewhat of a gentle smile, but still preserving a modest and bashful silence. Concerning that point indeed, my dear Sturmius," pursues he, "I have nothing certain to write to you, nor does any one truly know what to judge. I told you rightly in one of my former letters, that in the whole ordinance of her life, she resembled not Phædra but Hippolyta, for by nature, and not by the counsels of others, she is thus averse and abstinent from marriage. When I know anything for certain, I will write it to you as soon as possible; in the meantime, I have no hopes to give you respecting the king of Sweden."

After this confidential passage, the preceptor-secretary launches forth into more than his wonted encomiums, on

[1] Haynes' State Papers, 368.

the learning of his royal pupil, declaring "that there were not four men in England, either in church or the state, who understood more Greek than her majesty;" and, as an instance of her proficiency in other tongues, he mentions "that he was once present at court, when she gave answers at the same time to three ambassadors,—the Imperial, the French, and the Swedish,—in Italian, French, and Latin—fluently, gracefully, and to the point."

Elizabeth, who was perfectly aware of the important influence of men of learning united with genius on the world at large, paid Sturmius the compliment of addressing to him a letter, expressing her sense of the attachment he had manifested towards herself and her country, promising withal "that her acknowledgments shall not be confined to words alone."

While Elizabeth was yet amusing herself with the addresses of the royal Swedes,—for there can be little doubt that Eric's jealousy of the brother, who finally deprived him of his crown, was well founded, with regard to his attempts to supplant him in the good graces of the English queen—the king of Denmark sent his nephew, Adolphus duke of Holstein, to try his fortune with the illustrious spinster. He was young, handsome, valiant and accomplished, and in love with the queen, but though one of the busy-bodies of the court wrote to her ambassador in Paris, "that it was whispered her majesty was very fond of him," he was rejected like the rest of her princely wooers; she, however, treated him with great distinction, made him a knight of the garter, and pensioned him for life. "The duke of Holstein has returned home," says Jewel, "after a magnificent reception by us, with splendid presents from the queen, having been elected into the order of the garter, and invested with its golden and jewelled badge. The Swede is reported to be always coming, and even now to be on his voyage, and on the eve of landing; but as far as I can judge he will not stir a foot."

Elizabeth, it appears, thought otherwise, for it is recorded by that pleasant gossip, Allen, in a letter written

from the court, that her majesty was, in the month of September, in hourly expectation of the arrival of her royal suitor, and that certain works were in hand in anticipation of his arrival at Westminster, at which the workmen laboured day and night, in order to complete the preparations for his reception. After all, Eric never came, having reasons to believe that his visit would be fruitless; and he finally consoled himself for his failure in obtaining the most splendid match in Europe, by marrying one of his own subjects.[1]

The death of the favourite's wife at this critical juncture, under peculiar suspicious circumstances, gave rise to dark and mysterious rumours, that she had been put out of the way to enable him to accept the willing hand of a royal bride. Lever, one of the popular preachers of the day, exhorted Cecil and Knollys to investigate the matter, because "of the grievous and dangerous suspicion and muttering of the death of her that was the wife of my lord Robert Dudley." Some contradictory statements as to the manner in which the mischance (as it was called) happened to the unfortunate lady were offered by the sprightly widower and the persons in whose care, or rather we should say in whose custody, the deserted wife of his youth was kept at Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, and it was declared by the authorities to whom the depositions were made, that her death was accidental. So little satisfactory was the explanation, that even the cautious Cecil expressed his opinion "that Dudley was infamed by the death of his wife."[2] Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, was so thoroughly mortified at the light in which this affair was regarded on the continent, that he wrote to Cecil, "The bruits be so *brim* and so maliciously reported here, touching the marriage of the

[1] A beauty of humble degree, called Kate the Nut-girl, with whom his majesty fell in love, from seeing her occasionally selling her nuts in the square before his palace. He found her virtue impregnable, and made her his queen. She proved a model of conjugal tenderness and faith, especially in his reverse of fortune, when supplanted in his royal office by his brother John, by whom he was finally murdered.

[2] Haynes' State Papers, 362.

lord Robert and the death of his wife, that I know not where to turn me nor what countenance to bear."[1] In England, it was generally believed that the queen was under promise of marriage to Dudley, and though all murmured, no one presumed to remonstrate with her majesty on the subject. Parry, the unprincipled confidant of the lord admiral Seymour's clandestine courtship of his royal mistress, and whom she had, on her accession to the throne, made a privy-councillor, and preferred, though a convicted defaulter, to the honourable and lucrative office of comptroller of her household, openly flattered the favourite's pretensions, who now began to be distinguished in the court by the significant title of "my lord," without any reference to his name,[2] while daily new gifts and immunities were lavished on him. Meantime the jealous rivalry of the Earl of Arundel led to open brawls in the court; and as the quarrel was warmly taken up by the servants and followers of these nobles, her majesty's name was bandied about among them in a manner degrading, not only to the honour of royalty, but to feminine delicacy. On one occasion Arthur Guntor, a retainer of the Earl of Arundel, was brought before the council, on the information of one of Dudley's servants, to answer for the evil wishes he had invoked on the favourite for standing in the way of his lord's preferment in the royal marriage, to which both aspired. Guntor made the following confession:—

"Pleaseth your honours to understand that, about three weeks since, I chanced to be hunting with divers gentlemen, when I fell in talk with a gentleman named Mr. George Cotton, who told me 'that the queen's highness being at supper, on a time, at my lord Robert's house, where it chanced her highness to be benighted homeward, and as her grace was going home by torch-light, she fell in talk with them that carried the torches, and said, 'that she would make their lord the best that ever was of his name.' Whereupon, I said, 'that her grace must make him then a duke,' and he said, 'that the report was, that her highness should marry him,' and I answered, 'I pray God all be for the best, and I pray God all men may take it well, that there might rise no trouble thereof,' and so have I said to divers others since that time."[3]

[1] Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i. p. 121. [2] Rapin.
[3] Burleigh's State Papers.

It must be evident to every person of common sense, that Dudley's man was playing upon the credulity of the choleric servant of Arundel, or, in vulgar phraseology, hoaxing him with this tale, since it was absolutely impossible for her majesty—who on such occasions was either in her state carriage, on horseback surrounded by her own officers of the household, or, which was most probably the case, carried in a sort of open sedan, on either side of which marched the principal nobles of her court, and her band of pensioners with their axes—to have held any such colloquy with Dudley's torch-bearers, even, if she had felt disposed to make such disclosures of her royal intentions, in the public streets. In another examination, Guntor affirmed, "that Cotton said it was rumoured, that his lord (Dudley) should have the queen;" to which Guntor replied, "that, if it pleased her highness, he thought him as meet a man as any in England." Then Cotton asked him "if he had heard of any parliament towards?" Guntor said, "No; but of course every nobleman would give his opinion, and some disputes would naturally rise on the subject." Cotton asked, "Who were Dudley's friends in the matter?" Guntor replied, "the lord marquis of Northampton, earl of Pembroke, Mr. Treasurer, and many more;" adding, "I trust the White Horse (Arundel) will be in quiet, and so shall we be out of trouble; it is well known that *his* blood, as yet, was never attaint."[1]

This remark was in allusion to the ignominious deaths of the favourite's grandfather, Edmund Dudley the extortioner; his father, the duke of Northumberland; and his brother, lord Guildford Dudley,—all three of whom had perished on a scaffold. It was reported that Leicester's great-grandfather was a carpenter, and his enemies were wont to say of him, "that he was the son of a duke, the brother of a king, the grandson of an esquire, and the great-grandson of a carpenter; that the carpenter was the only honest man in the family, and the only one who died in his bed."

A person who well knew the temper of Elizabeth,

[1] Burleigh Papers.

notwithstanding the undisguised predilection she evinced for the company of her master of the horse, predicted, "that the queen would surely never give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley—noble only in two descents, and in both of them stained with the block." The event proved that this was a correct judgment.

"'Touching lord Robert,' continues Guntor," I have said to Mr. Cotton that I thought him to be the cause that my lord and master (Arundel) might not have the queen's highness, wherefore I would that he had been put to death with his father, or that some ruffian would have despatched him by the way he has gone, with dagge or gun. Farther, I said, if it chanced my lord Robert to marry the queen's highness, then I doubted whether he would not remember some old matter passed to my lord and master's hindrance and displeasure.'

"Guntor made very humble submission and suit to her majesty for pardon, stating, 'that he had been very properly punished for uttering such lewd and unbefitting words.'"[1]

This matter was evidently brought before the council by Dudley, for the purpose of shewing how publicly his name was implicated with that of the queen, in a matrimonial point of view, and with the intent of ascertaining how his colleagues stood affected towards his preferment in that way.

Elizabeth passed the matter over with apparent *nonchalance*, and when Throckmorton, annoyed past endurance at the sneers of his diplomatic brethren in Paris, took the bold step of sending his secretary, Jones, to acquaint her majesty, privately, with the injurious reports that were circulated touching herself and Dudley, she received the communication without evincing any of that acute sensibility to female honour, which teaches most women to regard a stain as a wound. She sometimes laughed, perhaps, at the absurdity of these *on dits*, and occasionally covered her face with her hands; and when the secretary, who had been charged with this delicate commission, brought his communication to a close, she informed him, "that he had come on an unnecessary errand, for she was already acquainted with all he had told her; and that she was convinced of the innocence of lord Robert Dudley of the death of his wife, as he was in her own court at the time it happened, which

[1] Burleigh's State Papers.

had so fallen out that neither his honour nor his honesty were touched therein."[1]

Notwithstanding the honest warning of Throckmorton to his royal mistress, the favourite continued in close attendance on her person. It is related that one of his political rivals, who is generally supposed to have been Sussex, gave him a blow at the council-board, in presence of the queen. Elizabeth, who was well fitted to rule the stormy elements over which she presided, told the pugnacious statesman, that he had forfeited his hand, in reference to the law which imposed that penalty on any one who presumed to violate the sanctity of the court by the commission of such an outrage. On which Dudley rejoined, "that he hoped her majesty would suspend that sentence till the traitor had lost his head," and the matter went no further. It is shrewdly remarked by Naunton, that this influential noble ever kept clear from quarrels with the queen's kinsmen, Henry Carey lord Hunsdon,[2] and sir Thomas Sackville, for of them he was wont to say, "that they were of the tribe of Dan, and were *noli me tangere*."

Among the preparations for the Easter festival, in 1560, queen Elizabeth kept her Maunday after the old Catholic fashion, in her great hall, in the court at Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which her majesty officiated on this occasion. The queen drank to every woman, in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon, in St. James's Park, she gave a public alms of two-pence each to upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, both whole and lame. The royal gift was in silver coins, and the value was from sixpence to eight-pence of the present money. Nothing endeared the sovereign more to the people than the public exercise of these acts of personal charity, which afforded them at once a holiday and a pageant, making glad the

[1] Hardwick Papers, 165.

[2] They were both of the Boleyn blood. Hunsdon was the son of the queen's aunt, Mary Boleyn; Sackville of her great aunt, the sister of sir Thomas Boleyn.

hearts of the poor with a gift, to which inestimable value would be attached. Abject, indeed, would be the recipient of the royal bounty, who did not preserve the fair new coin to wear as a precious amulet about the neck, and to transmit, as a lucky heirloom, to a favoured child, in memory of their gracious queen. There were no sources of licensed temptation to destroy the health and virtues of the working-classes, in the shape of gin-palaces, under the glorious domestic government of England's Elizabeth.

The queen was careful to redress all causes of disaffection among the operative classes, so that royalty should be found no burden to those, whom she regarded as the bones and sinews of the realm. In a preceding volume of this work, the extortions and robberies committed by the royal purveyors, in the name of the sovereign, have been mentioned, and that to a certain degree they were still practised in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, is evidenced by the following humorous tale, which is recorded on the authority of an eye-witness.

One of her purveyors having been guilty of some abuses, in the county of Kent, on her majesty's remove to Greenwich, a sturdy countryman, watching the time when she took her morning walk with the lords and ladies of her household, placed himself conveniently for catching the royal eye and ear, and when he saw her attention perfectly disengaged, began to cry, in a loud voice, "Which is the queen?"[1] Whereupon, as her manner was, she turned herself towards him, but he continuing his clamorous question, she herself answered, "I am your queen, what wouldst thou have with me?" "You," rejoined the farmer, archly gazing upon her with a look of incredulity, not unmixed with admiration—"you are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in our parish, though short of you; but that queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons, that I am not able to live." The queen, who was exceedingly indulgent to

[1] Osborne's Traditional Memoirs of Elizabeth.

all suits, offered through the medium of a compliment, took this homely admonition in good part, inquired the purveyor's name, and finding that he had acted with great dishonesty and injustice, caused condign punishment to be inflicted upon him; indeed, our author adds that she ordered him to be hanged, his offence being in violation of a statute-law against such abuses.[1]

Great hospitality was exercised in the palace, which no stranger who had ostensible business there, from the noble to the peasant, ever visited, it is said, without being invited to either one table or the other, according to his degree. No wonder that Elizabeth was a popular sovereign, and her days were called "golden."

In May, 1560, the new pope Pius IV., a prince of the house of Medici, made an attempt to win back England, through her queen, to the obedience of the Roman see, by sending Parpaglia, abbot of St. Saviour, to the queen, with letters written in the most conciliatory style, and beginning, "dear daughter in Christ," inviting her "to return into the bosom of the church," and professing his readiness to do all things needful for the health of her soul, and the firm establishment of her royal dignity, and requesting her to give due attention to the matters which would be communicated by his dear son Vincent Parpaglia. What the papal concessions were, on which this spiritual treaty was to be based, can only be matter of conjecture, for Elizabeth declined receiving the nuncio, and the separation became final and complete.[2]

In the autumn of the same year, Elizabeth's great and glorious measure of restoring the English currency to sterling value was carried into effect. "A matter, indeed, weighty and great," says Camden, "which neither Edward VI. could, nor Mary durst attempt, since Henry VIII. was the first king that ever caused copper to be mingled with silver, to the great disgrace of the kingdom, damage of his successors and people, and a notable token of his excessive expense, since his father had left

[1] Historical Memoirs of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James. London, 1658.

[2] Camden's Annals.

him more wealth, than any other king ever left his successors, and likewise he had drawn abundance of money by the means of tribute and imposts, besides all the revenues, gifts, and goods, belonging to the monasteries."

This mighty and beneficial change, was effected by the enlightened policy of Elizabeth, without causing the slightest inconvenience or distress to individuals. The old money was called in, and every person received the nominal value of the base coin, in new sterling money, and the government bore the loss, which was, of course, very heavy, but the people were satisfied, and their confidence in the good faith and honour of the crown, richly repaid this great sovereign for the sacrifice. She strictly forbade melting or trafficking with the coin in any way—a precaution the more necessary, inasmuch as the silver was better and purer in England, during her reign, than in full two hundred years before, and than any that was used in any other nation of Europe in her own time.[1] The reformation of the currency extended to Ireland, and the joy of that distressed people was expressed in the following popular ballad, which has been preserved by Simon, in his "Essay on Irish Coins."

"Let bonfires shine in every place,
Sing, and ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live her grace
To be the good queen of Ireland.

"The gold and silver, which was so base
That no man could endure it scarce,
Is now new coined with her own face,
And made to go current in Ireland."

Well had it been for Ireland, and England also, if the subsequent policy of Elizabeth, towards that portion of her dominions, had been guided by the same maternal and equitable spirit.

The gold coins of Elizabeth are peculiarly beautiful, they were sovereigns, half-sovereigns, or rials, the latter word being a corruption from royals, nobles, double-nobles, angels, half-angels, pieces of an angel and a half and three angels, crowns, and half-crowns. One pound

[1] Camden.

of gold was coined into twenty-four sovereigns, or thirty-six nominal pounds, for the value of the sovereign was thirty shillings, the value of the royal, fifteen shillings, and that of the angel, ten. On the sovereign appeared the majestic profile portrait of Elizabeth, in armour and ruff, her hair dishevelled and flowing over her breast and shoulders, and crowned with the imperial crown of England, similar in form to that worn by all her successors, including our present fair and feminine liege lady. It is impossible, however, for the lovers of the picturesque and graceful not to regret the want of taste, which induced the Tudor sovereigns to abandon the elegant garland-shaped diadem of the Saxon and Plantagenet monarchs of England, for the heavy double-arched regal cap, which so completely conceals the contour of a finely shaped head, and the beauty of the hair. The legend round Elizabeth's sovereign, on the side charged with her bust, is, "ELIZABETH D. G. ANG. FRA. ET HIB. REGINA." Reverse—the arms of England and France. She bore the latter at the very time she signed the death doom of her cousin Mary Stuart, for quartering the first, though entitled by her descent, from Henry VII., to bear them, as the duchess of Suffolk, Frances Brandon did, without offence. The arms on the reverse of Elizabeth's sovereign are flanked by the initials E. R., and this inscription as defender of the faith—"SCUTUM FIDEI PROTEGET EAM."

The double-rose noble, which is esteemed the finest of her coins, has on one side, the queen in her regal costume, with crown, sceptre, and ball, seated on her throne with a portcullis at her feet, signifying her descent from the Beauforts; same legend as the sovereign. On the reverse, a large rose enclosing the royal arms, with the motto chosen by Elizabeth when her accession was announced to her—"A DNO. FACTU. EST. ISTUD. ET MIRAB. OCCUL. NRIS"—"The Lord hath done it, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Queen Elizabeth's silver money are crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, pennies, half-pennies, and farthings. There

was no copper money coined before the reign of king James.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties with which she had to contend, on her accession to the throne, Elizabeth very early assumed the proud position of protectress of the reformed church, not only in England, but throughout the world. She supplied the Huguenot leaders in France privately with arms and money, and afterwards openly with a military force, under the command of lord Robert Dudley's eldest brother, the earl of Warwick.[1] She also extended her succour, secretly, to the Flemish Protestants, and excited them to resist the oppression of their Spanish rulers. The reformed party in Scotland were in her pay, and subservient to her will, although her dislike to John Knox was unconquerable, having been provoked by his abuse of the English Liturgy, in the first place, and in the second, by his work entitled, "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment (meaning government) of Women." It is true that this fulmination was published during her sister's reign, and was more especially aimed against the queen-regent of Scotland and her daughter, the youthful sovereign of that realm, but Elizabeth considered, that the honour of the whole sex was touched in his book, and that all female monarchs were insulted and aggrieved by it. It was in vain, that he endeavoured, by personal flattery to herself, to excuse his attack upon the folly and incapacity of womankind, in general. He assured her, "that she was an exception to the sweeping rule he had laid down, that her whole life had been a miracle, which proved, that she had been chosen by God, that the office which was unlawful to other women, was lawful to her, and that he was ready to obey her authority;" but the queen was nauseated with the insincerity of adulation from such a quarter, and notwithstanding the persuasions of Cecil and Throckmorton, refused to permit him to set a foot in England on any pretence.[2]

On the 18th of January, 1561, the first genuine English

[1] Camden.
[2] Strype. Tytler. Lingard.

tragedy, in five acts, composed on the ancient tragic model, with the interlude of assistant choruses, in lyric verse, was performed before queen Elizabeth, whose classic tastes must have been much gratified by such a production. It was the joint composition of her poetic cousin, sir Thomas Sackville, (who shared the literary genius of the Boleyn family,) and Thomas Norton, and was called "Ferrex and Porrex, or Gorbaduc." Probably the quaint and impertinent representation of the whole life and reign of the royal Blue-beard, Henry VIII., which, it is said, was among the popular dramatic pageants of the reign of Edward VI., would have given an unsophisticated audience more genuine delight, than all the lofty declamations of the imitator of the Greek drama. Elizabeth caused a stage to be erected at Windsor Castle for the regular performance of the drama, with a wardrobe for the actors, painted scenes, and an orchestra, consisting of trumpeters, luterers, harpers, singers, minstrels, viols, sagbuts, bagpipes, *domeflads*, rebecks, and flutes,—and very queer music they must have made.

Queen Elizabeth passed much of her time at Windsor Castle on the spacious terrace erected by her, for a summer promenade, in the north front of the castle. She generally walked for an hour before dinner, if not prevented by wind, to which she had a particular aversion. Rain, if it was not violent, was no impediment to her daily exercise, as she took pleasure in walking under an *umbrella* in rainy weather, upon this commanding and beautiful spot.

In the neighbouring park she frequently hunted, and we have the following testimony, that her feminine feelings did not prevent her from taking life with her own hand, as this letter, written by Leicester at her command, will testify:—

"To the right honorable and my singular good lord my lord of Canterbury's grace, give these.

"My lord,

"The queen's majesty being abroad hunting yesterday in the forest, and having had very good hap, beside great sport, she hath thought good to remember your grace with part of her prey, and so commanded me to send you a great fat stag, killed with *her own hand;* which, because the

weather was wet, and the deer somewhat chafed and dangerous to be carried so far without some help, I caused him to be *parboiled, for the better preservation of him*, which, I doubt not, will cause him to come unto you as I would be glad he should: So having no other matter at this present to trouble your grace withal, I will commit you to the Almighty, and with my most hearty commendations take my leave in haste.

"Your grace's assured,

"At Windsor, this iiii of September.[1] "R. DUDLEY."

While Elizabeth kept court at her natal palace of Greenwich, she, on St. George's day, celebrated the national festival with great pomp, as the sovereign of the order of the Garter, combining, according to the custom of the good old times, a religious service with the picturesque ordinances of this chivalric institution. "All her majesty's chapel came through the hall in copes, to the number of thirty, singing, 'O God the Father, of heaven,' &c., the outward court to the gate being strewed with green rushes. After came Mr. Garter, and Mr. Norroy, and Master Dean of the chapel, in robes of crimson satin, with a rod cross of St. George, and after eleven knights of the garter in their robes; then came the queen, the sovereign of the order, in her robes, and all the guard following, in their rich coats, to the chapel. After service, they returned through the hall to her grace's great chamber. The queen and the lords then went to dinner, where she was most nobly served, and the lords, sitting on one side, were served on gold and silver. After dinner, were two new knights elected—viz., the earl of Shrewsbury and lord Hunsdon."[2]

On the 10th of July, the queen came by water to the Tower, to visit her mints, where she coined certain pieces of gold with her own hand, and gave them away to those about her. Katharine Parr's brother, the marquis of Northampton, and her own cousin, lord Hunsdon, each received one of these memorable pieces. About five she went out at the iron gate, and over Tower-hill, in great state, on horseback, with trumpeters, and her gentlemen-pensioners, heralds, serjeants at arms, gentlemen, and nobles preceding her, lord Hunsdon bearing the

[1] No other date, but it must have been before the year 1564, when he was created earl of Leicester.

[2] Hist. Order of the Garter, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. i. p. 189.

sword of state before her majesty, and the ladies riding after her. In this order, the maiden monarch and her train proceeded by the way of Aldgate, down Hounds-ditch and Hog-lane,[1] places little accustomed, now, to behold royal equestrian processions, with gorgeous dames and courtly gallants, sweeping in jewelled pomp through those narrow, dusky streets; but Elizabeth, whose maternal progenitors had handled the mercer's yard and wielded the civic mace, was peculiarly the queen of the city of London, where she was always hailed with enthusiastic affection. As long as the Tower was a royal residence, our sovereigns did not entirely confine the sunshine of their presence to the western quarter of the metropolis, but gave the city, in turn, a share of the glories of regality. Elizabeth and her train, on the above occasion, proceeded, we are told, through the fields to the Charter-house, the splendid residence of the lord North, where she reposed herself till the 14th, when Burleigh has noted in his diary the following entry:—"The queen supped at my house in Strand (the Savoy), before it was finished, and she came by the fields from Christ-church." Here her council waited on her grace, with many lords, knights, and ladies. Great cheer was made till midnight, when she rode back to the Charter-house, where she lay that night.

The next day, Elizabeth set forth on her summer progress into Essex and Suffolk. All the streets of the city, through which she was to pass, were freshly sanded and gravelled, and the houses hung with cloth of arras, rich carpets, and silk; but Cheapside, then proverbially called the Golden Chepe, made a display of magnificence in honour of the passage of the sovereign, which we should vainly look for in these days of flimsy luxury, being hung with cloth of gold and silver, and velvets of all colours.[2] All the crafts of London were ranged in their liveries from St. Michael the Quern as far as Aldgate. The aldermen, in their scarlet robes, had a distinguished place in the royal procession, nearer to her majesty's person than her nobles and officers of state,

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Ibid.

save my lord Hunsdon, who bore the sword of state before her, and was immediately preceded by the lord mayor, who bore the sceptre. At Whitechapel, the lord mayor and aldermen took their leave of her grace, and she proceeded on her way towards Essex, and is supposed to have lodged that night at Wansted-house, in the forest.[1] On the 19th of July, Elizabeth reached Ingatestone, the seat of sir William Petre, one of her secretaries and privy councillors. She had had the wisdom, as well as the magnanimity, to overlook his former inimical proceedings in the time of her adversity, regarding them probably as political rather than personal offences. She remained at his house two days, and then passed on to Newhall, one of the seats of her maternal grandfather, sir Thomas Boleyn, where Henry VIII. had ofttimes visited, and wooed her fair, ill-fated mother, during the fervour of his passion. Over the portal, the words, *Viva Elizabetha*, and a complimentary Italian quatrain, still bear record of her visit.

She visited Colchester during this progress,[2] and arrived at Harwich, August 2nd, where she enjoyed the sea breezes for several days, and was so well pleased with the entertainment she received, that she inquired of the mayor and corporation if she could do anything for them. They returned humble thanks to her majesty, but said, "they did not require anything at that time." When the queen departed, she looked back at Harwich, with a smile, and said, "A pretty town, and wants nothing."[3]

Her majesty arrived at Ipswich, August 6th, the inhabitants of which, like the other towns through which she passed, had been assessed for the expenses of her entertainment. She found great fault with the clergy for not wearing the surplice, and the general want of order observed in the celebration of divine service.

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] Queen Elizabeth relished the Colchester oysters so greatly, which she probably tasted for the first time during her visit to the town, that they were afterwards sent for by horse-loads by the purveyors of the royal table.—Corporation Records of Colchester.

[3] Taylor's History of Harwich.

The bishop of Norwich, himself, came in for a share of the censure of the royal governess of the church, for his remissness, and for winking at schismatics. Above all, she expressed her dislike of the marriage of the clergy, and that in cathedrals and colleges there were so many wives and children, which she said, was "contrary to the intention of the founders, and much tending to the interruption of the studies of those who were placed there."[1] She even proceeded to issue an order, on the 9th of August, addressed to the archbishop of Canterbury for his province, and to the archbishop of York for his, forbidding the resort of women to the lodgings of cathedrals or colleges on any pretence. Her indignation at the marriage of her bishops carried her almost beyond the bounds of delicacy, and when archbishop Parker remonstrated with her on what he called, the "Popish tendency," of a prohibition, which was peculiarly offensive to him as a married man, she told him, "she repented of having made any married bishops," and even spoke with contempt of the institution of matrimony altogether.[2] It is well known, that the first time the queen honoured the archiepiscopal palace with a visit—on which occasion an enormous expense, and immense trouble and fatigue, had been incurred by the primate and his wife—instead of the gracious words of acknowledgment, which the latter naturally expected to receive at parting from the royal guest, her majesty repaid her dutiful attention with the following insult:—"And you," said she, "madam I may not call you, mistress I am ashamed to call you, and so I know not what to call you; but, howsoever, I thank you."[3]

Elizabeth looked as sourly on bishops' daughters as she did on their wives; and having heard that Pilkington, bishop of Durham, had given his daughter in marriage a fortune of 10,000*l.*, equal to the portion bequeathed by her father, Henry VIII., to her and to her sister, she scotched the see of Durham of a thousand a year, and devoted the money to her garrison at Berwick.[4]

[1] Strype's Parker, p. 106. [2] Strype. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

During her majesty's sojourn at Ipswich, the court was thrown into the greatest consternation by the discovery that the lady Katharine Gray, sister to the unfortunate lady Jane, was on the point of becoming a mother, having contracted a clandestine marriage with Edward earl of Hertford, the eldest son of the late protector Somerset. The matter was the more serious, because the young lady, was not only of the blood-royal, but, as the eldest surviving daughter of Frances Brandon, to whose posterity the regal succession stood entailed by the will of Henry VIII., regarded by the party opposed to the hereditary claim of Mary queen of Scots as the heiress presumptive to the throne. Lady Katharine held an office in the queen's chamber, which kept her in constant attendance on her majesty's person, but having listened to the secret addresses of the man of her heart, love inspired her with ingenuity to elude the watchfulness of the court. One day, excusing herself, under pretence of sickness, from attending her royal mistress to the chase, she employed the time, not like her accomplished sister, the unfortunate lady Jane Gray, in reading Plato, but in hastening with lady Jane Seymour, one of the maids of honour, the sister of her lover, to his house, where lady Jane Seymour herself procured the priest, who joined their hands in marriage. Hertford left England the next day; lady Jane Seymour died in the following March, and thus poor lady Katharine was left to meet the consequences of her stolen nuptials. The queen, forgetful of her own love passages, when princess, with the late lord admiral, uncle to this very Hertford, and the disgraceful disclosures which had been made in king Edward's privy council, scarce ten years ago, treated the unfortunate couple with the greatest severity. Her premier, Cecil, whose cold heart appears, at all times, inaccessible to the tender impulses of sympathy for beauty in distress, in a letter to the earl of Sussex, sums up the leading circumstances, as far as they had then proceeded, in this piteous romance of royal history, in the following laconic terms: "The 10th of this, at Ipswich, was a great mishap discovered."

After naming the situation of the unfortunate lady Katharine, in the coarsest language, he adds, "as she saith, by the earl of Hertford, who is in France. She is committed to the Tower; he is sent for. She saith that she was married to him secretly before Christmas last."

The reader will remember, that the father of the husband of lady Katharine Gray was the first great patron of this climbing statesman, and herself the sister of the illustrious victim whom he had acknowledged as his sovereign. "The queen's majesty," pursues he, "doth well, thanked be God, although not well quieted with the mishap of the lady Katharine." It was in vain that the unfortunate sister of lady Jane Gray, in her terror and distress, fled to the chamber of the brother of lord Guildford Dudley, lord Robert, and implored him to use his powerful intercession with their royal mistress in her behalf. The politic courtier cared not to remind the queen of his family connexion with those, who had endeavoured to supplant her in the royal succession; and lady Katharine was hurried to the Tower, where she brought forth a fair young son. Her husband, on his return, was also incarcerated in the Tower. They were in separate prison lodgings, but he found means to visit his wedded love, in her affliction. She became the mother of another child, for which offence he was fined in the star chamber 20,000*l.*, the marriage having been declared null and void, as the sister of Hertford, lady Jane, the only efficient witness, was no more. Elizabeth was obdurate in her resentment to her unfortunate cousin; and, disregarding all her pathetic letters for pardon and pity, kept her in durance apart from her husband and children, till she was released by death, after seven years of dóleful captivity.[1] Her real crime was being the sister of lady Jane Gray, which queen Mary had overlooked, but Elizabeth could not; yet lady Katharine was a Protestant.

After Elizabeth had relentlessly despatched her hapless cousin to the Tower, she proceeded on her festive pro-

[1] See Ellis' Letters of English History. Camden. Mackintosh.

gress to Smallbridge House, in Suffolk, the seat of Mr. Waldegrave, a catholic gentleman, who with his lady and some others, had been committed to the Tower for recusancy. He was at that very time a prisoner there, and there died, on the first of the following September. From thence she passed on to Helmingham Hall, the fair abode of sir Lionel Tollemache, then sheriff for Norfolk and Suffolk, and honoured him by standing godmother to his heir, and left the ebony lute, inlaid with ivory and gems, on which she was accustomed to play, as a present for the mother of the babe. This relic, which has the royal initials "E. R." is carefully preserved by the family, and proudly exhibited among the treasures of Helmingham Hall. It was a customary thing for a king or queen of England to leave some trifling personal possession, as a memorial of the royal visit at every mansion where majesty was entertained. Hence, so many embroidered gloves, fans, books of devotion, and other traditionary relics of this mighty queen are shewn in different old families, with whom she was a guest during her numerous progresses. She returned through Hertfordshire this year, and revisited the abode of her childhood, Enfield House; and on the 22nd of September came from Enfield to London. She was so numerously attended on her homeward route, that from Islington to London, all the hedges and ditches were levelled to clear the way for her; and such were the gladness and affection manifested by the loyal concourse of people who came to meet and welcome her, "that," says the contemporary chronicler, "it was night ere she came over Saint Giles's in the Fields."

Before Elizabeth left town on her late progress, the widowed queen of Scots, after the death of her consort, Francis II. of France, sent her French minister, D'Oisell, to ask her for a safe conduct to pass into Scotland, either by sea, or, if compelled by indisposition or danger, to land in England, and travel without let or hindrance to her own realm.

It had been considered the height of inhumanity in that brutal monarch, Henry VIII., when he denied a

like request, which had been proposed to him in behalf of the bride of his nephew James V., the beautiful Mary of Lorraine, whom he had passionately desired for his own wife; but that one lady should refuse so small an accommodation to another, had certainly not been anticipated. Elizabeth, however, acted like the true daughter of Henry VIII. on this occasion, for though D'Oisell presented the queen of Scotland's request in writing, she delivered her answer to him in the negative at a crowded court, with a loud voice and angry countenance, observing, "that the queen of Scots should ask no favours till she had ratified the treaty of Edinburgh."[1]

When this discourtesy was reported to the youthful sovereign of Scotland, and dowager of France, then only in her nineteenth year, she sent for the English ambassador, Throckmorton; and having, in the first place, to mark her own attention to the conventional forms observed, even by hostile princes, in their personal relations towards each other, waved her hand as a signal to the company to withdraw out of hearing, she addressed to him a truly queenly comment on the insult that had been offered to her, on the part of his royal mistress.[2]

"My lord ambassador," said she, "as I know not how far I may be transported by passion, I like not to have so many witnesses of mine infirmity, as the queen your mistress had, when she talked, not long since, with monsieur D'Oisell. There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself, as to have asked of her a favour, which I could well have done without. I came here, in defiance of the attempts made by her brother Edward to prevent me, and, by the grace of God, I will return without her leave. It is well known that I have friends and allies who have power to assist me, but I chose rather to be indebted to her friendship. If she choose, she may have me for a loving kinswoman and useful neighbour; for I am not going to practise against her with her subjects, as she has done with mine, yet I know there be in her realm those, that like not of

[1] Camden. Chalmers. D'Oisell's Report, State Paper Office.
[2] Throckmorton's Letter to Queen Elizabeth, apud Cabala.

the present state of things. The queen says, I am young, and lack experience: I confess I am younger than she is, yet I know how to carry myself lovingly and justly with my friends, and not to cast any word against her, which may be unworthy of a queen and a kinswoman; and, by her permission, I am as much a queen as herself, and can carry my courage as high, as she knows how to do. She hath heretofore assisted my subjects against me; and now that I am a widow, it may be thought strange that she would hinder me in returning to my own country." Mary, then, in a few words stated that the late king, her husband, had objected to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh; that while he lived, she was bound to act by his advice; and now her uncles had referred her to her own council, and the states of Scotland, for advice in a matter in which they, as peers of France, had no voice; and she was too young and inexperienced to decide of herself, even if it had been proper that she should do so.

Throckmorton, in reply, adverted to the old offence of Mary and her late husband, having assumed the title and arms of England. "But," rejoined the young queen, with great *naïveté*, "my late lord and father king Henry, and the king my late lord and husband, would have it so. I was then under their commandment, as you know, and since their death I have neither borne the arms, nor used the style of England."[1]

The attempt of Elizabeth to intercept and capture the youthful widow, on her voyage to Scotland, has been contested by some able writers of the present day; but it is certain that the traitors, Lethington and Murray, counselled the English cabinet to that step.[2] An English squadron was, at this critical juncture, sent into the north sea, under pretext of protecting the fishers from pirates; and Cecil, in his letter to Sussex, after stating the fact, significantly observes, "*I think they will be sorry to see her pass.*" The royal voyager passed the English ships in safety, under the cover of the thick fog; but they captured one vessel, in which was the young earl of Eglinton, and carried him into an English port. On finding their

[1] Throckmorton's Letter to Elizabeth, in Cabala. [2] Camden. Tytler.

mistake, they relinquished the prize; and apologised for the blunder they had committed.[1] Safe conduct having been peremptorily denied to Mary, by Elizabeth, it was impossible for her to place any other construction on the seizure of one of her convoy, than the very natural one she did. Elizabeth, however, without waiting to be accused, proceeded to justify herself from so unkind an imputation, in a formal letter to her royal kinswoman, in which she says, "It seemeth that report hath been made to you, that we had sent out our admiral with our fleet to impede your passage. Your servants know how false this is. We have only at the desire of the king of Spain, sent two or three small barks to sea, in pursuit of certain Scotch pirates."[2]

The young queen of Scotland accepted the explanation with great courtesy, and though perfectly aware of the intrigues that had been, and continued to be, practised against her in her own court by Elizabeth, she pursued an amicable and conciliatory policy towards her, entered into a friendly correspondence, and expressed the greatest desire for a personal interview. Mary's youngest uncle, the grand prior of France, who had accompanied her to Scotland—a bold military ecclesiastic of the class of Walter Scott's Brian de Bois Guilbert, asked and obtained leave to visit the court of England, on his return to France.[3] He was a victorious admiral, and was commander-in-chief of the French navy, and, being the handsomest and the most audacious, of his handsome and warlike race, probably felt no alarm at the possibility of being detained by the maiden queen. He was, in fact, the sort of paladin likely to captivate Elizabeth, who became animated with a livelier spirit of coquetry than usual, at the sight of him, and soon treated him with great familiarity. "I have often heard the queen of England address him thus," says Brantome: "Ah, mon Prieur, I love you much;[4] but I hate that brother Guise

[1] Tytler's Scotland. [2] Robertson's Appendix.

[3] Probably early in September, 1561, as he had landed his niece, Mary queen of Scots, in the middle of August, at Leith.

[4] "Je vous aime fort," are the words Brantome uses. Les Hommes Illustrés, 2nd part, p. 399.

of yours, who tore from me my town of Calais." He danced more than once with her, for she danced much—all sorts of dances.

"The testimony of an eye-witness," says a modern French biographer, "can never be useless or devoid of interest, when, like the pigeon of La Fontaine, he can truly say—

'J'etais la, telle chose m'advint.'"

Such was the testimony of the chivalrous biographer, Brantome, who with more than a hundred other gentlemen of rank, in attendance on the grand prior and constable of France, were guests at the courts of England and France, and saw and spoke to both the island queens, when in the height of their beauty and prosperity. Next to female dress, a Frenchman is the most sedulous critic on female beauty; and, surely, Brantome bears witness that, at twenty-seven, Elizabeth possessed a considerable share of personal charms. "This queen gave us all one evening," says he, "a supper, in a grand room hung round with tapestry, representing the parable of the ten virgins of the Evangelists. When the banquet was done, there came in a ballet of her maids of honour, whom she had dressed and ordained to represent the same virgins.[1] Some of them had their lamps burning, and full of oil; and some of them carried lamps which were empty; but all their lamps were silver, most exquisitely chased and wrought; and the ladies were very pretty, well behaved, and very well dressed. They came in the course of the ballet, and prayed us French to dance with them, and even prevailed on the queen to dance, which she did with much grace, and right royal majesty; for she possessed then no little beauty and elegance."

"She told the constable of France, "that of all the monarchs of the earth, she had had the greatest wish to behold his late master, king Henry II., on account of his warlike renown. He had sent me word," pursued

[1] Brantome, Les Hommes Illustrés, second partie, p. 60. He mentions the tapestry of the ten virgins in another of his historical recollections. It is probable that this fête was at the celebration of her birthday, September 7th—that the grand chamber was at Greenwich Palace, the room queen Elizabeth was born in, which was hung with such tapestry.

she, "that we should meet very soon, and I had commanded my galleys to be made ready to pass to France, for the express purpose of seeing him." The constable replied, "Madame, I am certain you would have been well pleased with him, if you had seen him, for his temper and tastes would have suited yours, and he would have been charmed with your pleasant manners, and lively humour; he would have given you an honourable welcome, and very good cheer."

"There are at present alive, besides the constable," continues Brantome, "M. de Guiche, M. de Castelnau, Languedoc, and M. de Beloiz, besides myself, who heard queen Elizabeth speak thus; and we all right well remember her, as she was then."

It has been customary for the learned chroniclers of Elizabeth's life and reign, from Camden downwards, to diverge at this period of her annals into the affairs of Scotland, and for the succeeding seven years to follow the fortunes of the fair ill-fated Mary Stuart, rather than those of our mighty Tudor queen, who is certainly a character of sufficient importance to occupy at all times the foreground of her own history.

It is, however, requisite to point out the first germ of the personal ill-will so long nourished by Elizabeth against Mary. This seems to have arisen from the evil report brought by Mrs. Sands, Elizabeth's former maid of honour, when she returned from France, at the accession of her royal mistress. The exile of this lady has already been mentioned. As she was forced from Elizabeth's service on account of her zeal for the protestant religion, it was not very probable that she would be admitted to the confidence of Mary Stuart, who was then queen consort of France. Yet Mrs. Sands affirmed that queen Elizabeth was never mentioned by Mary without scorn and contempt.[1] Such was the beginning of that hatred which never diminished while the troubled existence of Mary Stuart continued.

Elizabeth was too deeply skilled in the regnal science, not to be aware, that a country is never so sure of enjoy-

[1] State Paper in Cecil's handwriting, Sadler Papers, vol. i.

ing the blessings of peace, as when prepared for war, and therefore, her principal care was bestowed in providing her realm with the means of defence. Gunpowder was first manufactured by her orders and encouragement in England; which all her predecessors had contented themselves with purchasing abroad. She sent for engineers, and furnished regular arsenals in all fortified towns along the coast and the Scottish borders, increased the garrison of Berwick, and caused a fort to be built on the banks of the Medway, near Upnor, where the ships should ride in shelter, and increased the wages of the mariners and soldiers, to encourage them to serve her well.[1] She not only caused ships of war to be built for the increase of her navy, but she encouraged the wealthy inhabitants of sea-ports to emulate her example; so that, instead of hiring, as her father and others of her predecessors had done, ships from the Hans towns and Italian republics, she was, in the fourth year of her reign, able to put to sea a fleet with twenty thousand men at arms. Strangers named her *the queen of the sea*, and the north star—her own subjects proudly styled her the restorer of naval glory.[2]

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Elizabeth's persecutions of Nonconformists—Her visit to St. Paul's—Displeasure with the dean—New year's gift—Predictions of her death—Parliament petitions her to marry or declare her successor—Her irritability—She prevents the queen of Scots' marriage—Her letter to Warwick—Her Cambridge progress—Offers Robert Dudley's hand to the queen of Scots—Creates him earl of Leicester—Levity of her behaviour—Marriage offer of Charles IX.—Discourses of Leicester and French ambassadors—Elizabeth imprisons lady Mary Gray—Takes offence with Leicester—Her favour to Cecilia of Sweden—The queen gives Leicester hopes—Her irresolution—Her manner of receiving the sacrament—Cruelty to Heath—Her deceitful treatment of the Scotch rebels—Renewal of matrimonial negotiations with the archduke Charles—Hopes and fears of Leicester—Elizabeth's vexation at the birth of Mary Stuart's son—Visit to the University of Oxford—Tries to cut short Dr. Westphaling's oration—His pertinacity—Her whimsical reproof—Dispute with parliament—Her encouragement of alchemists and conjurors—Adventures with Dr. Dee—Her patronage of him—Her wardrobe—Remonstrates with Mary Stuart—Her letter to Catherine de Medicis—Description of the archduke Charles—Arrival of Mary queen of Scots in England—Crooked policy of Elizabeth—Conferences at York—Norfolk's suspected correspondence with Mary—Elizabeth's reply to Lady Lenox.

THE evidences of history prove that religious persecution generates faction, and lends the most formidable weapons to the disaffected by dignifying treason with the name of piety. Thus was it in the Pilgrimage of Grace, in the reign of Henry VIII.; with Kett's rebellion, in that of Edward VI.; and the Wyatt insurrection, in that of Mary. Whether under the rival names of Catholic or Protestant, the principle was the same, and the crown

of martyrdom was claimed, by the sufferer for conscience-sake, of either party.

The experience of the religious struggles, in the last three reigns, had failed to teach Elizabeth the futility of monarchs attempting to make their opinions, on theological matters, a rule for the consciences of their subjects. Her first act of intolerance was levelled against the anabaptists, by the publication of an edict, in which they and other heretics, whether foreign or native, were enjoined to depart the realm within twenty days, on pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods.[1] Subsequently, in a fruitless attempt to establish uniformity of worship throughout the realm, she treated her dissenting subjects, of all classes, with great severity, as well as those who adhered to the tenets of the church of Rome. The attempt to force persons of opposite opinions to a reluctant conformity with the newly-established ritual rendered it distasteful to many, who would probably, if left to the exercise of their own discretion, have adopted it, in time, as the happy medium between the two extremes of Rome and Geneva. In Ireland, coercive measures were followed by disaffection and revolt, and opened the door to plots and perpetual enterprises against the queen's person and government both from foreign powers, and those within her own realm, who were desirous of being governed by a sovereign of their own creed.

On the first day of 1562, the queen went in state to St. Paul's cathedral. The dean, having notice of her intention, had been at some pains and great expense in ornamenting a prayer-book with beautiful prints, illustrative of the history of the apostles and martyrs, which were placed at the epistles and gospels appointed to be read by the church of England, on their commemorations. The book, being intended as a new year's gift for her majesty, was richly bound, and laid on the cushion for her use.[2] A proclamation had, indeed, lately been set forth, to please the puritan party, against images, pictures, and Romish relics, but as Elizabeth continued to retain a large silver crucifix over the altar of the chapel royal,

[1] Camden. [2] Fox.

with candlesticks and other ornaments, the use or disuse of which might be regarded rather as a matter of taste than religion, the dean supposed, that her majesty did not object to works of art on scriptural subjects, as embellishments for her books of devotion. Elizabeth, however, thought it expedient to get up a little scene on this occasion, in order to manifest her zeal against Popery before a multitude. When she came to her place, she opened the book, but, seeing the pictures, frowned, blushed, and shut it (of which several took notice), and calling to the verger, bade him, "bring her the book she was accustomed to use." After the service was concluded she went straight into the vestry, where she asked the dean, "how that book came to be placed on her cushion?" He replied, "that he intended it as a new year's gift to her majesty." "You never could present me with a worse," rejoined the queen. "Why so?" asked the dean. Her majesty, after a vehement protestation of her aversion to idolatry, reminded him of her recent proclamation against superstitious pictures and images, and asked "if it had been read in his deanery." The dean replied "that it had, but he meant no harm in causing the prints to be bound up in the service-book." She told him, "that he must be very ignorant indeed to do so, after her prohibition." The poor dean humbly suggested, "that if so her majesty might the better pardon him." The queen prayed, "that God would grant him a better spirit and more wisdom for the future;" to which royal petition, in his behalf, the dean meekly cried, "Amen." Then the queen asked, "how he came by the pictures, and by whom engraved?" He said,[1] "he bought them of a German;" and her majesty observed, "it is well it was from a stranger; had it been any of our subjects we should have questioned the matter."[1] The menace, implied in this speech, against native artists, who should venture to engrave plates from scriptural subjects, naturally deterred them from copying the immortal works of the great Flemish, Italian, and Spanish masters, which were chiefly confined to themes from sacred history or saintly lore, and may well explain the otherwise unaccountable fact,

[1] Fox.

that the pictorial arts in England retrograded, instead of improved, from the accession of Elizabeth till the reign of Charles I.

About this time, Margaret countess of Lenox, the queen's nearest relation of the royal Tudor blood, and who stood next to the queen of Scots in the hereditary order of the regal succession, was arrested and thrown into prison. Her ostensible offence was, having corresponded secretly with her royal niece, the queen of Scots; but, having been the favourite friend of the late queen, who was at one time reported to have intended to appoint her as her successor, to the prejudice of Elizabeth, that princess had cherished great ill-will against her, and she now caused her to be arraigned on the formidable charges of treason and witchcraft. The countess was, with four others, found guilty of having consulted with pretended wizards and conjurors, to learn how long the queen had to live.[1] The luckless lady, being perfectly aware that the royal animosity proceeded from a deeper root, addressed the following curious letter in her own justification to Mr. Secretary Cecil:—

"Good Master Secretary,

"I have received your answer, by my man Fowler, upon the queen's words to you, whereby the queen hath been informed, and doth credit the same, that I, in the time of her highness's trouble in queen Mary's reign, should be rather a means to augment the same than diminish it, in putting it then in queen Mary's head, that it was a quietness for the times to have her shut up. Master Secretary none *on live* (alive) is able to justify this false and untrue report, made of me, among others the like, as therein I will be sworn if I were put to it, that never, in all my life, I had, or meant to have said such words touching the queen's majesty, nor I, for my part, bare no such stroke to give any advice in any such weighty matter.

"But what should I say? even as my lord and I, have had extremity shewed upon the informations, most untruly given unto the queen's majesty of us so late! I, for no other, but the continuance thereof, as long as her highness doth hear and credit the first tale, without proof to be tried, and, as it appeareth, discrediteth my answers any way made to the contrary, how true soever they be. But if my lord and I might find the queen's majesty so good and gracious to us, as to hear our accusers and us, face to face, I would then be out of doubt to find shortly some part of her highness's favour again, which I beseech you to be a means for, and to participate the contents of this my letter to her majesty, in which doing ye give me occasion to be ready to requite the same as my power shall extend.

"And so, with my hearty commendations, I bid you likewise farewell. From *Sheathys*, the second of October, your assured friend to my power,

"Margaret Lenox and Angus."

[1] Camden.

Margaret had some cause of alarm when she penned this earnest letter, for her life lay at the mercy of the queen, and the accusation of sorcery against royal ladies had hitherto generally emanated, either from the hatred or rapacity of the sovereign.

In the autumn of 1562, the queen was attacked with a long and dangerous illness, and an astrologer named Prestal, who had cast her nativity, predicted that she would die in the ensuing March. This prophecy, becoming very generally whispered abroad, inspired two royally-descended brothers of the name of Pole, the representatives of the line of Clarence, with the wild project of raising a body of troops, and landing them in Wales, to proclaim Mary Stuart queen, in the event of her majesty's death, in the hope that the beautiful heiress of the crown would reward one of them with her hand and the other with the dukedom of Clarence. This romantic plot transpired, and the brothers with their confederates were arraigned for high treason. They protested their innocence of conspiring against the queen, but confessed to having placed implicit reliance on the prediction of Prestal, and that their plot only involved the matter of the succession.[1] It appears probable that this political soothsaying was connected with the misdemeanor of lady Lenox. Cecil laboured hard to construe the visionary scheme of the deluded young men into a confederacy of the Guises and Mary queen of Scots, but the notion was too absurd. They were condemned to die, but Elizabeth, having no reason to suppose they had practised against her life, revolted at that time from the thought of shedding kindred blood on the scaffold, on a pretence so frivolous. She graciously extended her pardon to Arthur Pole and his brother, and allowed them to pass beyond sea.[2]

On the last of December this year, Mistress Smytheson, her majesty's launderer, was presented by the royal command with a kirtle of russet satin, edged with velvet and lined with russet taffeta.[3] The materials of this rich

[1] Strype.

[2] Burleigh and Mason's Letters in Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times."

[3] MS. Wardrobe Book of queen Elizabeth, in the possession of sir

but simple dress prove that the office of laundress to the sovereign was held by a gentlewoman, whose duty it was to superintend the labours of the operative naiads of the royal household.

The queen in her royal robes, with her bishops and peers, rode in great state, from her palace, January 12th, 1563, to open the parliament at Westminster. She proceeded first to the Abbey, and alighting at our Lady of Grace's chapel, where she and her noble and stately retinue entered at the north door, and heard a sermon preached by Noel, the dean of St. Paul's; and then a Psalm being sung, she proceeded through the south door to the parliament chamber, then evidently held in the chapter house.

The first step taken by this parliament, after the choice of a speaker, was to petition the queen to marry; this, indeed, appeared the only means of averting the long and bloody successive wars, with which, according to human probability, the rival claims of the female descendants of Henry VII. threatened the nation, in the event of Elizabeth dying without lawful issue of her own. The elements of deadly debate, which Henry VIII. had left as his last legacy to England, by his arbitrary innovations in the regular order of succession, had been augmented by Elizabeth's refusal to acknowledge the rights of the queen of Scots, as the presumptive inheritor of the throne. The cruel policy which had led her to nullify the marriage and stigmatize the offspring of the hapless representative of the Suffolk line, had apparently provided further perplexities and occasions of strife. With this stormy perspective, the people naturally regarded the life of the reigning sovereign as their best security against the renewal of struggles, no less direful than the wars of the Roses. In this idea Elizabeth wished them to remain, and it was no part of her intention to lessen the difficul-

Thomas Phillipps, Bart. From the same MS. we find, that on the 13th of January, anno 5 R. Eliz., ten yards of black satin were delivered from the queen's great wardrobe to make Dr. Cæsar a gown; and on the 14th of February, (anno 6,) eight yards of black satin, and the same of black velvet, were delivered to the lady Carew, out of the great wardrobe, to make hoods.

ties in which the perilous question of heirship to the crown was involved.

"Oh, how wretched are we," write Bishop Jewel, to his friend at Zurich, "who cannot tell under what sovereign we are to live!" Elizabeth briefly replied to the remonstrance of her parliament on this subject, and that of her marriage—"that she had not forgotten the suit of the house, nor ever could forget it, but it was a matter in which she would be advised."[1] . Elizabeth was just then, too busily occupied in traversing every proposal of marriage that was made to the queen of Scots, to have leisure to think much of her own.

Since the widowhood of Mary Stuart, all Elizabeth's rejected suitors had transferred their addresses to the younger and fairer queen of the sister realm, and nothing but the political expediency of maintaining the guise of friendship she had assumed towards Mary prevented her from manifesting the jealousy and ill-will, excited in her haughty spirit by every fresh circumstance of the kind. Mary very obligingly communicated all her offers to her good sister of England, having promised to be guided by her advice on this important subject, and all were equally objectionable in Elizabeth's opinion. Mary, in the morning freshness of youth, beauty, and poetic genius, cared for none of these things; her heart was long faithful to the memory of her buried lord, and she allowed Elizabeth to dictate refusals to her illustrious wooers with perfect unconcern, in the hope that in return for this singular condescension her good sister would be won upon to acknowledge her right to succeed to the crown of England, in the event of that queen dying without lawful issue.[2]

Elizabeth was inflexible in her refusal to concede this point. She replied, "that the right of succession to her throne should never be made a subject of discussion; it would cause disputes as to the validity of this or that marriage," in allusion to the old dispute of Henry VIII.'s marriage with her mother, which was, in truth, the source

[1] Strype.

[2] Camden. Haynes' State Papers. Tytler. Lingard.

of Elizabeth's jealousy of all her royal kindred. Mary consented to acknowledge, that the right to the English crown was vested in Elizabeth and her posterity, if, in return, Elizabeth would declare her claims to the succession as presumptive heiress. Elizabeth in reply said, "that she could not do so without conceiving a dislike to Mary," and asked, "How it were possible for her to love any one whose interest it was to see her dead?" She enlarged withal on the inconstancy of human affections and the proneness of men in general to worship the rising sun. "It was so in her sister's reign," she said, "and would be so again if she were ever to declare her successor."[1] It was then proposed that the two queens should meet, and settle their differences in an amicable manner. Mary, with the confiding frankness that marked her character, agreed to come to York for this purpose, and a passport was even signed for her and her retinue, of a thousand horse; and when Elizabeth, for some reason, postponed the meeting to an indefinite time, the young sovereign of Scotland, in her romantic infatuation wept with passionate regret at her disappointment.

Elizabeth had at this time much to harass and disquiet her. The expedition which she had been persuaded to send out to the shores of Normandy, had been anything but successful; much treasure and blood had been uselessly expended, and the city of Rouen, after it had been defended with fruitless valour, was taken by the royalist forces, and two hundred brave English auxiliaries put to the sword. On lord Robert Dudley the unwelcome task devolved, of imparting the news of this misfortune to her majesty. He had the presumption to conceal the fact that the city had actually fallen, but represented it to be in great distress, and artfully persuaded his royal mistress, that if the worst happened, her parsimony would have been the cause.[2] Elizabeth was in an agony at the possibility of such a calamity, and despatched reinforcements and supplies to Warwick, with a letter of encouragement

[1] Spotiswood. [2] Forbes.

from her council, to which she added the following affectionate postscript in her own hand:—

"My dear Warwick,

"If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot, that I would, I will do, that I may and will rather drink in an ashen cup, than you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all. Yours as my own,

"E. R."[1]

There is an honest, generous warmth, in this brief note, which does Elizabeth more honour than all her laboured, metaphorical, epistolary compositions. She felt what she wrote, in this instance, and the feeling, that she would rather drink out of an ashen cup, than her suffering soldiers, on foreign service, should want succour, is worthy of being inscribed on her monument. The supplies could not prevent the secret negotiation between the royalists and the Huguenots, by which the English allies were sacrificed. The plague breaking out in the garrisons of Newhaven and Havre de Grace, caused such ravages, that the earl of Warwick found himself compelled to surrender Havre to the French, and bring the sickly remnant of his army home. They brought the infection with them, and twenty thousand persons died in the metropolis alone.[2] The pestilence lasted nearly a year, which caused the queen to withdraw her court to Windsor. The approach of the maiden monarch was hailed by the youthful classics at Eton with rapturous delight; and in the fervour of their loyal enthusiasm they proclaimed an ovation to queen Elizabeth, and offered their homage in every variety of Latin verses and orations, which were very graciously received by her majesty. Elizabeth was always on the most affectionate terms with this royal nursery of scholars, was much beloved and honoured by them.[3]

Cecil, in his diary, proudly recalls the fact, that the queen's majesty on the 6th of July, 1564, stood for his infant daughter, to whom she gave her own name.

[1] Archæologia, vol. xiii. p. 201.

[2] Stowe.

[3] MS. Harleian. Nichols.

Lady Lenox appears, not only to have obtained her liberty at that time, but to have regained her standing at court, as first lady of the blood-royal; for we find, that she assisted her majesty on that occasion as the other god-mother. The same summer, the queen decided on visiting the university of Cambridge, at the request of sir William Cecil, who, in addition to his other high offices, was also chancellor of this university. He was unluckily attacked with what he termed "an unhappy grief in his foot"—no other than a painful fit of the gout—just at the time when he was nervously anxious that all things should be arranged, in the most perfect manner, for the honour of his sovereign and *alma mater*. The energy of his mind prevailed over the malady, so far, that he went with his lady in a coach on the 4th of August, to overlook the preparations for her majesty's reception. The next day the queen came from Mr. Worthington's house at Hastingfield, where she had slept on the preceding night. She was met by the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Sussex, the bishop of Ely, and an honourable company, by whom she was conducted towards the town. The mayor and corporation met the sovereign a little above Newnham, and there alighted and performed their *devoir*, and the recorder made an oration in English. Then the mayor delivered the mace with a fair standing cup, which cost 19*l*., and twenty old angels in it, which her majesty received, gently returned the mace to the mayor, and delivered the cup to one of her footmen. When she came to Newnham mills, being requested to change her horse, she alighted, and went into the miller's house for a little space. Then she and all her ladies being remounted, proceeded in fair array; and as they neared the town, the trumpeters by solemn blast declared her majesty's approach. When they entered Queens' College, and her majesty was in the midst of the scholars, two appointed for the purpose knelt before her, and, kissing their papers, offered them to her grace; the queen, understanding that they contained congratulatory addresses in prose and verse, received and delivered them to one of her footmen.

When they reached the doctors, all the lords and ladies alighted, her majesty only remained on horseback.

"She was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinked (cut velvet), and had a caul upon her head set with pearls and precious stones, and a hat that was spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers. When her majesty came to the west door of the chapel, sir William Cecil kneeled down and welcomed her, and the beadles kneeling, kissed their staves, and delivered them to Mr. Secretary, who, likewise kissing the same, delivered them into the queen's hands, who could not well hold them all, and her grace gently and merrily re-delivered them, willing him and all the other magistrates of the university "to minister justice uprightly, or she would take them into her own hands, and see to it;" adding, "that though the chancellor halted, his leg being sore, yet she trusted that Justice did not halt."

All this time Elizabeth was on horseback, and before she alighted came master W. Masters, of King's College, orator, making his three reverences, kneeling down on the first step of the west door (which was with the walls outward covered with verses), and made his oration, in length almost half an hour, in effect as follows. First, he praised many and singular virtues set and planted in her majesty, which her highness not acknowledging, bit her lips and fingers, and sometimes broke into passion, and interrupted with these words, "*Non est veritas.*" But the orator praising virginity, she exclaimed, "God's blessing on thine heart, there continue!"

When he had finished, the queen much commended him, and marvelled that his memory did so well serve him to repeat such divers and sundry matters, saying, "that she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak false Latin, and then they would laugh at her." But in fine, in token of her contentment she called him to her, offered him her hand to kiss, and asked his name.

She was lodged in King's College, the best chambers and gallery being devoted to her use. The fellows of King's resigned their monastic dormitories for the accom-

modation of lady Strange and the fair maids of honour of the virgin queen.

The next day was Sunday, and the queen went in great state to King's College chapel; she entered at the Litany under a canopy, carried over her head by four doctors of divinity. Dr. Perne preached the sermon, and when he was in the midst of it, her majesty sent the lord Hunsdon to will him to put on his cap, which he wore to the end. At which time, ere he could leave the pulpit, she sent him word by the lord chamberlain "that it was the first sermon she had ever heard in Latin, and she thought she should never hear a better." When the music of the choir concluded, she departed by the private way into the college, the four doctors bearing her canopy.[1]

At evening prayer, the queen was not expected at the chapel, therefore the singing commenced, but, being informed her majesty was then coming through the private passage, it stopped; and when she was seated in her traverse, even-song commenced anew, which ended, she departed by her usual way, and went to the play. This, by the protestants who surrounded Elizabeth, must have been considered a desecration of the Sabbath evening, if Cambridge did not at that time follow an ancient practice, (prevalent in some parts of Europe,) where the Sabbath was considered to commence on the Saturday evening, and to end on the Sunday after evening prayer. The customs and manners of an age and people must always be considered charitably, before violent blame is incurred; and it is possible, from so many traces that exist of Elizabeth's uproarious mode of spending our Sabbath evening, that some such reckoning of time was in vogue in her days.

She went to see one of Plautus' plays—the "Aulularia,"—"for the hearing and playing of which, at her expense a vast platform was erected in King's College church." The performance of a pagan play in a Chris-

[1] Which the footmen, adds the Cambridge Diary, claimed as their fee, and it was redeemed for £3. 6*s*. 8*d*.

tian church, on the Sunday evening, was no great improvement on the ancient Moralities and Mysteries, which, in retrospective review, are so revolting to modern taste. Those who glance over the Mysteries must feel displeased at finding that sacred subjects could be so absurdly dramatized, yet these Mysteries were listened to with reverential awe by a demi-savage people, who saw nothing ridiculous or profane in the manner of shewing the Creation, the history of Noah, or of Joseph, the intention being to make them comprehensible to the eye, when the untaught ear refused to follow the thread of sacred history. But Elizabeth and Cambridge had more knowledge, if not more wisdom, and ought to have banished their pagan play from the walls of a Christian temple. [1]

When all things were ready in the church for this play, the lord chamberlain and Cecil came in with a multitude of the guard bearing staff torches, no other lights being used at the play. The guard stood on the ground, bearing their torches on each side of the stage; and a very curious pictorial effect must the glaring torch-light have thrown on the groups of spectators standing or sitting among the pillars and deep Gothic arches of that church-playhouse. At last, the queen entered with her ladies and gentlewomen, lady Strange carrying her train, and the gentlemen pensioners preceding her with torch staves. She took her seat under a canopy of state, raised on the south wall of the church opposite to the stage, where she heard out the play fully, till twelve o'clock, when she departed to her chamber in the order that she came.

Next day the queen attended the disputations at St. Mary's church, where an ample stage was erected for the purpose. All the scholars had been ordered previously to enclose themselves in their colleges and halls; none but those who had taken a degree were permitted to appear, and among these, great inquisition

[1] The stage was at first erected in King's College Hall, but was not considered large enough, and therefore taken down, and erected in the *church* by the queen's orders.

was made regarding dress, for the qu
roaming, during sermon time the pl
the congregation, and she found sharp
ragged and soiled hoods and gowns.
displeased that some of the doctors h
with white silk, and some with miniver.

"At the ringing of the university be
majesty came to her place with royal po
passed, the graduates kneeled, and cried, m
vat Regina!" and she thanked them." She
tioned the chancellor, her minister Cecil, on
and difference of every person present.

The question whether "monarchy were
a republic," was the leading subject of the
which was moved by the celebrated Dr. Cai
the voices of the three doctors who disputed
the queen repeatedly called to them, "Lo
tius." But finding this did no good, she le
and came to the edge of the stage, just over th
yet she could hear little of the disputation.
physician, Dr. Hyckes, a doctor of the college
the disputation, "with whom her majesty merr
when he asked licence of her grace." After hi
concluded, the queen departed merily to her l
about seven o'clock. At nine she went to another
acted in the church, called Dido. Her entertainme
King's ended next evening with another play in King
called Ezechias, and she liked her entertainment so w
"that she declared if there had been greater provisio
of ale and beer she would have remained till Friday."[1]

Her visit to Cambridge was however not concluded,
she was entertained at various colleges, and at Christ's
received a pair of gloves, in memory of her great-grand-
dame, lady Margaret, the foundress, mother of Henry
VII. As she rode through the street to her lodging,
she talked much with divers scholars in Latin, and, at
alighting from her horse, dismissed them in Latin.

The day before she quitted Cambridge, at the con-

[1] She seems to have continued to use her sleeping apartments at King's during her whole stay.

[redacted]ion in St. Mary's church, the duke
. Robert, kneeling down, humbly de-
"to say somewhat in Latin," who at
rk, she had a set Latin oration ready
nned by heart for the occasion), and
ıe might speak her mind in English, she
k at the matter." But understanding by
that nothing might be said openly to the
English, she required him rather to speak,
was chancellor, and the chancellor is the
h." Whereunto he answered, "that he was
:ellor, but chancellor of the university." Then
f Ely, kneeling, said "that three words of
ere enough." So being pressed on every
nplied, and made a very sensible speech, in
ıg other things, she raised the expectations of
ity with respect to some royal foundation,
ever, she never thought fit to gratify.
ch began thus:—

womanly shame-facedness,' most celebrated university, ermine me from delivering this my unlaboured oration be- an assembly of the learned, yet the intercession of my nobles good will towards the university, impel me to say some-

itained nine other sections. The conclusion was—

s time, then, that your ears, which have been so long detained by barous sort of an oration, should now be released from the pain

At this speech of the queen's, the auditors, being all arvellously astonished, brake forth in open voice, "Vi-at Regina!" But the queen's majesty responded to this shout, "Taceat Regina!" and moreover wished "that all those who heard her had drank of Lethe."

She departed from Cambridge on the 10th of August, passing from King's college by the schools. Dr. Perne, with many of the university, knelt, and, in Latin, wished her majesty a good journey. To whom she mildly answered with a distinct voice, "Valete omnes"—"Fare-

[1] Translation by Mr. Peck. The whole is drawn from a diary in MS., and collated by Mr. Nicholls in his "Progresses of Elizabeth," with a contemporary MS. in the Harleian Collection.

well all." The master of Magdalen was ready with a Latin oration of farewell, which she declined on account of the heat of the day; and rode forward to dinner at the bishop of Ely's house at Stanton. All the benefaction she bestowed at this visit was 20*l.* per annum to a handsome student who had acted Dido much to her satisfaction.

The report that her former suitor, the archduke Charles, was in treaty for the hand of the queen of Scots, filled Elizabeth's mind with jealous displeasure, for of all the princes of Europe he was esteemed the most honourable and chivalric, and Elizabeth's rejection of his suit appears to have been only for the purpose of obtaining concessions on the subject of his religion more consistent with her own profession. She made very earnest remonstrances to the queen of Scots on the unsuitableness of this alliance; and Cecil, at the same time, wrote to Mundt,[1] one of the pensionaries in Germany, to move the duke of Wirtemburg to advise the emperor to repeat the offer of his son to the queen of England. The duke performed his part with all due regard to the honour of her maiden majesty, for he sent an envoy to entreat her to permit him to name a person whom he considered would make her very happy in the wedded state, at the same time that he preferred his private mission to the emperor. Elizabeth replied, with her usual prudery on the subject of marriage, "that although she felt no inclination towards matrimony, she was willing, for the good of her realm, to receive the communication of which the duke had spoken;" unfortunately, however, the emperor had taken umbrage at the previous rejection of his son's addresses, and declared "he would not expose himself to a second insult of the kind."[2] When Elizabeth found she could not withdraw the archduke from Mary, she determined to compel Mary to resign him. Accordingly, she gave that queen to understand that she could not consent to her contracting such a marriage, which must prove inimical to the friendship between the two crowns, and that, "unless Mary would marry as she desired, she

[1] Haynes. [2] Ibid.

would probably forfeit all hope of a peaceful succession to the English crown." Mary had the complaisance to give up this accomplished prince, who was, perhaps, the only man in Europe worthy of becoming her husband, and professed her willingness to listen to the advice of her good sister, if she wished to propose a more suitable consort.

Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador, suggested that an English noble would be more agreeable to his royal mistress than any other person. Mary requested to be informed more clearly on this point, for it was generally supposed, that the young duke of Norfolk, being the kinsman of the queen, and one of the richest subjects in England, was the person intended for this signal honour by his sovereign.[1] Elizabeth electrified both courts by naming her own favourite, lord Robert Dudley. Mary replied, "that she considered it beneath her dignity to marry a subject," and told her base brother, Murray, who repeated her unlucky witticism to the English ambassador, "that she looked on the offer of a person so dear to Elizabeth, as a proof of good-will rather than of good meaning."[2] Elizabeth, soon after, complained, that Mary had treated the proposal of lord Robert Dudley with mockery,[3] which Mary, in a letter to her own ambassador at Paris, affirms that she never did, and wondered "who could have borne such testimony, to embroil her with that queen." If, however, Mary forbore from mockery at this offer, no one else did, for it was a theme of public mirth and satire, in England, Scotland, and France. Dudley, who had the presumption to aim at a still higher mark, and had been encouraged, by the extraordinary tokens of favour lavished upon him by his royal mistress, to conceive confident hopes of success, was surprised and offended at his own nomination to an honour, so infinitely above the rank and pretensions of any person of his name and family. In fact, he regarded it as a snare laid in his path by Cecil, who was jealous of his influence with Elizabeth, and would, he suspected,

[1] Keith. [2] Ibid.
[3] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i.

avail himself of this pretence to remove him from her court and presence. Elizabeth was flattered at Dudley's reluctance to wed her fairer rival, and redoubled her commendations of his various qualifications to the favour of a royal lady; she even offered to acknowledge Mary as her successor to the crown of England, on condition of her becoming his wife.[1] The hope of obtaining this recognition was artfully held out to Mary, as the lure to draw her into the negotiation, and so far it succeeded, although the royal beauty was not sufficiently an adept in diplomatic trickery, to conceal, at all times, the scorn with which she regarded a suitor so infinitely beneath her. Meantime she was secretly courted by her aunt, lady Lenox, for the young Henry lord Darnley, and was believed to incline towards that alliance.

At the very time Elizabeth was recommending her handsome master of the horse to her good sister of Scotland, she had so little command over herself, that she was constantly betraying her own partiality for him to sir James Melville, Mary's envoy, who, in his lively "Historic Memoirs" gives a succession of graphic scenes between Elizabeth and himself. "She told me," says his excellency, "that it appeared to her as if I made but small account of lord Robert, seeing that I named the earl of Bedford before him, but ere it were long she would make him a greater earl,[2] and I should see it done before me, for she esteemed him as one, whom she should have married herself, if she had ever been minded to take a husband; but being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished that the queen, her sister, should marry him, for with him she might find it

[1] Melville.

[2] In her fifth year, the queen granted lord Robert Dudley the castle and manor of Kenilworth and Astel-grove, the lordships and manors of Denbigh and Chirk, with other possessions, and a licence for transporting cloth, which he sold to John Mark, and others, of the company of merchant-adventurers; the next year, the queen recommended him for a husband to Mary queen of Scots, which, however, only seems to have been an excuse for lavishing new honours and immunities upon him, for she then advanced him to the dignity of earl of Leicester and baron of Denbigh, with a plurality of offices and privileges too numerous to detail here.—See Sidney Papers.

in her heart to declare queen Mary second person, rather than with any other; for, being matched with him, it would best remove out of her mind all fear and suspicion of usurpation before her death."[1]

Elizabeth would not permit sir James Melville to return home till he had seen Dudley created earl of Leicester and baron of Denbigh. This was done with great state at Westminster; "herself," says Melville, "helping to put on his robes, he sitting on his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour, but as for the queen she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to tickle him, smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her.[2] Then she asked me, 'how I liked him?' I said, 'as he was a worthy subject, so he was happy in a great prince, who could discern and reward good service.' 'Yet,' replied she, 'ye like better of yon lang lad,' pointing towards my lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, that day bare the sword before her. My answer again was, 'that no woman of spirit would make choice of sic a man, that was liker a woman than a man, for he was lusty, beardless, and lady-faced.' I had no will that she should think I liked him, though I had a secret charge to deal with his mother, lady Lenox, to purchase leave for him to pass to Scotland.

"During the nine days I remained at court," pursues Melville, "queen Elizabeth saw me every day, and sometimes thrice a day; to wit, aforenoon, afternoon, and after supper; she continued to treat of queen Mary's marriage with Leicester, and meantime I was familiarly and favourably used; sometimes she would say, 'that since she could not see the good queen her sister, she should open a good part of her inward mind to me, that she was not offended with queen Mary's angry letter, in which she seemed to disdain the marriage with Leicester, and she should set the best lawyers in England to search out, who had the best right to the crown of England, which she would wish to be her dearest sister rather than any other.' I replied, 'there could be

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 119. [2] Ibid.

no doubt on that head, but lamented, that even the wisest princes did not take sufficient notice of the partialities of their familiar friends and councillors, except it were sic a notable and rare prince as Henry VIII., her father, who of his own head was determined to declare his sister's son, James V., (at which time Elizabeth was not born, but only her sister, queen Mary,) heir apparent to the crown of England, failing the heirs of his own body, for the earnest desire he had to unite the whole island.' She said, 'she was glad he did not;' I said, 'he had but then a daughter, and was in doubt to have any more children, and as yet had not so many suspicions in his head.' And added, 'that her majesty was out of all doubt regarding her children, being determined to die a virgin.'

"She said, 'she was never minded to marry, except she were compelled by the queen her sister's hard behaviour to her.' I said, 'Madam, ye need not tell me that. I know your stately stomach. Ye think, gin ye were married, ye would be but *queen* of England, and now ye are king and queen baith,—ye may not suffer a commander.'

"She appeared to be so affectionate to queen Mary, her good sister, that she had a great desire to see her, and because that could not be, she delighted oft to look on her picture. She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little *lettroun*, (perhaps a desk,) where there were divers little pictures wrapped in paper, their names written with her own hand. Upon the first she took up was written, 'My lord's picture.' This was Leicester's portrait. I held the candle, and pressed to see my lord's picture. Albeit, she was loth to let me see it, but I became importunate for it, to carry home to my queen; she refused, saying, 'she had but one of his.' I replied, 'She had the original.' She was then at the further end of her bed-chamber, talking with Cecil. Elizabeth then took out my queen's (of Scots) miniature, and kissed it." Melville kissed her hand in acknowledgment of the great fondness she manifested to Mary.

"She shewed me," he continues, "a fair ruby, great like

a racket ball. I desired she would either send it to my queen, or the earl of Leicester's picture. She replied, 'If queen Mary would follow her counsel she would get them both in time, and all she had, but she would send her a diamond as a token by me.' Now, as it was late, after supper she appointed me to be with her next morning at eight, at which time was her hour for walking in the garden; she talked with me of my travels, and invited me to eat with her dame of honour, my lady Stafford, one honourable and godly lady, who had been banished to Geneva in the reign of queen Mary of England."

In the course of Melville's conferences with queen Elizabeth, the female costume of different countries was discussed, and how they became the persons of women. She told him she had the weeds (costume) of every civilized country, and gave proof of it by appearing in a fresh one every day, and asking the Scotch ambassador which was most becoming. "I said, 'The Italian weed,'" continues Melville, "which pleased her well, for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair by wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was redder than yellow, and curled apparently by nature." Then she inquired "what coloured hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was the best, and which of the two was the fairest?"[1]

Melville's answer was perplexing in its ambiguity, he said, "The fairness of both was not their worst faults." Elizabeth was not to be baffled by an oracular compliment, she came again to the question direct, and was earnest for Melville to declare, which of them both he thought the fairest.

Melville answered, "'You are the fairest queen in England and ours the fairest queen in Scotland.' Yet," he continues, "was she earnest." The poor ambassador then declared, "They were both the fairest ladies in their courts; that she was the whitest, but that our queen was very lovely." She inquired "'which of them was the highest stature.' "I answered 'our queen.' 'Then she is over high,' returned Elizabeth, 'for I am neither

[1] Meaning the most beautiful woman.

too high nor too low.' Then she asked how she (queen Mary) exercised and employed her time. I answered, 'When I left Scotland on my embassy, our queen was newly come from the Highland hunting; but that when she had leisure, she read in good books, the histories of divers countries, and would sometimes play on the lute and virginals.' Elizabeth," continues Melville, "speered (asked) whether Mary played well."

"Reasonably well for a queen," was the very discreet answer. This conversation occasioned a droll little scene of display and vanity to be got up by Elizabeth. The same day after dinner, Lord Hunsdon, Elizabeth's cousin, drew Melville into a retired gallery to hear some music. He whispered, as a secret, "that it was the queen playing on the virginals."

The ambassador listened awhile, and then withdrew the tapestry that hung before the doorway, boldly entered the room, and stood listening in an entranced attitude near the door, and heard her play excellently well. Her back was to the listener, at length she turned her head, affected to see him, and left off, coming forwards as if to strike him with her hand, as pretending to be ashamed; alleging "that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to eschew melancholy, and asked 'how I came there?' I replied, 'that as I was walking with my lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard *sic* melody, which raised and drew me into the chamber, I wist not how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, and that I was now willing to endure any punishment it would please her to lay on my offence.'" This expert flattery had its expected effect. The royal coquette sat herself down low on a cushion, to imbibe another dose of it, and the audacious flatterer placed himself on his knee beside her. She gave him, with her own hand, a cushion to place under his knee; Melville protested against such an innovation on the rules of gallantry, but the queen compelled him, and called in my lady Stafford out of the next chamber to chaperon the conference, for hitherto she had been tête-a-tête with the Scotch ambassador. This arrangement having

been happily made, her majesty proceeded to display the rest of her accomplishments. First, she demanded "whether she or the queen of Scot's played best?" "In that," says Melville, "I gave her the praise. She said my French was good, and speered whether I could speak Italian, which she spake reasonably well. Then she spake to me in Dutch, but it was not good; she would know what kind of books I liked best, whether theology, history, or love matters, I said, 'I liked weel of all the sorts.' I was earnest to be despatched, but she said 'that I tired sooner of her company than she did of mine;' I said, 'Albeit there was no occasion to tire, yet it was time to return.' But two days longer was I detained, that I might see her dance; *quhilk* being done, she inquired *at* me, 'whether she or my queen danced best?' I said, "my queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did.'" Whereby it may be gathered that Mary danced like an elegant woman; but surely the elaborate dancing of a vain affected person could scarcely be better defined than by Melville.

"Elizabeth wished that she might see the queen of Scotland at some convenient place of meeting. I offered," pursues Melville, "to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed in the disguise of a page, that she might see our mistress, as king James V. passed in disguise to France, to see the duke of Vendome's sister, that should have been his wife." Melville carried on this romantic badinage, by proposing, "that queen Elizabeth should give out that she was sick and kept her chamber, and none to be privy to her absence but my lady Stafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She said, 'Alas, would she might do it!' and seemed to like well of that kind of language." This scene took place at Hampton Court, where Melville at last received his dismissal, and departed with Leicester, by water, to London. On their voyage, Leicester apologised for his presumptuous proposal for the hand of the queen of Scots, which he assured her ambassador, apparently with sincerity enough, "was a wily move of Mr. Secretary Cecil, designed to ruin him with both queens."[1]

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 126. Sept., 1564.

Elizabeth appears to have pressed this marriage on her royal kinswoman of Scotland, without any real intention of resigning her favourite to that queen, but rather for the purpose, it has been supposed, of paving the way for her own marriage with him, by having proved that she esteemed him worthy of being the consort of another female sovereign. If Mary could have been induced to signify her consent to accept Leicester for her husband, then probably it was intended for him to declare the impossibility of his resigning the service of his royal mistress, even to become the spouse of the queen of Scots, and this would have afforded Elizabeth a really popular opportunity of rewarding him for the sacrifice, with her own hand. Matters never reached this point; for when Mary was urged to accept the newly created English earl, the queen mother of France, and her kinsmen of the house of Guise, expressed the utmost contempt at the idea of so unsuitable an alliance, and assured her, that Elizabeth intended to marry him herself.[1] This opinion must have had some weight when united with Melville's report, of the indecorous manner in which the English queen had committed herself, in toying with Leicester, during the ceremonial of his investiture, unrestrained even by the presence of the foreign ambassadors. Meantime, peace having been established with France, a regal suitor was offered to Elizabeth's acceptance in the person of Charles IX., the youthful monarch of that realm, who had been recently declared by the states of France to have attained his majority, although his mother, Catherine de Medicis, continued to govern in his name. He was, at this time, about sixteen, and Elizabeth with great propriety replied to Michel Castelnau, the ambassador by whom the proposal was submitted to her, "that she was greatly obliged for the signal honour that was done her by so mighty and powerful a king, to whom, as well as to the queen, his mother, she professed herself infinitely beholden, but that she felt this difficulty—the most Christian king, her good brother, was too great and too small—too great, as a monarch of such a realm, to

[1] Camden.

be able to quit his own dominions to cross the sea and remain in England, where the people always expected their kings and queens to live. Too small," she explained by saying, "that his majesty was young and she was already thirty, which she called old." Castelnau, not being accustomed to Elizabeth's coquettish manners, far from suspecting that this depreciatory remark on her own age, was a trap for a complimentary rejoinder, on his part, gave her credit for meaning what she said, and adds with great simplicity, "She has said the same thing ever since her accession to the throne, although there is not a lady in her court who surpasses her in her endowments of mind and body."[1]

The English nobles suggested to Castelnau, that the young duke of Anjou, Charles IX.'s brother, would be, in point of situation, a more suitable consort for the queen than Charles, as neither France nor England could permit the absence of their respective sovereigns. The French, they said, would not like their king to reside in England, nor would the English permit their queen to live in France. Elizabeth gave no encouragement, at that time, to overtures for her union with either of the royal brothers of Valois, and Castelnau proceeded to Scotland to offer the younger prince to the other island queen, Mary Stuart, of whom he speaks, in his despatches to his own court, in the most lively terms of admiration and respect.[2]

A matrimonial union between the crowns of England and France, was too brilliant a chimera to be hastily or lightly abandoned by that restless intriguante and shallow politician, Catherine de Medicis, and she subsequently empowered the resident French ambassador de Foys, to renew the proposal for a marriage between her eldest son, the youthful sovereign of France, and the maiden monarch of England. To this second overture, Elizabeth replied[3]—

"I find myself, on the one hand, much honoured by the proposal of the French king; on the other, I am

[1] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau, folio edition.
[2] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau. [3] Despatches of de Foys.

older than he, and would rather die than see myself despised and neglected. My subjects, I am assured, would oppose no obstacle, if it were my wish, for they have more than once prayed me to marry after my own inclination. It is true they have said, 'that it would pleasure them if my choice should fall on an Englishman.' In England, however, there is no one disposable in marriage but the earl of Arundel,[1] and he is further removed from the match than the east from the west; and as to the earl of Leicester, I have always loved his virtues." The ambassador was too finished a courtier, it seems, to interrupt her majesty by asking her to point these out—a question, which certainly would embarrass the most partial apologist of the crimes, of this bold, but not brave, bad man. "But," pursues Elizabeth, "the aspirations towards honour and greatness which are in me, cannot suffer him as a companion and a husband."

After this confidential explanation of her feelings towards the two rival earls, her subjects, her majesty, in allusion to the extreme youthfulness of her regal wooer, added, laughing, "My neighbour, Mary Stuart, is younger than I am; she will perhaps better please the king." "This has never been spoken of," replied de Foys, "she having been the wife of his brother." "Several persons," rejoined Elizabeth, "and among others, Lethington, have tried to persuade me that such a plan was in agitation, but I did not believe it."

A few days after, Elizabeth sent for de Foys again, and repeated her objections to the marriage with his

[1] This great peer was at that time under the cloud of his royal mistress's displeasure. He had stood her friend, in the season of her utmost peril, at the risk of his life and estate. He had been made her tool in politics and her sport in secret. His vast fortune had proved unequal to support the expenses he had incurred, in presents and entertainments suited to the magnificent tastes of the lofty lady, on whom he had had the folly to fix his heart, and he was involved in pecuniary difficulties. At length, irritated by the undisguised preference the queen daily manifested towards those, who had no such claims on her consideration, he haughtily returned his staff of office, as lord high steward, to her majesty, with sundry offensive speeches, which she took in such ill part, as to constitute him a prisoner in his own house. He then solicited, and after a time obtained, leave to travel in Italy to recruit his ruined fortunes. See Cecil's letter in Wright, i. 180.

boy-king. De Foys endeavoured to convince her they were of no weight, but, after a little courtly flattery had been expended, the negotiation was broken off.[1]

This summer Elizabeth honoured Leicester with her first visit to his new manor of Kenilworth, in the course of her progress through the midland counties.

When she entered the city of Coventry, the mayor and corporation who had met and welcomed her, presented her with a purse supposed to be worth twenty marks, containing a hundred pounds in gold angels. The queen, on receiving it, said to her lords, "It is a good gift; I have but few such, for it is a hundred pounds in gold." The mayor boldly rejoined, "If it like your grace, it is a great deal more." "What is that?" asked the queen. The mayor answered, "It is the faithful hearts of all your true loving subjects." "We thank you, Mr. Mayor," said the queen; "that is a great deal more indeed."[2] She invited the mayor and corporation to visit her at Kenilworth, on the following Tuesday, which they did, and were admitted to kiss her hand. She gave them thirty bucks, and knighted the recorder.

If Elizabeth, at this period, were not in love with Leicester, the proverb which affirms that "of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," must go for nought; for she was always talking of him, and that not only to those sympathizing listeners, her ladies of the bedchamber, but to such unsuitable confidants as the ambassadors—ergo, accredited spies, of foreign potentates. Well might the wily son of Burleigh observe of this queen, "that if to-day she was more than man, to-morrow she would be less than woman."[3]

De Foys' reports appear to have convinced his own court, that it was Elizabeth's positive intention to give her hand to Leicester, for Catherine de Medicis enjoined him to cultivate the good-will of this favoured peer, and entitle the royal family of France to his gratitude, by advocating the match with the queen of England. "I told queen Elizabeth," writes de Foys, in reply to the queen-mother,

[1] De Foys' Despatches. [2] Dugdale's Warwickshire.
[3] Sir R. Cecil's Letter, in Harrington's Nugæ.

"that she could do nothing better for the welfare, repose, and content of her kingdom, than to espouse one of the great peers of England, and that she would put an affront upon the king and your majesty, if she were to wed any other foreign prince, after having finally grounded her rejection of the king on the plea that a stranger would be unwelcome to the English." Elizabeth replied, "that she was not yet decided whom to marry," observing, "that even if she espoused a person without extensive possessions, his marriage with her would give him the means of engaging in pernicious schemes and intrigues. For this reason," continued she, "I will never concede to a husband any share in my power;" and added, "that but for the sake of posterity and the good of her realm, she would not marry at all. If she did, however, she did not mean to follow his advice by wedding a subject; she had it in her power to wed a king if she pleased, or a powerful prince so as to over-awe France."[1] This was in allusion to the archduke Charles, who having been decisively rejected by Mary of Scotland, was renewing his suit to her. She complained "that Charles IX. took part with the queen of Scots, while Darnley was writing her submissive letters and seeking her protection." This reproachful observation proves that Elizabeth and Darnley were already secretly reconciled. She had vehemently opposed his marriage with Mary Stuart, and yet had permitted him to visit the court of that queen.

The hitherto impregnable heart of the beautiful widow, had surrendered itself at first sight of "the beardless, lady-faced boy," and Darnley paid no heed to the peremptory mandates of his sometime English sovereign, to return at peril of outlawry, and forfeiture of his English inheritance. He kept the field of his new fortunes, and was a thriving wooer.

De Foys, as soon as he heard the queen of Scots had resolved on the marriage with her cousin Darnley, went to Elizabeth with the intention of defending Mary; he found the queen at chess, and said, profiting by the op-

[1] From the Despatches of de Foys, August, 1565.

portunity of introducing the subject, "This game is an image of the words and deeds of men. If, for example, we lose a pawn, it seems but a small matter; nevertheless, the loss often draws after it that of the whole game." The queen replied, "I understand you; Darnley is but a pawn, but may well check-mate me, if he is promoted."

After these words she left off playing, complained much of the disloyalty of Darnley and his father, and made evident her intentions of dealing, if it were possible, hostilely by them.[1] The only means she had, however, of testifying her anger effectively, was by sending Margaret countess of Lenox to her old quarters in the Tower.[2]

Two, out of the four royal ladies, who stood in immediate proximity to the throne, were now incarcerated on frivolous charges, and on the 21st of August, a third of this luckless quartette, Lady Mary Gray, was added to the list of fair state prisoners, for no greater crime than stealing a love-match, like her sister, lady Katharine. Cecil, in a letter to Sir Thomas Smith, relates the circumstance in the following words: "Here is an unhappy chance and monstrous. The serjeant-porter being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the lady Mary Gray, the least of all the court. They are committed to several prisons. The offence is very great."[3] Both the meek inoffensive sisters of lady Jane Grey, were thus torn from their husbands, and doomed to life-long imprisonment by the inexorable queen. Their piteous appeals to her compassion, may be seen in Ellis's royal letters. Can any one suppose that she would have scrupled to shed the blood of either or both of these broken-hearted victims, if their names had been used to excite an insurrection in her metropolis?

In a foregoing passage of the letter, wherein Cecil relates the disgrace of lady Mary Gray, he favours his absent colleague with the following important piece of secret information, which is partly written in cipher:—"You may perchance, by some private letter hereafter, hear of a strange accident here, and therefore I will, in

[1] Raumer, from the despatches of de Foys. [2] Camden.
[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i. p. 207.

a few words, give you some light. The queen's majesty is fallen into some misliking with my lord of Leicester, and he therewith much dismayed. You know how busy men in court will be to descant hereupon. The queen's majesty letteth it appear, in many overt speeches, that she is sorry for her loss of time, and so is every good subject."[1] In what other way can this sentence be explained than that Elizabeth, having quarrelled with her presumptuous favourite, repented of the impediment which her flirtations with him had opposed in her matrimonial treaties with foreign princes?

"What shall follow of this," pursues her anxious premier, "God knoweth. For my part, I will do that becometh an honest man, not to procure harm to him, though I know he hath not lacked procurers for my harm. But God forgive them! for I fear none of them, having so good a conscience of my well meaning both to her majesty and her realm. If I were as evil disposed as others, I could make a flame of this sparkel; but *fiat voluntas Dei!* The queen's majesty, thanked be God, is well disposed towards marriage. The emperor's ambassador is departed with an honourable answer, and himself well satisfied, and common opinion is, that the archduke Charles will come; which if he do, and will accord with us in religion, and shall be allowable for his person to her majesty, then, except God shall continue his displeasure against us, we shall see some success."

In another letter to Smith, Cecil declares, "that the queen's majesty will marry with none without sight of his person, nor with any that shall dissent in religion; that the articles of marriage are to be much the same as in the treaty between Philip and Mary, and expresses his opinion that the archduke will come. He considers that the nobility approve of the match, and notices that my lord of Leicester hath behaved himself very wisely to allow of it."[2] The very day on which this letter is dated, August 30th, the premier inscribed the following sentence in his private diary:—"The queen seemed to be very much offended with the earl of Leicester, and so she wrote an obscure sentence in a book at Windsor." This oracular sentence was probably her Latin epigram, on the presumption of a bear presuming to cherish hopes of mating with the lion.[3]

[1] Wright's Elizabeth, vol i. p. 207. [2] Ibid. p. 208.

[3] Among other impudent assumptions, Leicester and his parvenu brothers helped themselves to the right noble cognizance of the Beau-

The quarrel between Leicester and his royal mistress, is, by some authors, supposed to have originated in the following incident, which is related by sir Thomas Naunton, as an evidence that the influence of that nobleman was not so great as many have represented:—Bowyer, the gentleman of the black rod, having been expressly charged by the queen to be very particular as to whom he admitted into the privy chamber, one day prevented a very gay captain, and a follower of Leicester's, from entrance, because he was neither well known nor a sworn servant of the queen's; on which the other, bearing high on his patron's favour, told him "that he might perchance procure him a discharge." Leicester, coming to the contest, said publicly, which was contrary to his custom, "that Bowyer was a knave, and should not long continue in his office," and turned about to go to the queen; but Bowyer, who was a bold gentleman, and well beloved, stepped before him, fell at her majesty's feet, and related the story, humbly craving her grace's pleasure, and whether my lord of Leicester was king, or her majesty queen? On which the queen, turning to Leicester, exclaimed, with her wonted oath, "God's death, my lord! I have wished you well, but my favour is not so locked up in you that others shall not participate thereof, for I have many servants, unto whom I have and will, at my pleasure, confer my favour, and likewise reassume the same; and if you think to rule here, I will take a course to see you forthcoming. I will have here but one mistress and no master, and look that no ill happen to him, lest it be severely required at your hands." "Which so quailed my lord of Leicester," pursues Naunton, "that his feigned humility was long after one of his best virtues."[1] Small, however, at the utmost, were Leicester's claims to this rare quality. Lloyd observes of him, "His treasure was vast, his gains unaccountable, all passages to preferment being in his hand,

champ-Nevilles, the bear and ragged staff, relinquishing their own cognizance—a green lion with two tails. This gave rise to a Warwickshire proverb, in use at this day, "The bear wants a tail, and cannot be a lion."

[1] Fragmenta Regalia.

at home and abroad. He was never reconciled to her majesty under 5000*l.*, nor to a subject under 500*l.*, and was ever and anon out with both."

Just at this period, Elizabeth lavished much regard on a royal female guest, the lady Cecilia of Sweden, daughter to the great Gustavus Vasa, and sister to Elizabeth's former suitor, Eric. She and her husband, the margrave of Baden, had recently encountered many perils and hardships during eleven months' wanderings in the northern parts of Germany. At length, they landed in England, and, four days after, the lady was delivered of a son. This child was, on the last day of September, christened in the chapel royal at Whitehall, the queen herself standing godmother in person, the godfathers being the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Norfolk. The queen gave the little stranger the name of Edward Fortunatus,[1] "for that God had so graciously assisted his mother in her long, dangerous journey, and that she regarded it as an auspicious circumstance that he was born in her realm." The queen took such great delight in the company and conversation of the Swedish princess, that when the margrave returned to his own dominions, she persuaded the lady Cecilia to remain with her, and not only allowed her very honourable *bouche*, or table, at her court, three messes of meat twice a day for her maids and the rest of her family,[2] but allowed her husband a pension of two thousand crowns a year as long as he would permit his consort to reside in her court. This lady was given the entrée of the queen's chamber, and enjoyed sufficient influence with Elizabeth to excite the jealousy of her watchful premier, Cecil, who, in a letter to sir Thomas Smith, betrays some anxiety to discover the real object of her coming to England:

"Of the lady Cecilia of Sweden," writes he, "your son can report how bountifully she liveth here; of whom also there are sundry opinions; some that she meant to set on foot her brother's former suit of marriage, but perceiving that not to be found probable, some now say that she will further my lord of Leicester; but if she shall find no success there, then

[1] Stowe. [2] Lodge's Illustrations.

some will say as they list; and thus, you see, all things are subject to reports."[1]

In the same letter, Cecil observes, "that there are rumours that the lords of the court do not agree among themselves, that Leicester was not so much in favour as heretofore, that Sussex and he were on strange terms, that the duke of Norfolk, the lord chamberlain, and lord Hunsdon were opposed to Leicester."[2] These three peers and Sussex, also, were the kinsmen of the queen, through her grandmother, lady Elizabeth Howard. Mr. Heneage is also mentioned, by Cecil, "as reported to be in very good favour with her majesty, and so misliked by my lord of Leicester. To tell you truly," continues the watchful premier, "I think the queen's favour to my lord of Leicester is not so manifest to move men to think that she will marry with him, and yet his lordship hath favour sufficient, as I hear him say, to his good satisfaction."[3] This letter is dated October 16th. A few days later, the queen manifested an increase of regard for Leicester, such as made his enemies hasten to effect a reconciliation with him.[4] He received their advances in a conciliatory manner, and took a more subtle revenge on Cecil than if he had exerted his renewed influence to effect his fall, by honouring him with a provoking offer of his patronage, in a tone that could not fail to recal to the mind of the man who ruled the destinies of Protestant Europe, and feared not to controvert and bend to his own policy the declared will of the lion-like sovereign herself, the time when he was an underling official in the train of his own parvenu father, the duke of Northumberland.

"I have long known your good qualities," said Leicester, "your conscientiousness, and knowledge of business. I have, on these accounts, always loved you, although I know that you would fain marry the queen to a foreign prince. I will now tell you plainly that I am a claimant for the hand of the queen, and it seems to me that she looks upon no one with favour but myself. I therefore

[1] Wright, vol. i. p. 211.
[2] Ibid. p. 29.
[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times.
[4] De Foys' Despatches.

beseech you that you will lay aside all other projects, and then I will always give you my hand, and not only keep you where you are, but take care for your further elevation as you deserve, and as the service of the state may require."[1] Cecil had sufficient command over his feelings to thank the favourite for his good opinion and apparent good will.

During the period of Elizabeth's transient coolness to Leicester, he had manifested some degree of sullenness, and it is supposed, that he testified his resentment by soliciting to be sent on a diplomatic mission to France. When De Foys, through whom Leicester had chosen to prefer his request, mentioned it to the queen, she was surprised and offended that the earl should wish to absent himself. She caused him to be summoned to her presence, and asked him, if he really wished to go to France? On his replying, "that, with her permission, it was one of the things he most desired," she told him, "that it would be no great honour to the king of France were she to send a groom to so great a prince;" and then she laughingly observed to the ambassador, "I cannot live without seeing him every day; he is like my lap-dog, so soon as he is seen any where, they say I am at hand; and wherever I am seen, it may be said, that he is there also.".

Elizabeth had formerly condescended to discuss with Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, the scandalous reports then prevalent, not only on the continent, but in her own court, regarding her intimacy with Dudley. She even forgot the dignity of a gentlewoman and a sovereign so far, as to demonstrate the improbability of what was said, by shewing him the situation of her sleeping apartment and that of the favourite. Subsequently, however, she found that her favourite's health was likely to be impaired by the dampness of the room he occupied in the lower story of the palace, and assigned him a chamber contiguous to her own.[2]

[1] De Foys, from Raumer.

[2] Sharon Turner considers this arrangement was a prudential measure, for the defence of the royal person against the attempts of those, who

De Foys, in his report of the 19th of December, says, "Leicester has pressed the queen hard to decide by Christmas on her marriage. She, on the other hand, has entreated him to wait till Candlemas. I know, from good authority," pursues he, "and have also learned from the most credible persons, that she has promised him marriage before witnesses. Nevertheless, if she chooses to release herself from such promise, no one will summon her to justice, or bear witness against her."[1]

At Christmas, Leicester was in close attendance on the queen, even while she was in the solemn act of communicating at the altar, and was one of her assistants in that holy rite. The ceremonials observed, on that occasion, have been thus recorded by a contemporary,[2] and are highly curious:—

"On Christmas day her majesty came to service, very richly apparelled in a gown of purple velvet, embroidered with silver, very richly set with stones, and a rich collar set with stones. The earl of Warwick (Leicester's brother) bore the sword, the lady Strange (the daughter of the queen's cousin, lady Eleanor Brandon) bore her train. After the creed, the queen went down to the offering, and having a short bench with a carpet and a cushion laid by a gentleman usher, her majesty kneeled down. Her offering was given her by the marquis of Northampton; after which she went into her traverse, where she abode till the time of the communion, and then came forth and kneeled down on the cushion and carpet. The gentlemen ushers delivered the towel (or communion cloth) to the lord chamberlain, who delivered the same to be holden by the earl of Sussex on her right hand, and the earl of Leicester on the left.[3] The bishop of Rochester served her majesty both with the wine and

sought her majesty's life. No attempts of the kind, however, are on record, till after she excited the ill will of a portion of her subjects, by her unjust detention of Mary Stuart, and her unfeminine cruelty to that princess.

[1] Von Raumer.

[2] Donation MS. 4812, No. 8, lib. W. Y. 193, British Museum.

[3] This cloth was to be held up before the queen's face the moment she had received the elements: it was a remnant of the catholic ceremonial.

bread. Then the queen went into the traverse again, and the lady Cecilia, wife to the marquis of Baden, came out of the traverse, and kneeled at the place where the queen had kneeled, but she had no cushion, only one to kneel on. After she had received, she returned to the traverse again. Then the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chamberlain received the communion with the mother of the maids, after which the service proceeded to the end. The queen returned to the chamber of presence, and not to the closet. Her majesty dined not abroad."

Elizabeth was fond of jesting, and now and then perpetrated a pun. This year she sent Man, dean of Gloucester, as ambassador to Philip of Spain, whose envoy at the English court was Gusman, dean of Toledo. Elizabeth thought meanly of the person and abilities of dean Man, and this opinion gave rise to a very bad pun by her majesty. She said, "King Philip had sent Gooseman (Gusman) to her, and she, in return, had sent a *Man* to him not a whit better than a *goose*." She also made the following quaint rhyming rebus on a gentleman of the name of Noel:—

> "The word of denial and letter of fifty
> Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty."[1]

A few of the less pleasing traits of Elizabeth's character developed themselves this year, among which may be reckoned her unkind treatment of the venerable Dr. Heath, the nonjuring archbishop of York, and formerly lord chancellor. It has been shewn, that he performed good and loyal service for Elizabeth, whose doubtful title was established, beyond dispute, by his making her first proclamation a solemn act of both houses of parliament. Subsequently, in 1560, he was ordered into confinement in the Tower, because he would not acknowledge Elizabeth's supremacy over the church. He remained there till he was sent into a sort of prison restraint at one of the houses belonging to his see in

[1] Collins, in Gainsborough.

Yorkshire. His mode of imprisonment permitted him to take walks for exercise. These rambles could not have been very far, for he was turned of eighty. They were regarded with jealousy, and the following order of council exists, in answer to a letter from lord Scrope, relative to the examination by him to be taken of Nicholas Heath, with whom his lordship is required to proceed somewhat sharply withal, "to the end, that he should declare the full truth why he wandereth abroad; and if he will not be plain, to use some kind of torture to him, so as to be without any great bodily hurt, and to advertise his (lord Scrope's) doings herein."[1]

The old man had been on terms of friendship with the queen, had done her worthy service, he had been considered an opponent of persecution, yet could Elizabeth, then little turned of thirty, sit in her conclave, and order the unfortunate prisoner to be pinched with the torture, to reveal some vague and indefinite crime, which perhaps only existed in the suspicions of his enemies.

Elizabeth had ordered her ministers at the court of Edinburgh, Throckmorton and Randolph, to foment the disaffections there, and especially to encourage Murray and his party, in their opposition to the marriage of Mary with Darnley; in consequence of which, they at length took up arms against their sovereign. They were defeated, and forced to retreat into England. Murray proceeded to London, and requested an interview with the queen; considering, doubtless, that he had a claim to her favour and protection, having acted in secret understanding with her ministers.

The queen, however, refused at first to see him, or any of the confederates. Murray complained to Cecil, and others, "that he had been moved to what he had done by the instigation of queen Elizabeth, whereby he

[1] Council Register, Reign of Elizabeth, No. 1, p. 196. At this black privy council there is noted as present, June 22, 1565, queen Elizabeth, the lord keeper Bacon, marquis Northampton, earl of Leicester, secretary Cecil, Mr. Cave, Petre, and Sackville. It is edited by the late Mr. Howard of Corby, in his Supplement to the Howard Memorials.

had lost all in Scotland." Elizabeth caused it to be represented to him, that this was very displeasing to her, and that she would only see him and his friends on condition of their exonerating her from any share in the plot against his own government. When they had received their lesson, they were admitted to an audience, in the presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, and falling on their knees, they declared, that "the queen was innocent of the conspiracy, and had never advised them to disobey their sovereign lady."

"Now," replied Elizabeth, "ye have spoken truth. Get from my presence; traitors, as ye are."[1] Thus did she outwit, and trample on her own abased instruments. However, she gave Murray a pension, secretly. Throckmorton was so indignant at her attempting to treat his intrigues with the unsuccessful Scottish rebels, as if unauthorized by herself, that he exposed the secret orders on which he had acted; which was never forgiven by Elizabeth and Leicester, although he had been, as the reader has seen, one of the oldest and most trusty of the friends of her youth. To those she was, generally speaking, attached and grateful. Sir James Crofts she promoted very highly in his military capacity, and after the death of sir Thomas Parry, made him comptroller of her household. Saintlow, the captain of the yeomen of her guard, who was confined in the Tower at the same time with herself, on suspicion of being a confederate in the plots against queen Mary, continued in her household after her accession to the throne. She was not always very gracious to him; but condescended, nevertheless, to obtain from him a horse, for which she only paid him with fair words. This is his account of the matter in a letter he wrote to his wife:[2] "The queen, yesterday, her own self riding upon the way craved my horse, unto whom I gave him, receiving openly many goodly words." Elizabeth quarrelled with him the next time

[1] Keith. Chalmers. Lingard. Melville.

[2] After Saintlow's death, his wife, commonly called Bess of Hardwick, married the earl of Shrewsbury, and obtained infamous celebrity as the treacherous castellaine of Mary queen of Scots. See Lodge's Illustrations.

they met; all which he thus relates to his better half: "The queen found great fault with my long absence, saying, 'that she would talk with me further, and that she meant to chide me.' I answered, 'that when her highness understood the truth and cause, she would not be offended.' To which she said, 'Very well, very well.' Howbeit, hand of hers I did not kiss."

This year Elizabeth having appointed sir Henry Sidney to the government of Ireland, addressed to him the following sapient, but pedantic letter, on the occasion of the feud between the earls of Desmond and Ormond, in which she prescribes the part, he is to take, in a series of quaint punning aphorisms, not always *apropos* to the subject; and rather reminding us, of what lord Byron called "hints and howls, by way of an oration."

HARRY,

If our partial, slender managing of the contentious quarrel between the two Irish rebels, did not make the way to cause these lines to pass my hand, this gibberish should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worser hap to come, I *rede* (advise) you take good heed. * * * * Make some difference between tried, just, and false friends. Let the good service of well deservers, be never rewarded with loss. Let their thanks be such, as may encourage more strivers for the like. Suffer not that Desmond's daring deeds, far wide from promised works, make you trust to other pledge than himself, or John, for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you, trust him no farther than you see one of them. Prometheus let me be; and Prometheus hath been mine, too long. I pray God your old straying sheep, late as you say, returned into fold, wore not her woolly garment upon her *wolfy* back. You know a kingdom knows no kindred. *Si violandum jus regnan di causa.* A strength to harm, is perilous in the hand of an ambitious head. Where might is mixed with wit, there is too good an accord in a government. Essays be oft dangerous, specially where the cup bearer hath received such a preservative, as whatsoever betide the drinker's draught, the carrier takes no pain thereby. Believe not, though they swear that they can be full sound, whose parents sought the rule that they full fain would have. I warrant you, they will never be accused of bastardy; they will trace the steps that others have trod before. If I had not espied, though very late, *legerdemain* used in these cases, I had never played my part. No, if I did not see the balances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh-house. I hope I shall have so good customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If aught have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not, nor do you consult so long, that advice come too late. Where, then, shall we wish the deeds, while all was spent in words. A fool too late bewares when all the peril is past. If we still advise, we shall never do, yea, and if our web be framed with rotten handles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin. God

send the weaver true prentices again, and let them be denizens. I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such too as your ancients, aldermen, that have, or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behaviour. Let this memorial be only committed to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode than the leisure of the reading thereof; yea, and no mention made thereof to any other wight, I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have had but secretaries' letters from me.

"Your loving *maistres*,
"ELIZABETH R."[1]

Early in the new year arrived Rambouillet, an envoy-extraordinary from Charles IX., to invest any two of her majesty's great nobles, whom it might please her to point out, with the insignia of Saint Michael, the national order of France, which had never before been bestowed on any English subject, save Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. Elizabeth named her kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, who then held a distinguished place in her favour, and the earl of Leicester.[2] It had occasioned great wonder, in the first year of her reign, when this nobleman was chosen as one of the knights of the garter; but so many honours and privileges had since been conferred on him, that this was regarded as a matter of course; and every one expected that his next preferment would be to the crown-matrimonial of England. Elizabeth had promised to give him a decided answer at Candlemas; but when that time came, she still hesitated. Cecil had bided his time; and when he found her dubious, he suggested six important objections to the marriage.[3] 1st. Leicester could bring neither riches, power, nor estimation. 2nd. He was deeply involved in debt, notwithstanding all that had been lavished upon him. 3rd. He was surrounded by needy and rapacious dependents who would engross all the favour, and all the patronage of the crown. 4th. He was so violent and mutable in his passions; one day so jealous, and another so indifferent, that the queen could not expect to live happily with him. 5th. He was infamed, by the death of his wife; and, 6th. His marriage with his sovereign, would be taken as a confirmation of all the scandalous

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Stowe.
[3] Von Raumer. Lingard.

reports that had been so long and confidently circulated, both at home and abroad.[1]

The wedded misery of the queen of Scots, and the ingratitude, ambition, and misconduct of Darnley, probably operated as a warning to the wary Elizabeth, of the danger she might encounter if she married a subject; and, above all, she knew Leicester too well to trust him.

The state of excitement in the court and the scandalous reports that were in circulation, may be gathered from the careful manner in which the cautious premier guards his colleague at the court of France, sir Thomas Smith, from giving credit to the gossip that may have been collected by the servant, whom he had lately sent to England with his letters.

"Of my lord of Leicester's absence," writes he, "and of his return to favour, if your man tell you tales of the court or city, they be fond (foolish), and many untrue. Briefly, I affirm, that the queen's majesty may be by malicious tongues not well reported; but in truth she herself is blameless, and hath no spot of evil intent. Marry, there may lack specially in so busy a world, circumspections to avoid all occasions"[2]—of giving room for invidious observations—Cecil might have added, had he closed the sentence; but he evidently refers with some annoyance to the levity of carriage in his royal mistress, which rendered it necessary for him to render serious testimony to her ambassador in a foreign court, that however her reputation might have suffered, she was herself innocent of actual misconduct.

Cecil's letter is dated the 26th of March, 1566, and at that time he appears seriously anxious to promote Elizabeth's marriage with the archduke, if only to put an end to the disreputable flirtation, which was still going on, with the man whom she probably loved, but was too proud, too cautious to marry.

"The matter of Charles," pursues the premier, "is of her surely minded; but the progress therein hath many lets. My lord of Norfolk hath shewed himself a very noble man, and wise."

[1] Haynes. [2] Wright, vol. i. 225.

Norfolk was an earnest advocate of the Austrian marriage; and his disdain of Leicester was never forgiven by the favourite. The rest of the nobility were also anxious for the alliance with Charles.

"God direct the queen's marriage in some place," concludes Cecil, "for otherwise her regiment will prove very troublesome and unquiet." By the expression, her *regiment*, the premier seems to imply her rule, or guidance; but whether the trouble he anticipates would be to himself, in managing his sovereign, or to herself in ruling her aspiring lord, is not quite so clear.

Where crowns and sovereigns are at stake, the game must needs be delicately played, by those who hope to win; but Leicester's egotism led him to forget the respect due to his royal mistress, so far as to unbosom himself without reserve to the new French ambassador, La Forêt, who, on the 6th of August, 1566, communicated the following particulars to his own court: "The earl has admitted to me, laughing and sighing at the same time, 'that he knows not what to hope or fear, that he is more uncertain than ever whether the queen wishes to marry him or not; that she has so many, and great princes suitors, that he knows not what to do, or what to think.' Subsequently he has said, 'I believe not in truth that the queen will ever marry. I have known her, from her eighth year, better than any man upon earth. From that date she has invariably declared that she would remain unmarried. Should she, however, alter that determination, I am all but convinced she would choose no other than myself. At least, the queen has done me the honour to say as much to me, and I am as much in her favour as ever.'"[1]

While these doubts and fears, hopes and misgivings, on the subject of love and matrimony were agitating the mighty Elizabeth, her ambitious favourite, her anxious premier, and jealous kinsmen,—Mary Stuart, on the 19th of June, had given birth to a son, who was one day to unite the Britannic Isles in one peaceful and glorious empire. Sir James Melville was despatched in all haste to announce this joyful event to Elizabeth.

[1] Depêches de la Forêt.

The court was then at Greenwich; and Cecil hastening to the royal presence before Melville was admitted, approached her majesty, who was dancing merrily in the hall after supper, and whispered the news in her ear. The mirth and music ceased; for all present were startled at the sudden change which came over the queen, who, unable to conceal her vexation, sat down, leaning her head on her hand, and then burst out to some of her ladies, who anxiously inquired what ailed her grace—"The queen of Scots is lighter of a fair son; and I am but a barren stock!"[1] This extraordinary lamentation for a maiden queen was duly reported to Melville; when he came next morning to his official audience, his spies and friends told him, withal, that the queen had been earnestly counselled to conceal her chagrin, and "shew a glad countenance." However, she rather overacted her part, if Melville bears true witness, since, at his introduction, he says, "She welcomed me with a merry *volt*," which certainly must mean, that she cut a caper at the sight of him. "She then thanked me for the despatch I had used, and told me 'the news I brought had recovered her from a heavy sickness, which had held her fifteen days!' All this she said and did, before I delivered my letter of credence. I told her, when she had read it, 'that my queen knew of all her friends, her majesty would be the gladdest of the news, albeit, her son was dear bought with peril of her life;' adding, 'that she was so sair handled in the meantime, that she *wisset* she had never married.' This I said to give the English queen a little scare of marrying; she boasted sometimes that she was on the point of marrying the archduke Charles, whenever she was pressed to name the second person, or heir to the English crown. Then I requested her majesty to be a gossip to our queen; for cummers, or godmothers, are called gossips in England. This she granted gladly. Then, I said, her majesty would have a fair occasion to see our queen, which she had so oft desired. At this she smiled, and said, 'she wished that her estate and affairs might per-

[1] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 158-9.

mit her,' and promised to send honourable lords and ladies to supply her place."[1] She sent the earl of Bedford as her representative to congratulate the queen, and to present her splendid christening gift, a font of gold worth 1000*l.*, which she expressed some fear that the little prince might have over-grown. "If you find it so," said she, "you may observe that our good sister has only to keep it for the next, or some such merry talk." Elizabeth appointed Mary's illegitimate sister, the beautiful countess of Argyle, to act as her proxy at the baptism of the heir of Scotland, which was performed according to the rites of the church of Rome. The royal infant received the names of Charles James, though he reigned under that of James alone.

Elizabeth was the principal cause of the unfortunate husband of Mary not being present at the baptism of his royal infant, because she had positively enjoined her ambassador to refuse to acknowledge his conventional title of king of Scotland.

This summer the feuds between Sussex and Leicester ran so high, on the subject of her majesty's marriage, that neither of them ventured abroad without a retinue of armed followers. Sussex, whose mother was a Howard, was the kinsman of the queen, and his high sense of honour rendered him jealous of the construction that was placed on her intimacy with her master of the horse, combined with her reluctance to marry. He was urgent with her to espouse the archduke Charles, and with him were banded all of the Howard lineage and Lord Hunsdon, her maternal relatives. Cecil, her premier, went with them as far as his cautious nature would permit. In June there was an attempt to shake his credit with the queen, and he has noted briefly, and without comment, the following incidents in his diary:—

"June, 1566, Fulsharst, a fool, was suborned to speak slanderously of me at Greenwich to the queen's majesty, for which he was committed to Bridewell."

"16th, a discord between the earls of Leicester and Sussex at Greenwich, there appeased by her majesty."

[1] Melville's Memoirs.

"21st, Accord between the Earls of Sussex and Leicester before her majesty at Greenwich."

They were reconciled after the fashion of persons, who are reluctantly bound over to keep the peace, for their hatred was deadly and unquenchable. The queen went soon after in progress into Northamptonshire and to Woodstock. On the 31st of August she paid a long-promised visit to the University of Oxford, of which Leicester had been elected chancellor. She was received at Walvicote by the earl of Leicester, and a deputation of doctors and heads of colleges in their scarlet gowns and hoods. The staffs of the superior beadles were delivered to her by the chancellor and restored again. Mr. Roger Marbeck, the orator of the University, made an elegant speech to her majesty, who was graciously pleased to offer her hand to be kissed by the orator and doctors. When Dr. Humphreys, the leader of the puritan party, drew near, in his turn, to perform that homage to his liege lady, she said to him, with a smile, "Mr. Doctor, that loose gown becomes you well, I wonder your notions should be so narrow."[1]

About a mile from the town, her majesty was met and welcomed by the mayor and corporation. The mayor surrendered his mace into her hands, which she returned, and he presented to her, in the name of the city, a cup of silver, double gilt, in which was forty pounds in old gold. She entered at the north gate, called Brocardo, from which place to Christ Church Hall, the University was ranged in order, according to their degrees, and each order presented her majesty with Latin verses and orations. The scholars, kneeling as she passed, cried "*Vivat regina,*" and she, with joyful countenance, responded "*Gratius ego.*" When she came to Carfax, an oration was made to her in Greek, by Mr. Lawrence, to which she made a suitable reply, in the same language. A canopy was borne over her, by four senior doctors, as she entered the church. On the second of September her majesty heard the first half of an English play, called Palamon and Arcite,[2] "which had such tragical success," observes old Stowe, "as was lamentable, three persons

[1] Hist. and Antiq. Oxon, lib. i. 287.

[2] Neal's visit of queen Elizabeth to Oxford, MS. Harl. 7033, f. 139.

being killed by the fall of a wall and part of the staircase, on account of the over-pressure of the crowd, which the queen understanding, was much concerned, and sent her own surgeon to help those, who were now past remedy. On the fourth of September the queen heard the remainder of Palamon and Arcite,[1] to her great content,

[1] The author of this admired play was Richard Edwards, master of the children of her majesty's chapel royal. He had previously written the tragedy of Damon and Pythias. His verses were much esteemed in the court, and the following complimentary description of eight of Elizabeth's maids of honour can scarcely be unacceptable to the reader :—

I.

" Howard is not haughty,
But of such smiling cheer,
That would allure each gentle heart
Her love to hold full dear.

II.

" Dacres is not dangerous,
Her talk is nothing coy,
Her noble stature may compare
With Hector's wife of Troy.

III.

" Baynam is as beautiful
As nature can devise ;
Steadfastness possess her heart,
And chastity her eyes.

IV.

" Arundel is ancient
In these her tender years,
In heart, in voice, in talk, in deeds—
A matron wise appears.

V.

" Dormer is a darling,
Of such a lively hue,
That whoso feeds his eyes on her
May soon her beauty rue.

VI.

" Coke is comely, and thereto
In books sets all her care,
In learning, with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

VII.

" Bridges is a blessed wight,
And prayeth with heart and voice,
Which from her cradle hath been taught,
In virtue to rejoice.

VIII.

" These eight now serve one noble queen ;
But if power were in me,
For beauty's praise, and virtue's sake,
Each one a queen should be."

Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

in the common hall of Christ's College. When it was ended, she, who well knew the art of pleasing, and rarely omitted those gracious courtesies which cost a sovereign nothing, but are precious, beyond description, to those to whom they are vouchsafed, sent for the author, and gave him thanks for the pleasure she had received, with promises of reward, and before her whole court condescended thus to prattle to him of the characters which had afforded her two nights' entertainment in the hall. "By Palamon," said her majesty, "I warrant he dallied not in love, being in love indeed. By Arcite, he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face. By Trecotio, God's pity, what a knave it is! By Pirithous, his throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander by would have stayed by the arm with an oath."[1] This circumstance appears to have amused Elizabeth exceedingly, for it seems, that the youthful part of the audience, being new to the excitement of dramatic entertainments, took some of the most lively incidents in the play for reality, without pausing to reflect on the absurdity of a pagan knight, of the court of Theseus, being in possession of the cloak of the royal Anglo-Saxon saint. It is, however, certain, that the fair Emilia, whose part was enacted by a handsome boy of fourteen, appeared on that occasion, not only in the costume, but the veritable array of the recently defunct majesty of England, queen Mary, as we find from the following item in one of the wardrobe books of queen Elizabeth: "There was occupied and worn at Oxford, in a play before her majesty, certain of the apparel that was late queen Mary's; at what time there was lost one fore-quarter of a gown without sleeves, of purple velvet, with satin ground," &c.[2]

Notwithstanding the abstraction of so important a portion of the royal gaberdine of her sister and predecessor, with which the roguish representative of the Athe-

[1] Anthony A Wood. Warton. Nichols.

[2] The highly curious MS. from which this fact is derived is in the valuable collection of my learned friend, sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., of Middlehill.

nian princess, had doubtless guerdoned himself, for his trouble, queen Elizabeth, in token of her approbation of his performance, gave him eight pounds in gold. In the same play was introduced the cry of hounds on the train of a fox, in Theseus' hunting party, which being imitated with good effect, not on the stage, but the quadrangle of the college, the young scholars standing in the windows were so greatly excited, that they cried out, "There, there! he's caught, he's caught!"

"Oh, excellent!" cried the queen, merrily, from her box, "These boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds."[1]

On the fifth of September were disputations in physic and divinity, in St. Mary's church, from two o'clock till seven, before the queen, at which time Dr. Westphaling prolonged his oration to so unreasonable a length, that her majesty, who intended herself to speak in the evening, sent word to him, "to make an end of his discourse without delay."[2] The doctor, having possession of the public ear, paid no heed to the royal mandate, but held forth for half-an-hour more, to the infinite indignation of the queen, who was not only especially bored by his interminable prosing, but prevented from making the learned display she had herself meditated, having been earnestly solicited to speak, by the Spanish ambassador, who was present, which she had promised to do when the disputations were over. It was so late before Dr. Westphaling concluded his harangue that her majesty was compelled to put off her own speech till the next morning. She sent an angry message to Westphaling, inquiring, "how he durst presume to go on with his discourse to so unreasonable a length, after she had sent her commands for him to bring it briefly to a close?" The learned doctor replied, with great humility, that having committed it all to memory, he found it impossible to omit any part in order to shorten it, lest he should put himself so entirely out

[1] Anth. A Wood. Ath. Ox., vol. i. p. 288. Nichols' Progresses.
[2] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

of cue that he should forget all the rest, and so be brought to shame before the university and court. Her majesty laughed heartily, when she understood the parrot-like manner in which the poor doctor had learned his theme, so that he feared to leave out one sentence, for fear of forgetting the rest.

On the following morning, she made her own oration, in Latin, before the whole university, "to the great comfort and delectation of them all;" but in the midst of it, observing her secretary of state, Cecil, standing on his lame feet, she broke off, by ordering one of her attendants to bring him a stool, and when she had seen him conveniently seated, she resumed her oration, and went on to the end as fluently as if she had not interrupted herself. This, it is supposed, she intended as a hint to Westphaling on her superior powers of eloquence and memory.[1]

Her majesty was feasted, eulogized, and entertained at Oxford for seven successive days. On the last, the commissary and proctors presented her majesty, in the name of the whole university, with six pair of very fine gloves, and to the nobles and officers of her household, some two pair, and others one, which were thankfully accepted. After dinner, a farewell oration was addressed to her majesty in Christ Church, and the very walls of Oxford were papered with verses in honour of her visit. She was conducted, by the mayor, aldermen and heads of colleges, as far as Shotiver-hill, where the earl of Leicester informed her their jurisdiction ended, and Mr. Roger Marbeck made a final oration to her majesty, on the glories to which learning was likely to arrive under so erudite a sovereign. Elizabeth listened with pleasure, returned a gracious answer, and looking back on Oxford with all possible marks of tenderness and affection, bade them farewell.[2]

From Oxford she proceeded to Ricote, the seat of Sir Henry Norris, and then returned to London, to await

[1] Sir John Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] Hist. and Antiquities Acad. Oxon. Anthony A Wood. Holinshed. Nichols.

the opening of the parliament, which, after six lengthened prorogations, she had reluctantly summoned to meet for the purpose of replenishing her empty exchequer.

The birth of a son to the queen of Scots had strengthened the party of those who were desirous of seeing the succession settled on the hereditary claimants who would ultimately unite the crowns of England and Scotland in peace and prosperity. On the other hand, the protestant community, dreading a renewal of persecution if the sceptre passed into the hands of a catholic sovereign, desired the marriage of Elizabeth, in the hope of continuing under monarchs of her own immediate lineage.

When the parliament met, both parties united in addressing her majesty on the two subjects most distasteful to her—her marriage and the settlement of the royal succession. She heard them with fierce impatience, and, like a true daughter of Henry VIII., bade them "attend to their own duties, and she would perform hers." They were of a different spirit from the men, who had crouched to her father's bad passions and ill manners, for they exerted the independence of the national senate by refusing to grant the supplies, on the grounds that her majesty had not performed the conditions, on which the last were given, and passed a vote that nothing of the kind should be done, till she thought proper to accede to the wishes of the nation, by settling the succession.[1]

A deputation of twenty peers addressed the queen on the evils resulting from her silence. She answered, haughtily, "that she did not choose that her grave should be dug while she was yet alive; that the commons had acted like rebels, and had treated her as they durst not have treated her father." She added, with infinite scorn, "that the lords might pass a similar vote if they pleased, but their votes were but empty breath without her royal assent." She called them "hair-brained politicians, unfit to decide on such matters," and referred herself to a committee of six grave and discreet councillors of her own choosing, "by whose advice," she said, "she intended to be guided."[2]

[1] D'Ewes' Journals, 12.

[2] Ibid., 124.

This intemperate and despotic language did not suit the temper of the times, and was followed by the first serious opposition and censure of the conduct of the sovereign, that had been heard for centuries in the national senate. Leicester, provoked probably at the determination of the queen, not to risk bestowing a share in her power and privileges on a consort, took a leading part in this debate, which so offended her that she forbade him and the earl of Pembroke her presence.[1] Party recriminations ran high on this subject; Leicester had avenged the opposition of Cecil to his marriage with their sovereign, by causing it to be generally circulated, that the jealousy of the premier was the real obstacle, which deterred her majesty, from fulfilling the wishes of her people, and great ill-will was expressed to the minister on this account, and public curses were bestowed on Huick, the queen's physician, for having said something, in his professional character, which had deterred her majesty from matrimony. On the 27th of October, a general petition was addressed to her majesty by both houses of parliament, entreating her either to choose a consort or name a successor. Elizabeth assured them "that she had not bound herself by any vow of celibacy never to trade (as she termed it) in that kind of life called marriage." She acknowledged "that she thought it best for private women, but, as a prince, she endeavoured to bend her mind to it, and as for the matter of the succession, she promised that they should have the benefit of her prayers." The commons were not content with this oracular declaration, and passed a vote, that the bill for the supplies should be incorporated, with a bill for the settlement of the succession. The queen was exasperated at this novel step in the provision of ways and means, and when it was communicated to her, by a deputation from the lower house, she hastily scribbled at the foot of the address her sentiments on the occasion, which, according to a notation in cipher, added by sir William Cecil, she repeated, by way of answer,[2] to Mr. Speaker and thirty

[1] Burleigh papers.

[2] The paper written on, in her hurried running hand, is still to be seen

members of the house of commons, who brought up the unlucky address, Nov. 14, 1566. It is to be hoped her speech was more perspicuous than her notes of it, or little could the commons learn further, than that their liege lady was in a rage:—

"I know no reason why any my private answers to the realm should serve for prologue to a subsidy vote; neither yet do I understand why such audacity should be used to make without my licence an Act of my words. Are my words like lawyer's books, which now-a-days go to the wire-drawers, to make subtle doings more plain? Is there no hold of my speech without an act to compel me to confirm! Shall my princely consent be turned to strengthen my words, that be not of themselves substantives? Say no more at this time, but if these fellows—(we fear she meant the members of the House of Commons by this irreverent word *fellows*)—were well answered, and paid with lawful coin, there would be no fewer counterfeits among them!"

The commons regarded this intimation as a breach of their privileges, and allowed the bill for the supplies—that business to which alone her majesty was desirous they should direct their attention, to remain unnoticed. They maintained with unwonted independence, "that since the queen would not marry, she ought to be compelled to name her successor, and that her refusing to do so, proceeded from feelings which could only be entertained by weak princes and faint-hearted women."[1] Elizabeth was mortified at this language, but felt that she reigned solely by the will and affections of her own people, whose representatives she had insulted. France, Spain, Scotland, Rome, were ready to unite against her if she took one false step; and she was without money. It was not in her temper to retract, but she well knew how to cajole, and sending for thirty members from each house, she assured them of her loving affection and desire to do all that her subjects' weal required, and that, understanding that the house was willing to grant her an extra subsidy if she would declare her successor; she could only say, "that half would content her, as she considered that money in her subjects' purses was as good as

among the Lansdowne MSS., Brit. Museum, No. 1236, fol. 42. A sentence or two, unconnected in sense, precedes those we have quoted. A specimen of this autograph is engraved in Netherclift's autographs of illustrious women of Great Britain,—a work of great merit.

[1] D'Ewes' Journals of Parliament.

in her own exchequer."[1] This popular sentiment obtained from the parliament the really ample grant of one fifteenth and one tenth from the people, and four shillings in the pound from the clergy, unfettered by any conditions whatsoever. When Elizabeth had gained this point, she dismissed her parliament without delay, in a half pathetic, half vituperative speech from the throne; observing in the commencement of her harangue, "that although her lord keeper (Bacon) had addressed them, she remembered that a prince's own words bore more weight with them than those that were spoken by her command." She complained bitterly of "the dissimulation that she had found among them when she was herself all plainness. As for her successor," she said, "they might, perhaps, have a wiser or more learned to reign over them, but one more careful for their weal they could not have, but whether she ever lived to meet them again, or whoever it might be, she bade them beware how they again tried their prince's patience as they had done hers. And now, to conclude," said her majesty, "not meaning to make a Lent of Christmas, the most part of you may assure yourselves that you depart in your prince's grace."[2]

At the very period of this stormy excitement, Elizabeth was secretly amusing herself with the almost exploded chimeras of alchemy, for Cecil, in his diary has noted that, in January, 1567, "Cornelius Lanoy, a Dutchman, was committed to the Tower for abusing[3] the queen's majesty, in promising to make the elixir." This impostor had been permitted to have his laboratory at Somerset house, where he had deceived many by promising to convert any metal into gold. To the queen a more flattering delusion had been held forth, even the draught of perpetual life and youth, and her strong intellect had been duped into a persuasion that it was in the power of a foreign empiric to confer the boon of immortality upon her. The particulars of this transaction would doubtless afford a curious page in the personal

[1] D'Ewes. Rapin. Camden. [2] D'Ewes. Rapin.
[3] i.e., *abusing*, in old English, meant deceiving.

history of the mighty Elizabeth. That she was a believer in the occult sciences, and an encourager of those who practised the forbidden arts of divination and transmutation, no one who has read the diary of her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, can doubt. It is probable that he was an instrument used by her to practise on the credulity of other princes, and that, through his agency, she was enabled to penetrate into many secret plots and associations in her own realm, but she placed apparently an absurd reliance on his predictions herself. She even condescended with her whole court and privy council to visit him one day at Mortlake, when it was her gracious intention to have examined his library, and entered into further conference, but understanding that his wife had only been buried four hours, she contented herself with a peep into his magic mirror, which he brought to her.[1] "Her majesty," says Dee, "being taken down from her horse by the earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall, at Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her majesty's great contentment and delight."[2]

A strange sight, in sooth, it must have been for the good people of Mortlake, who had witnessed in the morning the interment of the wizard's wife in the churchyard, to behold in the afternoon the maiden majesty of England, holding conference with the occult widower under the same church wall, on the flowery margin of the Thames. Nay, more, alighting from her stately palfrey, to read a forbidden page of futurity in the dim depths of his wondrous mirror[3]—ebon framed, and in shape and size resembling some antique hand-screen—while her gay and ambitious master of the horse, scarcely refrained, perchance, from compelling the oracle to reflect his own handsome face to the royal eye, as that of the man whom the fates had decided it was her destiny to wed. Many, however, were the secret consultations Dee held with queen

[1] Diary of Dr. Dee, edited by James O. Halliwell, Esq., published by the Camden Society. Dee's Compendious Memorial. [2] Ibid.

[3] Last summer, this identical mirror attracted much attention at the private view of Horace Walpole's collection, at Strawberry-hill, and was sold, after great competition, for fifteen guineas.

Elizabeth at Windsor, and Richmond, and even at Whitehall; and when she passed that way she honoured him with especial greetings.

"September 17th," says he, "the queen's majesty came from Richmond, in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down towards my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, she stood there a good while, and then came into the street at the great gate of the field, where, espying me at my door making obeisances to her majesty, she beckoned me to come to her coach side; she very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss, and to be short, asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to wete (know) when I came there."[1] He also had flattered Elizabeth with promises of perennial youth and beauty, from his anticipated discovery of the elixir of life, and the prospect of unbounded wealth, as soon as he should have arrived at the power of bringing to practical purpose his secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold.

After years of false but not fruitless trickery, he professed to have arrived at the point of projection, having cut a piece of metal out of a brass warming-pan, and merely heating it by the fire and pouring on it a portion of his elixir, converted it into pure silver. He is said to have sent the warming-pan with the piece of silver to the queen, that she might see with her own eyes the miracle, and be convinced that they were the veritable parts that had been severed from each other, by the exact manner in which they corresponded after the transmutation had been effected.[2] His frequent impositions on the judgment of the queen, did not cure her of the partiality with which she regarded him, and after a long residence on the continent, she wooed him to return to England, which he did, travelling with three coaches, each with four horses, in state, little inferior to that of an ambassador. A guard of soldiers was sent to defend him from molestation or plunder on the road. Immediately on his arrival, he had an audience of the queen,

[1] Dee's Diary. [2] Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.

at Richmond, by whom he was most graciously received. She issued her especial orders that he should do what he liked in chemistry and philosophy, and that no one should on any account interrupt him. He held two livings in the church, through the patronage of his royal mistress, though he was suspected by her loyal lieges of being in direct correspondence and friendship with the powers of evil. Elizabeth finally bestowed upon him the chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral.[1]

The very accurate accounts that were kept, by the officers of Elizabeth's wardrobe, of every article of the royal dress and decorations, are evidenced by the following amusing entry, from the highly curious MS. pertaining to that department, to which we have referred before:—

"Lost from her majesty's back the 17th of January, anno 10 R. Eliz. at Westminster, one aglet of gold enamelled blue, set upon a gown of purple velvet, the ground satin; the gown set all over with aglets of two sorts, the aglet which is lost being of the bigger sort. Mem., That the 18th of April anno 8, R. Eliz. her majesty *wore* a hat having a band of gold enamelled with knots, and set with twelve small rubies or garnets, at which time one of the said rubies was lost. Item, Lost from her majesty's back at Willington, the 16th of July, one aglet of gold enamelled white. Item, One pearl and a tassel of gold being lost from her majesty's back, off the French gown of black satin, the 15th day of July, at Greenwich."[2]

These aglets were ornamental loops, or eylets, of goldsmiths' work, with which Elizabeth's robes appear to have been thickly besprinkled; they were movable, and changed from one dress to another, according to pleasure, and she had various sets of them of different colours and patterns; some gold enamelled white, some blue, others purple, and some enriched with pearls and gems. Manifold are the entries in the said wardrobe book, of the losses her majesty sustained in these decorations; in one instance the record is entered in regal style. "Item—lost from the face of a gown, in our wearing the same at Cheynes, July anno 12., one pair of small aglets, enamelled blue, parcel of 183 pair." The inference of the reader would naturally be, that her majesty's yeo-

[1] Godwin's Life of Dee.
[2] Ex. MSS. Phillipps' Middle Hill Collection.

men of the robes must have performed their duties very negligently to allow such insecure stitching to be used in her service; but we remember to have seen in a contemporary MS., that when the queen dined in public on one of her progresses, some of those that stood about her cut aglets from her majesty's dress, and that not out of a pilfering disposition, but from feelings of loyal enthusiasm for the sake of possessing something that had been worn by their adored liege lady. Her losses of jewellery were not confined to aglets. At Oatlands, in the month of June, she was minus four buttons of gold, enamelled white and blue; and at Hampton court, in the month of January, in the following year, four pair of pomander buttons.

"Item, Lost from her majesty's back, the 25th of December, anno 15, one tassel and one middle piece of gold from a knotted button, containing three pearls in *de pece*. Lost from her majesty's back, 17th of November, one eft of gold."

Pope's sarcastic lines on the habit of mind of some females, who seem to employ equal depth of stratagem on matters of trifling import as on the government of a state, never sure received completer historical illustration, than when the acute heads of Elizabeth and Cecil plotted together to obtain surreptitiously the services of a tailor, employed by the queen-regent of France, Catherine de Medicis. The *goût* with which the prime minister of England enters into this intrigue, rather authenticates the statement of Parsons, the Jesuit, that he was the son of an operative tailor,[1] being in the same predicament with Pepys, whose affectionate instincts towards his paternal craft have more recently diverted all the world.

"The queen's majesty," wrote Cecil to Sir Henry Norris, the ambassador at Paris, "would fain have a tailor that had skill, to make her apparel both after the Italian and French manner, and she thinketh that you might

[1] The highest preferment his father, Richard Cecil, ever obtained, was yeoman of the robes; he had previously served Henry VIII. and Edward VI., in some wardrobe vocation, but whether he had ever handled shears and needle according to the statement of Parsons, must remain matter of speculation.

use some means to obtain some one that serveth the French queen, without mentioning any manner of request in our queen's majesty's name. First cause your lady to get such a one." The gist of the intrigue was, that the tailor was to be enticed into England by the agency of Lady Norris, without Catherine de Medicis knowing the matter, lest that queen should formally offer the services of the man of stitch, and thus entail a political obligation on the majesty of England.

The time and talents of this profound statesman were also employed by Elizabeth in devising a truly ludicrous proclamation to prevent unskilful painters, gravers, and printers from doing injustice to the goodly lineaments of her gracious countenance, by presuming to attempt portraitures of her till some cunning person should have made such a perfect representation as might serve for a pattern meet to be followed. But even when this state pattern was provided, none were to be allowed to copy it but persons of understanding, nor even such as were, unless duly authorized by a licence. As for the ill-favoured portraits of her majesty that had already been rashly perpetrated, they were absolutely prohibited, as contraband articles, and were not permitted to be exposed for sale, "till such should be reformed as were reformable." [1]

Elizabeth, though drawing is said to have been one of her accomplishments, was so little acquainted with the principles of art, that she objected to allow any shades to be used by her court painter, as she considered all dark tints injurious to the fairness and smoothness of complexion and contour; hence, the Chinese flatness and insipidity which is generally the prevailing characteristic of her portraits.

In February, 1567, the horrible and mysterious murder of the unfortunate husband of Mary queen of Scots took place, under circumstances, artfully contrived by the perpetrators of this atrocious deed, to fling a strong suspicion of the crime on their hapless sovereign. Elizabeth's first impulse, on learning this tragic event, was

[1] Aikin's Elizabeth.

to send lady Howard and lady Cecil to her ill-treated cousin, lady Lenox, whom she had detained now two years a close prisoner in the Tower, to break to her the agonizing news of the calamity that had befallen her. In the evening, she sent her own physician, Dr. Huick, to visit her, and the dean of Westminster to offer her consolation.[1] It is possible that if this experienced lady had been allowed to join her husband and son in Scotland, on the marriage of Mary with the latter, her councils and mediation might have operated to prevent most of those unhappy differences between the royal pair, which were fomented by their mutual foes. Now that the worst that could befal had happened, Elizabeth restored lady Lenox and her youngest son, Charles, to liberty, and treated her with tenderness and consideration. Both the countess and her husband having been led to believe that the Scottish queen was deeply implicated in the murder of their son, appealed to Elizabeth for vengeance, and especially to bring Bothwell to an open trial for his share in the transaction.

Elizabeth wrote, in the energetic spirit of a daughter of the Plantagenets, to her unhappy cousin Mary Stuart, conjuring her to act as became her in this frightful crisis. She says:—"For the love of God, madame, use such sincerity and prudence in this case, which touches you so nearly, that all the world may have reason to judge you innocent of so enormous a crime—a thing, which unless you do, you will be worthily blotted out from the rank of princesses, and rendered, not undeservedly, the opprobrium of the vulgar; rather than which fate should befal you, I should wish you an honourable sepulchre, instead of a stained life."[2] This letter was written at the instance of Darnley's father, the earl of Lenox, who was desirous of having Bothwell's trial postponed till he could obtain further proofs of his guilt, but Mary was in the hands of Bothwell and his faction. Elizabeth's letter fell into the possession of Maitland, whose interest it was to suppress it, and there is reason to believe that

[1] Cecil to Norris in Aikin's Elizabeth.
[2] Robertson's Appendix.

it never reached her at all. Maitland attended Bothwell on his trial, and he was acquitted.[1] Elizabeth, of course, received no answer to her letter, which might have led so acute a princess to suspect that it had been intercepted or detained, especially when she understood that it had passed into hands so suspicious as those of Maitland, whose falsehood she had good reason to know. However, it suited her policy to consider Mary as a state criminal, and she eagerly received the strong tide of circumstantial evidence as confirmation of her guilt. On the subject of Mary's marriage with Bothwell, Elizabeth expressed herself with great severity, not only on account of its appearing an outrage against every proper feeling, but because she anticipated that an immediate league between the new consort of the Scottish queen and France would be the result.[2] There can be little doubt but this would have been the case if Mary's marriage with that ruffian had been her own choice, or anything but the offspring of dire necessity. Mary's kindred and the court of France treated him, by the advice of the ambassador, Du Croc, who was the friend and confidant of the hapless queen, with the scorn he merited.[3] They would not acknowledge him in any way, therefore Elizabeth was very soon relieved from her apprehension of a dangerous coalition between Bothwell and France.

Relentlessly as Elizabeth had laboured to undermine the throne of Mary Stuart, she no sooner beheld it in dust, and the queen a degraded and heart-broken captive in the hands of the fierce oligarchy, whom her machinations and her gold had spirited up against their sovereign, than her mind misgave her. The blow that had been successfully struck at her hated rival might rebound upon herself, by demonstrating to her own subjects the fact that crowned heads were amenable to the delegates of the people, not only for misgovernment, but for personal crimes—a principle which no Tudor

[1] Tytler. Lingard. [2] Tytler.

[3] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. i., new edition, pp. 50, 51, published by Colburn. See likewise the document in the old French in Mr. Tytler's Appendix to History of Scotland.

sovereign could desire to see established in England. Yet she, Elizabeth, the most despotic monarch, save and except her father, that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm, had nourished the spirit of revolt against regal authority in the dominions of her neighbour, and for the sake of personal vengeance on a fairer woman than herself, had committed a political sin against her own privileged and peculiar class, by teaching others to set at nought

"The divinity
That hedges in a king."

The recent proceedings in Scotland, the movements of the Huguenots in France and in Flanders, were signs of the tendency of the times towards a general emancipation from the restraints which governments and state creeds had imposed on the minds of men. The spiritual yoke of Rome had been broken in England and Scotland, and the elements of political revolution were agitating the western nations. Elizabeth had fed the flame for the sake of embarrassing the hostile sovereigns, who were ready to impugn her title to the crown she wore, but she was the most arbitrary of all in her determination to crush the same spirit in her own realm. A party was, however, struggling into existence, whose object was to establish the right of senates to hold the sovereign in check, and Elizabeth already began to feel its influence.

Her own parliament had recently opposed her will, and attempted to dictate to her the line of conduct they considered it was her duty to adopt, and if encouraged by the example of the successful revolt of Mary Stuart's subjects, they might ere long treat herself with as little ceremony. In the first revulsion caused by these reflections, Elizabeth despatched Throckmorton to Scotland, on a mission of comfort to the captive queen, and of stern remonstrance to her former tools and pensioners—Murray and his triumphant faction. While Mary was exposed to every bitter insult and indignity, during her woful incarceration at Lochleven, Elizabeth wrote to the queen-regent of France, Catherine de Medicis, the following letter, which casts a peculiar light on the ap-

parent inconsistency of her political conduct at this period with regard to her royal kinswoman:—

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honourable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the queen of Scots, I rejoice me very much to see that one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honour, her example would seem too terrible for neighbours to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king my good brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks, and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the meantime, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October (1567).

"Your good sister and cousin,

"ELIZABETH."[1]

The commiseration affected by Elizabeth in this letter for the troubles she had industriously fomented in the dominions, both of Mary Stuart and Charles IX., was, doubtless, galling in the extreme to the proud Catherine de Medicis. In her answer, some months afterwards, that princess retorts, in the keenness of Italian sarcasm, her own words upon the English queen.[2]

[1] This remarkable letter is translated from the original French, and has never before been introduced into Elizabeth's biography, being one of the precious transcripts from the royal autographs in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, which by gracious permission, were transmitted to me last November, by Mr. Atkinson, librarian to the emperor. See also Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 55, 56.

[2] Catherine's bitterly sarcastic reply to this letter, in the succeeding May, when her daughter-in-law, the fugitive queen of Scots, was a prisoner in Elizabeth's dominions, may be seen at full length in the chain of historical correspondence embodied in the letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 71—73.

Elizabeth was at this time amusing herself with the matrimonial negotiations which were actively renewed for her marriage with the accomplished archduke Charles, youngest son of the emperor Ferdinand I., and brother to Maximilian II., the reigning emperor of Germany. The religion of the archduke was the only impediment to an alliance, which Elizabeth is supposed to have considered with more complacency than any other of her numerous offers. The earl of Sussex, her grand chamberlain, the well-known opponent of Leicester, was the ambassador in the treaty, and prosecuted his mission with great zeal, in hopes of giving a check to the absorbing favouritism of his adversary. The letters of this magnificent noble are worthy of his high character; he draws, for his mistress's information, a very graphic picture of her suitor:—[1]

"His highness," writes Sussex to the queen, "is of person higher, surely, a good deal than my lord marquis (of Baden) his hair of head and beard, a light auburn; his face well proportioned, amiable, and of a very good complexion, without shew of redness or over paleness; his countenance and speech cheerful, very courteous, but stately. His body very well shaped, without deformity or blemish; his hands very good and fair; his legs clean, well-proportioned, and of sufficient bigness for his stature; his foot as good as may be. So as, upon my duty to your majesty, I find not one deformity, misshape, or anything to be noted worthy of misliking in his whole person; but contrariwise, I find his whole shape to be good in all respects, and such as is rarely found in a prince. His highness, besides his natural language of Dutch (German), speaketh, very well, Spanish and Italian, and, as I hear, Latin. His dealings with me are very wise; his conversation such as much contents me, and, as I hear, not one returns discontented from his company. He is greatly beloved here of all men. The chiefest gallants of these parts are his men, and follow his court, and truly we cannot be so glad to have him come to us as they will be sad here to have him go from them. He is reported to be valiant and of great courage in defending all his countries from the Turks, and in making them keep his rules. And he is universally (which I most weigh) noted to be of such virtue that he was never spotted or touched with any notable vice or crime, which is much in a prince of his years, endowed with such qualities. He delights much in hunting, riding, hawking, and exercise of feats of arms, and hearing of music, whereof he hath very good. He hath, as I hear, some understanding in astronomy and cosmography, and takes pleasure in clocks that set forth the course of the planets. He hath for his portion the countries of Styria, Carniola, Trieste, and Istria, and the government of what remains in Croatin, where he may ride, without entering any other man's territories, 300 miles.

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. 448.

"Since the writing of my other letters," continues Sussex, "I took occasion to go to the archduke in order to sound him in all causes, and to feel whether what he had uttered to me proceeded from him *bona fide*, or were but words of form. At my coming, his highness willed me to go into his bed-chamber, where, the doors being shut and no person present, we had long talk, the effect whereof I will recite to your majesty as near as I can. You, I said, were free to marry where it should please God to put you in the heart to like, and you had given no grateful ear to any motion of marriage before this, although you had received sundry great offers from others, I would therefore be as bold with his highness as I was with your majesty, and therefore beseeched him to let me, on his honour, understand whether he earnestly desired for love of your person, and had determined in his heart for this marriage, or else to satisfy others that procured him thereto, and cared not what became thereof, for in the one I would serve your majesty and him truly, and in the other I was not a person of that quality to be made a convenient minister.

"His highness answered, 'Count, I have heard by the emperor of your dealing with him, and I have had dealings with you myself, wherewith he and I rest very well contented, but, truly, I never rested more contented than I do of this dealing, wherein, besides your duty to her who trusted you, you shew what you are yourself, for which I honour you as you are worthy,' (pardon me, interpolates Sussex, I beseech your majesty for writing the words he spake of myself, for they serve to set forth his natural disposition.) 'Although,' continues the archduke, 'I have always had good hope of the queen's honourable dealing in this matter, yet I have heard so much of her disposition not to marry as might give me cause to suspect the worst; but, by your manner of dealing with me, I do think myself bound (wherewith he put off his cap) to honour, love, and serve her majesty while I live, and will firmly credit what you, on her majesty's behalf, have said. Therefore, if I might have hope that her majesty would bear with me for my conscience (on account of his being a Catholic) I know not that thing in the world I would refuse to do at her commandment. And surely I have from the beginning of the matter settled my heart upon her, and never thought of other wife, if she would think me worthy to be her husband.'

"I thanked his highness for his frank dealing, wherein I would believe him, and deal likewise. And now I am satisfied in this, I beseech your highness to satisfy also me in another matter, and bear with me, though I seem somewhat busy, for I mean it for the best."

Sussex, with more diplomacy than seems consistent with his manly character, proceeded to give the archduke a hint that some indecision had been attributed to him on the point of religion. In plain language, that he meant to act according to the fashion of the times, and adopt the creed that best suited his interest and aggrandizement.

"If this be true," continued Sussex, "trust me, sir, I beseech you, I will not betray you, and let me know the secret of your heart, whereby you may grow to a shorter end of your desire. On my oath I assure you I will never utter your counsel to any person living, but to the queen my

mistress, and I deliver you her promise, upon her honour, not to utter it to any person without your consent; and if you will not trust me therein, commit it to her majesty by letter, and she will not deceive you."

The answer of the archduke is noble and sincere:—

"Surely," said his highness, "whoever has said this of me to the queen's majesty, or to you, or to any other, hath said more than he knoweth. God grant he meant well therein. My ancestors have always holden the religion that I hold, and I never knew other, therefore I never could have purpose to change. I trust when her majesty shall consider my case well my determination herein shall not hurt my cause. For, count," continued he (to the earl of Sussex), how could the queen like me in anything if I should prove so light in changing my conscience? Therefore I will, myself, crave of her majesty, by my letters, her grant of my only request, wand I pray you, with all my heart, to further it all you may."

"In such like talk his highness spent almost two hours with me, which I thought my duty to advertise your majesty. Hereupon I gather that reputation rules him much in the case of religion, and that if God couple you together in liking, you shall find in him a true husband, a loving companion, a wise councillor, and a faithful servant, and we shall have as virtuous a prince as ever ruled. God grant (though you are worthy a great deal better than he, if he were to be found) that our wickedness be not such as we be unworthy of him, or of such as he is.—From Vienna, this 26th of October, 1567. Your majesty's most humble and faithful subject and servant,

"T. Sussex."

In succeeding conferences, the archduke agreed to conform so far as to be present with Elizabeth at the service of the church of England, and that neither he nor his would speak or do the least thing to the disparagement of the established religion; and that if he were allowed the use of a chapel for the rites of his own, no Englishman should ever be present at mass. But Elizabeth shewed her usual sagacity in the rejection of his hand. She knew if she married a catholic, however wise and moderate he might be, she should instantly lose the confidence of the great mass of her protestant subjects who kept her on the throne, and that she should be forced, with her husband, to join entirely with the catholic party, very few of whom could consider her birth as legitimate. Sussex continued to describe the personal gallantry of the archduke when riding at the ring, and other chivalric exercises, in the contemplation of which his royal mistress delighted. "In the afternoon," he said, "the emperor rode in his coach to see the archduke run at the ring, who commanded me to run at his

side, and my lord North, Mr. Cobham, and Mr. Powell to run on the other side; and after our running was done, the archduke mounted a courser of Naples, and surely his highness, in the order of his running, the managing of his horse, and the manner of his seat, governed himself exceedingly well, and so as, in my judgment, not to be amended."[1]

Elizabeth, notwithstanding, knew her duty too well, as queen of England, to introduce more jealousies among her people, than those which were already fermenting around her. She ultimately refused the accomplished German, on account of diversity of religion. Sussex attributed the ill success of his mission to the paramount influence of Leicester, saying, "he knew who was at work in the vineyard at home, but if God should ever put it into his dear mistress's heart to divide the weeds from the grain, she would reap the better harvest here." Leicester's party had already whispered that the archduke was devotedly attached to a German lady, and had a family of young children, for whose sake he would never marry.

While this negotiation was yet proceeding, events occurred in the sister realm of Scotland, which gave a new and strange colouring to the next twenty years of Elizabeth's life and reign. The unfortunate queen of Scots having effected her escape from Lochleven castle, her faithful friends rallied round her standard, but being intercepted and cut off by the rebel lords in her retreat to Dumbarton, she suffered a decisive defeat, May 13th, 1568, at the battle of Langside. She took the fatal resolution of throwing herself on the protection of queen Elizabeth, to whom she wrote a touching letter from the abbey of Dundrenan, assuring her that her sole dependence was on her friendship. "To remind you," concludes the royal fugitive, "of the reasons I have to depend on England, I send back to you, its queen, this token of

[1] The archduke bore the reputation of one of the greatest generals in Europe, and is mentioned with the utmost respect as such by Henry the Great (Mem. de duc de Sully). In his tastes for clocks and astronomy he resembles his great uncle, the emperor Charles V. He died July 1, 1590, aged 50.

her promised friendship and assistance."[1] This was a diamond, in the form of a heart, which had been sent to her by Elizabeth as a pledge of her amity and good-will.

Contrary to the advice of her friends, Mary, with the rash confidence of a queen of tragedy or romance, crossed the Frith of Solway in a fishing boat, with lord Herries and her little train, and, on the 16th of May, landed at Workington, in Cumberland. The next day she addressed an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, detailing briefly and rapidly the wrongs to which she had been subjected, her present sore distress, even for a change of apparel, and entreated to be conducted to her presence.[2] Mary was recognised by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and received an honourable welcome; and she was conducted to Carlisle with sufficient marks of affection and respect, to excite the jealous ill-will of Elizabeth, who sent her own trusty kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, and lord Scroop, ostensibly to congratulate the royal fugitive in her name on her escape, but in effect to constitute her a prisoner. The hard, uncourteous manner in which, after a few deceitful compliments, this pair of statesmen behaved, is sufficiently proved by the testimony of their own letters. Yet it is impossible to read those of Knollys without being struck with his sagacious foresight of the evil results arising from Mary's detention. Although his comments are personally malicious to the queen of Scots, and he omitted nothing that was calculated to excite Elizabeth's jealousy and suspicion against her, still he wisely deprecated her imprisonment in England, as alike impolitic and dishonourable.[3]

Elizabeth, not contented with the detention of her unfortunate guest, endeavoured, by all the means she could devise, to obtain possession of Mary's infant son, the heir, as he subsequently proved, of both their realms. Could she have succeeded in getting this babe into her

[1] See the Letters of Mary, queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, new edition, vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

[2] Ibid. p. 71.

[3] Ibid. vol. ii., Sir F. Knollys' Letter in Appendix.

hands, she would then have had every living creature who stood in the line of the regal succession in her power. The broken-hearted lady Katharine Gray was dead, but her orphan infants, though stigmatized as illegitimate, were still regarded by a strong party, whom the queen could neither silence nor awe, as the representatives of the line to which the crown had been entailed by Henry VIII. There had been an attempt by Hailes, the clerk of the hanaper, to advocate the claims of these children to the succession. Elizabeth's acute minister, Nicholas Bacon, was implicated[1] in this project, and had been for a time under the cloud of the royal displeasure. The presence of the heir-male of the elder line, under the immediate tutelage of Elizabeth, would effectually silence the partizans of the persecuted descendants of the house of Suffolk, besides guarding the sovereign from any attempts on the part of the royal line of Lenox-Stuart. Murray would not, however, resign the infant prince, in whose name alone he could exercise the regal power of Scotland; for well he knew that Elizabeth's next step would be to make herself mistress of Scotland, under the pretence of asserting the rights of the lawful heir. Independently of this, her favourite project, Elizabeth, as the umpire chosen to decide the controversy between Mary Stuart and the faction by whom that queen had been dethroned, and branded with the crimes of adultery and murder, had a mighty political advantage in her power, if she could have resolved to fulfil her promises of friendship and protection to her hapless kinswoman. She was exactly in that position which would have enabled her to name her own terms with Mary, as the price of re-establishing her on the throne of Scotland. The predominant faction, for it was no more, (since Mary had a strong party in her favour, ready to peril all in her behalf, and others willing to befriend her, yet fearing to expose themselves to the malice of her enemies, unless some visible protection encouraged them,) dared not have acted in opposition to the fiat of the armed umpire they had chosen,

[1] Camden.

whose troops were ready to pour over the border, and even then occupied some of the fortresses of the frontiers. Elizabeth could have negotiated a pardon for her old confederates and pensioners—could have replaced Mary in a moderate exercise of the regal power of Scotland, and established herself in the dignity maintained by the monarchs of England in the olden times, even that of Bretwalda, or paramount-suzerain, of the Britannic empire. She preferred gratifying personal revenge to the aggrandizement of her realm, and the exaltation of her glory both as a sovereign and a woman, and committed an enormous political blunder, as well as a crime, by the useless turpitude of her conduct to Mary Stuart.

From the moment, too, that she resolved on the unjustifiable detention of the royal fugitive, her own peace of mind was forfeited; she had sown the hydra's teeth in the hitherto peaceful soil of her own realm, and they sprang up to vex her with plots, foreign and domestic, open revolts, and secret confederacies, in which her ancient nobility were deeply involved. The loving welcome that merry Carlisle and its neighbouring magnates, the chivalric aristocracy of the border, had given to the beautiful and fascinating heiress-presumptive to the crown, early filled Elizabeth and her council with jealous uneasiness, and Mary was removed, sorely against her will, to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of lord Scroop, to whose charge she was consigned.[1]

In August, contrary to her first decision, and to the advice of her faithful councillors, Mary agreed to submit her cause to the decision of the English commissioners appointed by Elizabeth. The conferences were opened at York, where Murray and his confederates urged not only their old accusations against their sovereign, but produced the far-famed silver-gilt casket and its contents, the sonnets and letters which they asserted Mary had written to Bothwell.[2] They refused to allow Mary herself to see these, neither was she permitted to appear,

[1] Labanoff's Chronology. Letters of Mary, queen of Scots.

[2] For particulars of these, see Letters of Mary, queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 129 to 142, and Tytler the Elder's Dissertation.

according to her own earnest desire, to confront and cross-question her accusers. So impressed, however, was the president of the commission, the premier peer of England, Elizabeth's maternal kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, of the innocence of the Scottish queen, that he was willing to trust his own honour in her hands, and actually pronounced the fullest sentence of acquittal that mortal judge could do, by seeking her for his wife. It is true, that he had seen her at Carlisle, and was captivated by her beauty; but if any portion of the horrible and vulgar letters purporting to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, could have been proved, a revulsion of feeling in the breast of Norfolk must have been the result, which would have taught him to regard her with sentiments of horror, instead of the love and reverence for her virtues, which attended him to the block, and was transmitted by him as a legacy to his equally unfortunate son, Philip, earl of Arundel. Elizabeth herself, after she had considered the evidences, pronounced that she had seen nothing proved on either side, and broke up the conferences.

As early as November, 1568, Norfolk disclosed to Maitland his desire of a union with the captive queen, and suffered himself to be deluded by his pretended friendship, and the wiles of the treacherous Leicester and Murray, who induced him to believe that they were desirous of bringing this matter to pass. The project was revealed by them to Elizabeth, who caused Mary to be immediately transferred from the keeping of lord Scroop, whose lady was the sister of the enamoured duke, to the gloomy and noxious fortress of Tutbury, where she was subjected to many harsh restraints, her train diminished, and herself placed under the ungentle gaolership of the earl and countess of Shrewsbury.

The letters of the earl of Shrewsbury unrol a long diary of concealed history.[2] The injustice with which

[1] See Labanoff's Chronology. Letters of Mary, queen of Scots.

[2] They form the most important feature of Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. Hist.

Elizabeth treated her hapless heiress seems to have produced most baleful fruits to whoever partook of it. The earl of Shrewsbury himself was greatly to be pitied; he was more honourable and humane than many of his contemporaries, and most lamentably he entreated his royal mistress to relieve him of his charge. Elizabeth, who cantoned Mary and her attendants on him, because she was jealous of the report of his enormous wealth, at first either refused to pay him anything for the board of the royal captive and her followers, or paid him very meanly, and the magnificent earl was forced to raise piteous plaints of poverty, and of being utterly devoured, whenever he dunned for remittances to Leicester or Cecil. The earl was, in truth, converted into a wretched gaoler, who inflicted and received a life of domestic misery. His intriguing, proud, and cruel wife, whose temper could not be restrained by any power either on earth or in heaven, soon became jealous of the lovely and fascinating prisoner, and led her husband, a noble of exemplary gravity and a grandsire, a terrible life. The reports that originated from his own fireside caused Elizabeth to be exceedingly suspicious, in her turn, of the stout earl, on whom she set spies, who reported his minutest actions.

Writers have been found to justify the injurious treatment to which Mary Stuart was subjected in England, on the plea that she, as a foreign sovereign, might, by the laws of nations, be constituted a prisoner, because she entered Elizabeth's realm without having obtained permission to do so. Cecil, her great enemy, far from using so paltry an excuse, has written in his barristerial argument on her side, "She is to be helped because she came willingly into the realm, upon trust of the queen's majesty." Secondly, he says, and this convicts Elizabeth of perfidy, which requires no comment, "She trusted in the queen's majesty's help, because she had, in her trouble, received many messages to that effect."[1]

If all the pens in the world were employed in the

[1] Cecil's Notes pro Regina Scotorum et contra Reginam Scotorum, in Anderson.

defence of Elizabeth's conduct, they could not obliterate the stain which that incontrovertible record of her treachery has left upon her memory.

In justice to Elizabeth, however, be it recorded, that when the countess of Lenox, with passionate tears, presented a petition to her, entreating, in the name of herself and husband, that the queen of Scots might be proceeded against for the death of their son, lord Darnley, the natural subject of the English sovereign, her majesty, after graciously soothing the afflicted mother, told her, "that she could not, without evident proof, accuse a princess, and her near kinswoman, of so great a crime, significantly reminding her that the times were evil, and hatred blind, imputing often offences to persons of exalted rank of which they were innocent."[1] The countess of Lenox was ultimately convinced that her daughter-in-law, the queen of Scots, was wholly guiltless of Darnley's death, and continued, till she died, in friendly correspondence with her.[2]

[1] Camden's Elizabeth.

[2] See Queen of Scots' Letters on this subject, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii., new edition, p. 7.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Elizabeth's deportment to foreign ambassadors—Her first interview with La Mothe Fenelon—Her coquettish remarks on Philip of Spain—She puts the Spanish ambassador under arrest—Compares Alva's letter to a Valentine—Speaks angrily of the queen of Scots—Writes to that princess —Warns the duke of Norfolk—Negotiations for Elizabeth's marriage with the king of France—Flattery of the ambassador—Indecorum of Leicester at Elizabeth's toilet—Remonstrances of the nobles on the same —Arrest of Norfolk — Northern rebellion — Elizabeth's poem — Her sanguinary orders—Elizabeth excommunicated by Pius V.—Conspiracies against her—Attempts to renew matrimonial treaty with the archduke—Anger at his marriage—Henri of Anjou proposed to her—Her wish of accepting him—Demurs of her council—Her anger—Confidential remarks to her ladies—Her visit to sir Thomas Gresham—Names the Royal Exchange—Her conversation with the French ambassador on marriage—Her new favourite, sir Christopher Hatton—Her angry letter to the bishop of Ely—Intrigues against her marriage—Reluctance of her suitor —His uncourteous observations—Elizabeth's remarks on the portrait of the queen of France—Forbids George Strickland to appear in his place in parliament—Contumaciousness of the duke of Anjou—Vexation of his mother—Archduke Rodolph offers to Elizabeth—Flatteries of the French ambassador—Elizabeth sends her portrait to Anjou—Her remarks on his portrait—Fills her work-basket with apricots for the French ambassador—Her message to him—Sends him a stag slain by herself—Manner of Elizabeth's visit to Hunsdon House.

ELIZABETH, generally speaking, appears, like Talleyrand, to have considered that the chief use of language was to conceal her real meaning. The involved and mystified style of her letters proves that such was the case; and in consequence, she frequently deceived those whom it was her interest to enlighten—namely, her own ambassadors

and deputies. On the other hand, her artifices amounted to mannerism, and were quickly penetrated by the representatives of other sovereigns whom she admitted to personal conferences.

With all her pride and caution, she was a great talker, and very excitable. It was no difficult matter to put her in a passion, and then she spoke her mind freely enough, if we may rely on the reports of the various ambassadors resident at her court. Her vanity and coquetry, if skilfully played upon, often carried her beyond the bounds of prudence, and rendered her communicative on some points on which private gentlewomen generally maintained some degree of reserve. The reader has seen the free and easy terms on which sir James Melville contrived to establish himself with this haughty princess, and the singular confidences with which, both she and Leicester, favoured two successive French ambassadors, de Foys and La Forêt; the recent publication of the despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, enables us to unfold many a rich scene between that statesman and our royal heroine, which are now, for the first time, translated from the original French, and interwoven in her biography.[1]

Elizabeth honoured this ambassador, who was one of the deepest intriguers of the age, and of course one of the most agreeable flatterers, with an audience at Hampton Court, November 14th, 1568. She gave him a very gracious reception, but expressed some regret for the departure of La Forêt, of whom she made honourable mention. She made particular inquiries after the health of the king of France and the queen mother, and asked, "If it were true that they had been visited with the heavy affliction of the death of the queen of Spain, Elizabeth of France?" La Mothe replied, "that it was only too true that their majesties were overwhelmed with grief, and that they and their whole court were in mourning on that sorrowful occasion, which was the reason why he presented himself before her majesty in that dress." Elizabeth, like her father and her brother Edward, entertained the

[1] The literary world is indebted to the learning, research, and industry of J. Purton Cooper, Esq., for the publication in modern French of this valuable contribution to the history of queen Elizabeth, and her royal contemporaries of France and Scotland.

greatest aversion to the sight of "doole," or anything that could remind her of the uncertainty of human life.[1] She was pleased, however, to make a very courteous response, and said, "that she regretted the death of the queen of Spain with all her heart, and that she should wear mourning for her, as if she had been her sister, and that she felt very much for their majesties, knowing for a certainty how great their sorrow must be for this sad event; and she prayed God to give them some other good consolation in compensation for their loss." She observed, "that she had not yet been informed of this misfortune, either by the king of Spain or his ambassador; for if she had had the proper intimation of it, she would have had the obsequies of the queen of Spain celebrated in England, as well as elsewhere." These complimentary solemnities in honour of the departed catholic queen, were performed according to the rites of the protestant church of England, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the same manner that the obsequies of Henry II. of France and those of the emperor had formerly been celebrated there by her command.

Elizabeth told the French ambassador that she had "paid this respect to the memory of the queen of Spain out of regard to her mother the queen-regent of France, and her brother Charles IX.," and added, "that all Christendom had cause to weep for this princess, and that she herself had listened with tears to the account which had been given of her virtues by the countess of Feria, an English lady, formerly in her own service, who had recently come from Spain, and she doubted not but her late majesty was now one of the brightest angels in heaven, having been a very holy queen on earth;" and she prayed monsieur de la Mothe to write to the queen of France, that she had given orders for the said obsequies more than a month ago, although the Spanish ambassador had not thought proper to communicate the death of the queen to her, and that she had even sent to remind him that it was the custom on such an occasion to notify it officially, either by a letter or a gentleman sent express for the purpose." Fenelon said, "he imagined the duke of Alva had the letter already in his hands for that purpose." Elizabeth coquettishly rejoined with a smile, "that she supposed the king of Spain

[1] See Life of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.

did not wish to write to her, or rather that the duke of Alva had detained the letter, under the notion that it was not quite decent that so soon after the death of the queen his wife, he should be sending letters to an unmarried girl, like her, but that she had waited still some days, and then ordered the obsequies for the deceased queen to be made."

"I thanked her," says monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon, "and only added, that the king of Spain was still young enough to take a fourth wife."[1]

Elizabeth was at that time on terms approaching to open hostility with Spain. She had opened her arms as a protectress to the fugitives of the reformed faith, whom the cruelties of the terrible Alva, in the Low Countries, had compelled to abandon their homes. The persecuted Hollanders fondly regarded her as the representative of her royal ancestress, queen Philippa, one of the co-heiresses of William, count of Holland and Hainault. The first movements of the furious war which separated "those whom the rod of Alva bruised," from the crown of Spain, commenced in this year.[2]

Meantime, Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Philip II., Dr. Man, whom she had not inaptly termed a *man goose*, instead of attending to the business of his legation, had, in a fit of spiritual Quixotism, defied the Pope, in such undiplomatic terms of vituperation, that he was prohibited from appearing at the court of his catholic majesty, and banished to a very uncivilized village, where he was compelled to hear mass.[3] The English flag had also been insulted in the gulf of Mexico, by the attack and capture of three ships in the fleet of the mercantile adventurers, commanded by the famous—or, rather, we should say, the infamous sir John Hawkins, since he was the first man who brought the odious stain of the slave trade on this nation—a traffic that to her eternal disgrace was sanctioned—nay, even encouraged, by queen Elizabeth. The high spirit of this princess was greatly chafed at the twofold affront she and her subjects had received from Spain, nor was it long before she had an opportunity of making reprisals.

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. i.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 465. [3] Camden.

Four Spanish vessels bound to Flanders, laden with specie, were chased by French pirates into the ports of Plymouth, Falmouth, and Southampton. Don Guerran d'Espes, the new Spanish ambassador, applied to the English government for further protection for these vessels, which was granted; but the French adventurers having made a fresh attempt to seize the ships, the queen ordered the treasure to be brought to London, for she had ascertained that it was the property of a company of Genoese merchants, who were about to establish a bank at Antwerp, and to assist Alva with a loan. No sooner did she understand this arrangement, than she determined to frustrate it, by appropriating the loan to her own use. D'Espes, in great anger, informed Alva, of the seizure of the money; and Alva, exasperated at the disappointment, wrote a brief and peremptory letter to Elizabeth, demanding restitution. She replied, very coolly, "that she understood the treasure was private property, and had borrowed it; but if the king of Spain could prove that it belonged to him, she would restore it."

Alva retorted, by laying an embargo on all English subjects and English property in Antwerp; and Elizabeth, not to be outdone, put all the Spaniards in her dominions under arrest, not even excepting the person of the ambassador, whom she constituted a prisoner in his own house, and appointed three gentlemen of her court to keep guard over him.[1]

The French ambassador, monsieur de la Mothe, who visited Elizabeth a few days after these events, gives the following amusing particulars of his conversations with her at that period. "Her majesty," says he, "was then at Hampton Court, and apparently full of sorrow for the death of lady Knollys, her cousin, whom she loved better than all the women in the world; notwithstanding which, she favoured me with a gracious reception, and after saying a few words expressive of the regret she felt for the loss of so good a relative, observing that the mourning habit which she had assumed could manifest but a small part of the greatness of her grief, she demanded incontinently of me the news."

[1] Camden. Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

The ambassador proceeded to detail to her, matters of which she was doubtless as well, if not better informed than himself—namely, the recent movements of the warring parties in France. On which she protested her great affection for the king, his master, and said, "she prayed God that she might hear better news of his affairs, than that which had been told her within the last two days, which made her regret that his majesty had despised her counsel, although it was but that of a woman, which she had given him, for the peace of his realm."[1]

She expressed herself sharply against the authors and fomenters of wars, saying, "that princes ought to pursue to the death all such, as enemies to themselves, and pernicious to their states." Then she spoke of the Spanish ambassador, "who had," she said, "already kindled a war between his master's country, and hers;" adding, that "she had been deceived in that personage, having always considered him as very honest and moderate, and could never have thought that, while she was treating so courteously with him on the affair of the Spanish rialls, he had, by his letters (of which she had a copy) caused the seizure of the goods and persons of the English, at Antwerp."

She complained also, "that he had written of her in a different manner from what he ought, he having named her Oriana,[2] in some of his letters; at which she was so indignant, that, if he had been her subject, she would have pursued him with the utmost rigour of the law. The duke of Alva had been too hasty in believing him; and of him, the duke, she must say, that he had behaved both arrogantly and lightly; arrogantly, in having only deigned to write her one little letter, which," pursues monsieur de la Mothe, "the said lady compared to a Valentine." An expression which one would scarcely have expected from the lips of this great female sovereign, during a grave political discussion with a foreign minister.

His excellency, in his official report of the conversation, considers it necessary for the information of his royal master, to subjoin the following explanation, in the form of a marginal note, after mentioning the word "Valentine." "This

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Camden states that D'Espes had written some shameful libels of Elizabeth, under the title of Amadis Oriana.

term, which the English employ, in the style familiar, answers exactly to our word '*poulet, billet de gallanterie.*'" He then proceeds with Elizabeth's indignant description of the duke of Alva's letter, which only contained four or five words of credence for the ambassador, and she said, "he had acted lightly, by executing on such trivial grounds, an act of open hostility against her subjects;" adding, with some degree of scorn, "that the duke was neither so great, herself so little, or the affair so unimportant, but that he might have troubled himself to write more at length to her, and to have made proper inquiries before he attempted such an outrage against her and her subjects. She concluded by expressing a hope that the king of Spain would neither sanction what the duke of Alva had done, nor that which his ambassador had written to him."

La Mothe observed, as soon as he could get a word in, "that she ought to consider that the duke of Alva was naturally irritated at the loss of the money, which was intended to pay his troops, who were likely to mutiny, if he did not make his disbursements with punctuality;" and facetiously reminded her, "that the king of Spain, being once more a widower, and in search of a suitable consort, would not for the world offend an unmarried princess like her; neither, for the same cause, should she quarrel with him who was on that pursuit."

She replied, with a smile, "that she could be very well assured of the friendship of the king of Spain, as she might have married him at the beginning of the war, if she had chosen."[1]

La Mothe seriously remonstrated with her, on the rash step she had taken in arresting the Spanish ambassador, telling her, "that since God had established the kingdoms, and powers of the world, ambassadors had always been respected, and their persons held inviolate; even in the midst of the fiercest wars, care had been taken not to touch them, or to treat their persons otherwise than honourably, that she had accepted this gentleman as the representative of a great king, and ought to be cautious in what she did with regard to him. Not," continued La Mothe, "that he has requested me to plead for him, but because we both hold the like office towards your majesty; and therefore, I entreat

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

that you will allow me to visit him, at least once a week, in the presence of gentlemen who have him in ward."

She replied, "that seeing the terms on which D'Espes had been the means of placing her with the king, his master, she had taken measures for his protection, lest he should be attacked; but she had merely confined him to his lodgings, under the guard of three gentlemen, whom she had commanded to bear themselves courteously towards him. That formerly, on a less occasion, her ambassador, Throckmorton, had been much worse treated in France." She then prayed La Mothe not to visit him for some days, because she would not be seen to approve or justify any of the evil he had done, by permitting him to be visited by a person who represented the king of France.

This conversation took place on the 20th of January, 1568; on the 24th arrived an envoy from the duke of Alva, named Assolveville, to enter into explanations with the queen, on the subject of the recent misunderstanding. Elizabeth was encouraged by this indication of placability, to assume a more offensive attitude, and to shew that she was prepared for war, and that she considered it was already commenced. Before Assolveville could present his credentials, she caused him to be arrested at Rochester, where he was detained two days, that he might see her grand arsenal, the activity of her military preparations, and the great number of workmen, who were employed in building her mighty ships of war at Chatham. She then had him conducted to London, separated him from all his people, and placed him in a lodging of her own providing, under a strict guard, without allowing him to see or speak to any one, much less the Spanish ambassador, with whom he was of course desirous of conferring, before he proceeded to open a negotiation with the queen.[1]

Assolveville, guessing what the event would be, had previously written a letter to D'Espes, which he smuggled to him under cover to the French ambassador, and another addressed to queen Elizabeth, requesting to be informed of the time and place, where he might present his credentials. This, however, was forcibly torn by Cecil, from the hand of the Spanish gentleman, who was waiting in the queen's presence-chamber for an opportunity of presenting

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

it, warning him, rudely enough, not to be found there any more. The object of all this was, to compel the poor envoy to unfold his business to some of the council, before he had received his cue from his own ambassador, who was still a prisoner in his own house; but Assolveville, with laudable obstinacy, refused to open his lips to any one, till he had communicated with D'Espes.

Elizabeth, meantime, indited an elaborate letter to Philip II., in Latin, in which, after commending herself for the care she had taken "to save his money from the pirates, and put it out of danger," she imputed all that the duke of Alva and his ambassador had done, to the evil counsel of those who would wish to see a breach in the amity and good faith which had hitherto united them."[1]

Philip, however, assumed a high tone, and approved of all that had been done by Alva and D'Espes, and demanded the restitution of his money, under the threat of a war. Elizabeth was at that moment in an awkward predicament; she had, by her intrigues with the insurgents in France, so embroiled herself with that government, that hostilities appeared inevitable, and, at the same time, a formidable rebellion was organizing among the old catholic nobility in her own realm, while her merchants loudly complained of the injury done to commerce by the seizures of English property, which had been heedlessly provoked in the ports of France and Spain.

In fact, it appeared scarcely possible to avoid a war with both. Each sovereign complained of mutual grievances. Elizabeth aided the queen of Navarre incipiently, her subjects helped her openly, and this princess was virtually queen of the south, and of all the Protestants in France. The goldsmiths in England, it was supposed, had lent the queen of Navarre money on her jewels; and, after the disastrous battle of Moncortour, Elizabeth had offered, in case the king of France proved too strong for the protestant cause, to give refuge to her and her daughter Catherine, the princess of Condé, and her little ones in England.

On the other hand, the king of France, by way of reprisal, supported the partizans of Mary queen of Scots, who was regarded as the rightful queen by most of the Roman Catholics in the British islands.

[1] Depêches de La Mothe Fenelon, vol. i.

On the 10th of February, La Mothe Fenelon, in an audience with Elizabeth, informed her, that a gentleman, in the service of the queen of Scots, had complained to him of the rigour with which his royal mistress had been treated, on her compulsory removal from Bolton to Tutbury. His excellency, with manly plainness, represented "that those who advised her majesty to put constraint, not only on the will, but the royal person of a sovereign and her kinswoman, made her do a wrong to her own reputation." He then besought her "to cause the Scottish queen to be treated in such a manner, in the place where she had compelled her to go, that she might have occasion to speak of her with praise in her letters to the king and queen of France."[1]

Elizabeth replied, with some choler, "that she had neither used force nor violence to the queen of Scotland, having merely removed her to a place where she would be better treated than at Bolton, where all the necessaries of life were scarce." She also gave, as a reason for what she had done, that Mary had written into Scotland a letter which had fallen into her hands, requiring some of the lords of her country to take up arms and make an inroad to where she was at Bolton—that she had, in the same letter, accused her of having treated with the earl of Murray to have him declared legitimate, with several other things equally false.

Elizabeth told La Mothe, that he might assure their majesties of France, that the queen of Scots received nothing else but good treatment at her hands, and although it was not for her to render account to any person in the world for her actions, it was her wish to justify herself to all the world in respect to her usage of the queen of Scots, that all other princes might know that she proceeded with such rectitude that she had no cause to change her pale hue for anything that could be brought against her on that account. "Would to God," added she, "that the queen of Scots had no more occasion to blush at that which could be seen of her."

La Mothe replied, "that her majesty had it in her power to convince the world of the unprincipled ambition of the adversaries of the said lady, and to explain all that they

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. i. p. 188.

could urge against her; and if she acted as the duty of queen to queen, and relation to relation prescribed, it would prove that she was innocent of all the unkindness that had been imputed to her."

Elizabeth, instead of making any direct reply to this home stroke, merely observed, "that she had never had any praise from the queen of Scots for any of the good offices she had rendered her," and then turned the conversation to the subject of Rouen, and the seizure that had been made of English property by the French government.

"On another occasion," says La Mothe, "she told me that she had taken pains to be more than a good mother to the queen of Scots, yet she, on the contrary, had continually practised intrigues in her kingdom against her, and that those who did not know how to behave to a good mother, merited no other than the cruellest step-dame. She then summoned her council and the bishop of Ross, to whom she recited in French most of what I had told her, and the reply she had made me. Then she uttered in English many complaints of the queen of Scots; and in conclusion, menaced the most active, and the greatest among them, with being made shorter by the head."[1]

The fierce jealousy which had been excited in Elizabeth against Mary Stuart by the assumption of the royal arms and style of England in her name, by her ambitious father-in-law, Henry II. of France, was not the only cause of the enmity of that queen. There was a still deeper root of bitterness in this matter, for Henry II. had obliged his young daughter-in-law, during a dangerous fit of sickness, to sign a testamentary paper bequeathing her rights to the kingdom of Scotland, and her claims on the succession of England—if she died without children—to his heirs. Queen Elizabeth became fully aware that such instruments existed in the year 1568-9, and discussed the point with the French ambassador, La Mothe Fenelon;[2] she likewise wrote to Mary the following letter, which she commences with insincere professions of her grief for Mary's dangerous illness just before:—

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 169.

[2] At the end of vol. i. of the Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, all these documents are quoted.

ELIZABETH QUEEN OF ENGLAND TO THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.[1]

"May 25, 1569.

"Madame,—To my infinite regret I have learned the great danger in which you have lately been, and I praise God that I heard nothing of it until the worst was past; for, in whatever time or place it might have been, such news could have given me little content; but if any such bad accident had befallen you in this country, I believe, really, I should have deemed my days prolonged too long, if, previous to death, I had received such a wound.

"I rely much on His goodness who has always guarded me against mal-accidents, that he will not permit me to fall into such a snare, and that He will preserve me in the good report of the world till the end of my career. He has made me know, by your means, the grief I might have felt if anything ill had happened to you; and I assure you, that I will offer up to Him infinite thanksgivings.

"As to the reply that you wish to receive by my lord Boyd, regarding my satisfaction in the case touching the duke of Anjou,[2] I neither doubt your honour nor your faith, in writing to me that you never thought of such a thing, but that perhaps some relative,[3] or rather some ambassador of yours having the general authority of your signature, to order all things for the furtherance of your affairs, had adjusted this promise as if it came from you, and deemed it within the range of his commission.

"Such a matter would serve as a spur to a courser of high mettle; for as we often see a little bough serve to save the life of a swimmer, so a slight shadow of claim animates the combatant. I know not why they (*the royal family of France*) consider not, that the bark of your good fortune floats on a dangerous sea, where many contrary winds blow, and has need of all aid to obviate such evils, and to conduct you safely into port. And if so be they are able to serve you in aught, still you can in honour deny the intention (*of transferring her rights to young Anjou;*) for if this right abides in them, then to me pertains the wrong.

"Forasmuch I entreat you to have such consideration for me, (to whom the like right only pertains, who have merited, on your part, true guerdon and honourable opinion,) with such deeds as may preserve the true accord of harmony with mine, who, in all my actions towards you, will never fail of right dealing.

"Howbeit, this bearer will declare to you more amply what I wish in this case. Moreover, if you desire some reply as to the commission given to my lord Ross (*the bishop of Ross*), I believe that you forget how near it touches me if I tamper with aught that I am satisfied touches your honour and my safety. Meantime, I will not fatigue you with this letter longer than that, with my cordial commendations, I pray God to preserve you in good health, and give you long life. From Greenwich."[4]

[1] Translated from vol. ii. pp. 59, 60, Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon. Elizabeth's letter seems to have been originally composed in French.

[2] This was the cession supposed to have been made by Mary to Anjou.

[3] Meaning her mother, Mary of Guise, queen-regent of Scotland, or the regent Arran.

[4] La Mothe Fenelon states the highly curious fact, that the point of the cession, Mary queen of Scots had been supposed to have made of her kingdom to the duke of Anjou, was first inquired into in parliament by the duke of Norfolk, ostensibly on account of the public benefit, but with a secret regard to his own interest, as he was engaged to marry Mary.

This letter is certainly one of the most remarkable ever penned by Elizabeth. The reader will observe her recurrence, in the midst of her caresses, to the leading object of her thoughts, perpetual jealousy of her title.

Mary willingly executed the instrument required, and, at her request, the duke of Anjou renounced any benefit he might hereafter have claimed from the deed of cession extorted from the youthful Mary by his sire; but, after all, the cession had never been made to him in particular, but to the heirs of Henry II. Charles IX. was, therefore, the party by whom the grant should have been renounced. As Mary did all that Elizabeth required of her, this was the precise point where good policy should have prompted Elizabeth to permit Mary's retirement from England. She ought by that time to have perceived the profound mistake she had committed by detaining her in the heart of England, where she served as a rallying point to every seditious movement. Elizabeth ought to have recollected, that in the height of Mary's prosperity, when backed by all the power of France, and living at Paris as queen consort, and queen regnant of Scotland, no injury had been effected to England. It was not probable that Mary could do more against her, if she had suffered her to retire to France, blighted as she was now by calumny and ill health, and dethroned from her realm.

The glory of Elizabeth's reign was dimmed from the hour Mary was detained a prisoner, not only in a moral sense, but, politically and statistically speaking, it was a false step, which placed England in an incipient state of civil war, during the whole life of the queen of Scots, and she became, with good cause, jealous of her own subjects, even those among her nobility who were most nearly connected with herself by the ties of blood.

On one occasion, she observed, significantly, "that as long as the duke of Norfolk lived, the queen of Scots would never want an advocate." On the return of Norfolk from the Scotch conferences, she had given him a very ungracious reception, in consequence of the reports that had been conveyed to her by the persons who had first of all suggested to him the flattering chimera of a marriage with the Scottish queen. Norfolk entered into the subject with his sovereign, and told her, "that the project had not originated

with him, and that he never had given it any encouragement. "But would you not," said Elizabeth, "marry the Scottish queen, if you knew that it would tend to the tranquillity of the realm, and the safety of my person?"

If Norfolk had not been deficient in moral courage, he would have replied, frankly, "that if her majesty were disposed to think so, he would be ready to conform to her wish, but that he had already assured Murray, and the others who had suggested this marriage to him, that it was a matter in which he could not engage himself without the consent of his sovereign." He, however, knew the deep dissimulation of Elizabeth, and suspecting that it was her design to entangle him in his talk, replied, with answering insincerity, "Madam, that woman shall never be my wife who has been your competitor, and whose husband cannot sleep in security on his pillow."[1] This artful allusion to the injurious reports against Mary's honour, though most unworthy of the man who was secretly pledged to become her husband, had the desired effect of lulling Elizabeth's suspicions to sleep, and restoring her to good humour. She had, however, ere long, sufficient reason to be convinced that the enamoured duke was every day involving himself more deeply in the snares, which were thrown in his way by those, who were tempting him to his ruin, by their pretended schemes for the accomplishment of his wishes.[2]

Elizabeth's great dread, in the perilous year for Protestantism, 1569, was a catholic coalition throughout Europe in behalf of her royal prisoner, Mary queen of Scots. Ireland was in a state of revolt, the northern counties progressing to the same; the Protestant cause had received two severe blows, the retreat of the prince of Orange, and the victory of the duke of Anjou at Jarnac. Jealousy between the courts of France and Spain had proved her

[1] Haynes. Lingard.

[2] Miss Aikin has very finely observed, with regard to the habitual dissimulation of Elizabeth, and her contemporary of evil memory, Catherine de Medicis, "that in mistaking the excess of falsehood for the perfection of address, the triumphs of cunning for the master-pieces of public wisdom, they did but partake the error of the ablest male politicians of that age of states men. The same narrow views of the interest of princes and of states governed them all. They seem to have believed that the right and the expedient were constantly opposed to each other."

safeguard hitherto, but there was a prospect of a new bond of union, in the proposed marriages of Charles IX. and Philip II. with the daughters of the emperor Maximilian.

Elizabeth thought it possible to prevent this brotherly alliance by a little coquetry, on her own account, with Charles IX. Her hand had been twice solicited by the plenipotentiaries of that prince, and she had declined because of his tender youth. His majesty was now really marriageable, though much too young to be a suitable consort for her; yet she might, without committing herself too deeply, contrive to lure him from his imperial *fiancée*. Catherine de Medicis' favourite project was to marry her second son, the duke of Anjou, to Elizabeth; and that able intriguer, La Mothe Fenelon, had instructions to bring this matter to pass, if possible. With this design constantly in view, the conversations between him and her majesty of England invariably turned to the subject of matrimony.

The conference in which Elizabeth threw out her first lure for the young king of France, as related by La Mothe, has almost dramatic interest. The queen began by asking news of the marriages between Charles IX. and Philip of Spain with the daughters of the emperor, which appeared to give her uneasiness. La Mothe fully exemplified sir Henry Wotton's character of an ambassador, whom he defined to "be a person sent to lie abroad for the service of his country," for he denied any knowledge of his master's intended marriage. Elizabeth told him "that she had heard for certain that the marriages were concluded," and repeated the eulogiums she had heard "of the fine stature and martial appearance of Charles and his brother, and of their vigorous constitutions and excellent dispositions;[1] how Charles IX., in martial bearing and skill in horsemanship, resembled Henry II., his father, who was the most accomplished warrior of any prince in his times; and that his brother had exchanged all his boyish diversions at court for heroic and difficult enterprises, and that everybody wonderfully commended him." She concluded this flourish by observing, "that as the princess of Portugal[2] had been proposed as a

[1] Depêche de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] The princess of Portugal was daughter of Emanuel the Great, king of Portugal, and Leonora of Austria, queen of Francis I. She must have been born before 1525.

match, first to the king, and afterwards to Anjou, she herself could not be considered as too old."

"I told her," said La Mothe Fenelon,[1] "that all the world stood amazed at the wrong she did to the grand endowments that God had given her of beauty, wisdom, virtue, and exalted station, by refusing to leave fair posterity to succeed her. It was a duty she owed to God, who had given her power of choice, to elect some partner, and that she could not find a prince more worthy of such distinction, than one of the three sons of the late king of France, Henry II. The eldest of them was the true successor of his father, the second, royal in all conditions, excepting being crowned, and the third would, without doubt, in time be equal to his brethren." This last was the young Alençon, to whom Elizabeth was almost married when she was many years older; but the point, to which all this expert flattery tended, was to persuade her to wed the handsome duke of Anjou. Elizabeth pretended to discuss the possibility of wedding the elder of these much-lauded princes, and, for the purpose of eliciting a stronger dose of flattery from the ambassador, replied, "That the king, Charles IX., would none of her, for he would be ashamed to show, at an entry into Paris, a queen for his wife so old as she was, and that she was not of an age to leave her country, like the queen of Scots, who was taken young to France."

The ambassador replied, "If such a marriage could happen, then would commence the most illustrious lineage that had been known for the last thousand years; but that previously she had been objecting to the age of his king, and now she was finding fault with her own. Meantime, she had so well spent her years, that time had carried away none of her beauties; while king Charles and the duke of Anjou had so well profited by time, that they had acquired beauty, strength, and stature, so that no men could be more perfect. And the king certainly ought to desire the queen of England to make her entry into Paris as his wife, for it was there she would be the most honoured, most welcome, and most blessed by all the good people and nobility of France; and if she suffered with passing the sea, nevertheless

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 118, 119.

she would find it a most happy voyage, from which she would ultimately receive great pleasure and satisfaction."

At the time of uttering this flourish, the ambassador was as well convinced as the queen herself, that Charles IX. was almost married to Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the emperor.

"I know not," rejoined Elizabeth, "if the queen (Catherine de Medicis) would approve of it, for it is possible she might choose to have a daughter-in-law whom she might mould to her pleasure."

"I know," answered the ambassador, "that the queen-mother is so benign, and of such humane and gracious conversation, that nothing in the world would be more agreeable than for you to be together: witness the honour and respect in which she has always held the queen of Scotland, and that she now bears to her."

When this interview was over, Cecil came to discuss with him the projected marriage of the king of Spain with the eldest daughter of the emperor. "I was far enough from giving him a hint respecting the marriage of the youngest,"[1] added the ambassador, "but declared I would treat with him touching another marriage, which would be the most apropos in the world for the aggrandizement of two realms, and for the universal peace of Christianity.

A future day was then appointed for queen Elizabeth to receive another repast of these frothy compliments. The French ambassador subjoined to his despatches a dissertation on the queen's real intentions regarding marriage, and it is certain the result bore out his view of the subject. "It is the general opinion," he wrote, "that queen Elizabeth will never marry; but when her subjects press her to name her successor, she meets the inconvenient proposal by a feigned intention of entering into some marriage she never means to conclude;" and he brought, as an instance, the late futile negotiation regarding the archduke Charles.

The earl of Arundel, who had been for many years a suitor for the hand of queen Elizabeth, made no scruple of declaring, that the intimacy between her and the earl of Leicester was the reason of her refusing all her suitors, whether they were foreign princes or English peers. This great noble, according to the report of the French ambas-

[1] Elizabeth of Austria, soon after married to Charles IX.

sador,[1] instigated his son-in-law, the duke of Norfolk, to call Leicester to a sharp account for familiarities with the queen, which they affirmed disgraced them all, as Englishmen, as well the crown she wore, and that neither the English nobility nor her subjects in general would permit the continuance of such proceedings. They then taxed Leicester with using his privilege of *entrée* into the queen's bed-chamber unbecomingly, affirming that he went there before she rose, and that he took upon himself the office of her lady in waiting, by handing to her a garment which ought never to have been seen in the hands of her master of horse. Moreover, they charged him with "kissing her majesty when he was not invited, thereto."

It is very evident that the first queens-regnant of England had many officers in attendance in their private apartments, the same as if they had been kings; and in this instance the fault found was, not that Leicester had the right of *entrée* into the royal sleeping apartment, but that he used it at improper times, and took freedoms which the premier duke and the premier earl of England, deemed derogatory to the decorum which ought to be observed towards the female sovereign of their country. They proceeded to exhort Leicester "to be candid, and say if the queen really wished to marry him, and then they would both unite their influence with the nobility and the rest of the nation to sanction their honourable union, and stop all this scandal."

Leicester, the arrogant Leicester, seems to have assumed the humble tone of a chidden inferior to these two great peers. He thanked them both for their offer and for their warning; he acknowledged "that the queen had shewn him such good affection, as had emboldened him to use some well-intentioned familiarities, in the hope of espousing her;" he assured the duke of Norfolk "that he had, by this offer of assistance, laid him under the greatest obligation in the world, and at the same time had done his duty well to the queen and the crown, as a faithful vassal and councillor ought, and during the remainder of his life he would never forget the same." Neither, according to bishop Goodman, did he ever forget that Norfolk had once bestowed on him a box on the ear.

Till Norfolk subsequently laid his head on the block,

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 120.

there is little doubt this conversation was duly remembered by Leicester, as well as the unlucky box on the ear. He assuredly understood the intentions of Norfolk and Arundel as well as they did themselves. Arundel had long wooed queen Elizabeth; Norfolk, who had previously married his heiress, was the father of a son, who was, at the same time, heir of Arundel, and a mutual bond between them; Norfolk was a widower, and the secret suitor of Mary queen of Scots. Thus a strong family compact already existed between these noblemen, the two greatest of the ancient English aristocracy; and if the earl wedded queen Elizabeth, the actual possessor of the English crown, and the duke the queen of Scotland, and heiress of the whole island, they might well deem that their united strength might have defied the sons of little men, whom the Tudor monarchs had called from the shears and the forge, to guide the civil and religious government of England.

As for Leicester's freedoms in the chamber of the queen, there is no reason for implicit belief that they ever occurred, merely *because* we find them in a French ambassador's despatch; but that such were the current reports at the English court is indubitable; and when the intentions of Norfolk and his father-in-law, Arundel, in regard to the marriages they projected with queen Elizabeth and her captive heiress, are considered, the fact that they held this conversation with the favourite, and taxed him with the scandals circulating at court, becomes highly probable, and is in consonance with other facts, which are narrated by eye-witnesses, both as to her past and future conduct.[1]

It was the policy of the two great nobles, Norfolk and Arundel, to clear their path of the favourite, as a matrimonial pretender to the hand of Elizabeth; and, according to La Mothe's letter, this measure was speedily effected. "Some days after," he resumes, "the *said lady* (meaning queen Elizabeth), being earnestly pressed to declare her intentions respecting the earl of Leicester, resolutely answered, 'that she *pretended* not to marriage with him.' Since this reply, both have conducted themselves more modestly and he has withdrawn the expensive parade he made while he had hopes of success in his enterprise."

[1] See various passages in Melville's Memoirs, already quoted, regarding Elizabeth's behaviour to Leicester.

Perhaps Elizabeth was far more incensed, at this forced *eclaircissement* of her intentions, than Leicester. Although she did not intend to bring their courtship to the serious termination of matrimony, she evidently liked Leicester to flutter about her as a declared pretender to her hand. On the contrary, he wished to be at liberty to marry, which he afterwards did, and was, withal, suffering cruelly in his property, from the gorgeous display he was expected to keep up at court while he sustained the character of the queen's suitor, whom her realm expected, hourly, she would declare to be her spouse. There are very evident indications that for some time subsequent to this crisis, occasional agitating scenes passed between the queen and Leicester, while the endless negotiations for her marriage with Anjou were proceeding. Leicester, in one of his letters to Walsingham, then ambassador at Paris, declares that his queen was in good health, "save some *spice*, or show, of hysteric fits. These fits did not trouble her more than a quarter of an hour, yet this little in her hath bred strange bruits (gossip) here at home. God send her, I beseech him, a long life."[1]

The treachery of Leicester's conduct with regard to the duke of Norfolk, and the other noblemen he had been the means of drawing into the snare he had planned for their destruction, by his pretended desire of the marriage of Norfolk to the queen of Scots, appears a dark picture of the principles of Elizabeth's cabinet. Leicester had a twofold object in view—the destruction of his great enemy, Sussex, as well as that of Norfolk. Sussex, who was related in the same degree by his mother, lady Elizabeth Howard, to Norfolk and to the queen, had undoubtedly favoured the idea of a marriage between Norfolk and the queen of Scots; but when he found the dangerous tendency of some of the ramifications of the plot, he recoiled from it, as inconsistent with his duty to his sovereign.[2] Elizabeth was, at first, incensed against him, but though not honest herself either in word or deed, she knew how to estimate those who were, and finally confided to her plain-dealing kinsman the command of the forces appointed to quell the northern insurgents.

[1] Complete Ambassador, Letter of the Earl of Leicester, p. 288.
[2] See Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by sir C. Sharp.

Leicester had encouraged the duke to hope for the accomplishment of his wishes by undertaking to obtain the queen's consent, but put off, from day to day, mentioning the matter; Cecil observing the perplexity of the duke, advised him to seek her majesty, and reveal to her the matter he had on his mind, whatever it might be. If Norfolk could have resolved to do this, it would probably have saved his life; but instead of acting without delay on this judicious advice, he sought counsel of Leicester, who dissuaded him from that course, and promised to name it to her majesty, the next time she went to walk in the fields. Norfolk himself records, "that when the court was at Guildford, he came unaware into the queen's privy chamber, and found her majesty sitting on the threshold of the door, listening with one ear to a little child, who was singing and playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester, who was kneeling by her side."[1] The duke, a little confused, no doubt at interrupting a party so conveniently arranged, drew back; but her majesty bade him enter.

Soon after Leicester rose, and came to Norfolk, leaving the queen listening to the child, and told him, "that he was dealing with the queen in his behalf when he approached;" to which the simple peer responded, "If I had known so much, I would not have come up;" and eagerly inquired, "how he found her majesty disposed?" Leicester replied, "Indifferently well;" adding, "that the queen had promised to speak to him herself at Thornham, at my lord of Arundel's." "Before her highness came to Thornham," says Norfolk, "she commanded me to sit down, most unworthy, at her highness's board, where at the end of dinner her majesty gave me a nip, saying, 'that she would wish me to take good heed to my pillow.'"[2]

Like many of Elizabeth's *bon mots*, this sharp inuendo cut two ways, conveying as it did a threat of the block, and a sarcastic allusion to the unworthy expression he had condescended to use, when endeavouring to persuade her that

[1] The Duke of Norfolk's Confession, State Paper MSS.

[2] State Paper MSS. The words that historians have generally imputed to Elizabeth, on this occasion, are—"That she advised him to beware on what pillow he rested his head;" but the above is from Norfolk's own confession, and doubtless, his version is the true one. The man in whose ear that ominous warning was spoken by his offended sovereign, was not likely to make any mistake in repeating them. They "nipped" too closely to be forgotten.

he had no intention of becoming the husband of the Scottish queen.

Then followed the contemptible farce of Leicester's feigned sickness at Tichfield, and his message to the queen that he could not die in peace without confessing his faults, and obtaining her pardon for his guilt. Elizabeth hastened to his bedside, and he acknowledged with many sighs and tears, how deeply he had sinned against her, by being privy to a design of marrying her foe, the queen of Scots, to the duke of Norfolk;[1] and under pretence of making a clear conscience, put her into possession of the whole of the circumstances of the plot, in which many of the principal nobles of the realm were implicated.

There was no proof, however, that any attempt against either the life or government of Elizabeth was contemplated; it was simply a plan for the restoration of Mary to liberty, and royal dignity, by becoming the wife of the great Protestant English peer, whom her own rebels of the reformed faith had first solicited to unite himself with her.[2] The treacherous Leicester, probably led Elizabeth to suppose that much more was intended. The next time her majesty saw the duke, she called him to her in the gallery, and sharply reprimanded him for presuming to attempt a match with the queen of Scots without her cognizance, and commanded him on his allegiance, to give over these pretensions. The duke promised to do so, and proudly added, "that his estate in England was worth little less than the whole realm of Scotland, in the ill state to which the wars had reduced it; and that when he was in his own tennis-court at Norwich, he thought himself as great as a king."[3]

The next day the queen refused the suit of the Spanish ambassador, for the liberation of her royal prisoner, observing, at the same time, "that she would advise the queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she might chance to find some of those on whom she relied, shorter by the head."[4]

Norfolk now found his situation at court intolerable. The queen regarded him with looks of anger and disdain, and Leicester and all his former associates treated him with

[1] Camden.
[2] Howard Memorials. Camden. Haynes.
[3] Camden. [4] Ibid.

studied insolence. He endeavoured to avoid collision with those who sought to force a quarrel, by returning with his father-in-law, the earl of Arundel, and the earl of Pembroke, first to London, and afterwards to his princely seat at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, whence he wrote an apologetic letter to the queen, attributing his departure "to the pain he felt at her displeasure, and his mortification at the treatment to which he had been subjected by the insolence of his foes, by whom he had been made a common table talk."[1]

The queen sent a peremptory order for his return to court, which the duke obeyed, and was arrested by her order at Burnham, three miles from Windsor, and committed to the Tower. He was subjected to an examination before lord-keeper Bacon, Northampton, Sadler, Bedford, and Cecil; but they reported to her majesty that the duke had not put himself under the penalty of the law, by any overt act of treason, and that it would be difficult to convict him without this.

"Away!" she replied; "what the law fails to do, my authority shall effect." Her rage was so ungovernable that she fell into a fit, and they were forced to apply vinegar and other stimulants to revive her.[2]

The queen of Scots naturally felt the ill effects of the treachery of her supposed friend, Leicester. His denouncements placed her, as well as her friends, in a most perilous position; and the earl of Huntingdon, Leicester's brother-in-law, the immediate descendant of George, duke of Clarence, and, like all of that line, a covert pretender to the regal succession, was associated with the earl of Shrewsbury, in the ungracious office of gaoler to the royal captive. Mary's terror at this appointment is described in a lively manner in the letters written by her at this period, and also her distress of mind at the peril to which Norfolk was exposed for her sake;[3] but the details belong to *her* life, and not to that of Elizabeth, who must perforce, occupy the foreground of her own history.

The arrest of Norfolk precipitated the disastrous rising

[1] Howard Memorials.
[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.
[3] See Mary queen of Scots' Letters, vol. i., new edition, p. 182, to p. 186.

in the North, under the luckless earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland.[1] The re-establishment of catholicism in England, was the object of this insurrection; and it may be regarded as a second part to that ebullition of misdirected zeal and patriotism, the pilgrimage of grace, six and thirty years before; and it is a curious fact, that the persons engaged in the Northern Rebellion, were the sons of those who figured as pilgrims. Wordsworth, in a few of his graceful lines, appears to have given a very clear and correct view of the case. No apology can be required for quoting them, pleasingly illustrative as they are of the period in question:—

> "It was the time when England's queen,
> Twelve years had reign'd a sovereign dread,
> Nor yet the restless crown had been
> Disturb'd upon her virgin head.
> But now the inly working North
> Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
> A potent vassalage to fight,
> In Percy's and in Neville's right.
> Two earls fast leagued in discontent,
> Who gave their wishes open vent,
> And boldly urged a general plea,
> The rites of ancient piety,
> To be triumphantly restored,
> By the dread justice of the sword."[2]

Mary Stuart, as the catholic heiress of the crown, and exciting by her beauty and misfortunes, her persecutions and her patience, the deepest interest among the chivalry of the north, who were chiefly professors of the same creed, was the watchword and leading point of the association. Whether the plot was fomented by her is doubtful. It has, however, been generally supposed, that Shakspeare's mysterious lines, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, imply, "that some seductions had been used by the captive queen to charm the northern magnates from their duty to their own sovereign:[3]—

[1] For the particulars of this insurrection, compiled from inedited documents, the reader is referred to the "Memorials of the Northern Rebellion," by sir Cuthbert Sharp, a most valuable contribution to the history of Elizabeth's reign.

[2] White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons.

[3] The real cause of Northumberland's disaffection, is attributed by Camden to the appropriation of a rich copper mine by Elizabeth, which had been discovered upon his estate in Cumberland. Westmoreland's wife, lady Jane Howard, the daughter of Surrey, and sister of Mary's affianced husband Nor-

"Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea maid's music."

The rebel earls entered Durham in warlike array, November 14th; Richard Norton, of Norton Conyers, who had married the sister of queen Katharine Parr's second husband, Neville, lord Latimer, a hoary-headed gentleman, aged seventy-one, bore the banner of the cross before the insurgents.

"The Nortons ancient had the cross,
And the five wounds our lord did bear."

The principal exploits of the misguided multitude, who followed this banner, consisted in burning the translations of the Scriptures and the liturgies, in all the towns they passed through. They had neither plan, order, nor money, to maintain themselves in the rash position they had assumed. A few days sufficed the earl of Sussex to crush the insurrection. The two earls fled; Northumberland to Scotland, where, falling into the hands of Murray, he was sold to the English government, and brought to the block; Westmoreland took refuge in Flanders, and died in exile.[1]

The calamities of the Percys, Nortons, Dacres, and Nevilles, and other noble ancient families, who took part in this disastrous rising, inspired some of the noblest historical ballads, and metrical romances in our language. Elizabeth herself became malignly poetical on the occasion, and perpetrated the following sonnet, as it is styled:—

"The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy,
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if Reason ruled, or Wisdom wove the web;
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope, supposed, the root of ruth will be;
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as ye shall shortly see.
These dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood binds.

folk, was one of the most beautiful, learned, and accomplished ladies of that age, and probably influenced her weak husband to espouse the cause of Mary, although she was herself a zealous Protestant, having been, like her brother, the pupil of the historian of the Reformation, Fox.

[1] Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by sir C. Sharp.

The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain, where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort;
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poil their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy."[1]

Elizabeth made good the threats with which this unfeminine effusion concludes; for, besides the executions of such of the leaders of the rebellion as fell into her hands, she compelled her victorious general, Sussex, to deluge the northern counties with the blood of the simple, unreflective peasants, who had been induced to join the revolt. The learned research of sir Cuthbert Sharp, has brought to light some hideous facts, in the contemporary documents preserved among the Bowes MSS.[2] Staunch, indeed, must be the admirers of good queen Bess, who can calmly peruse the following order for the hangings in Richmondshire, without a shudder:—

THE EARL OF SUSSEX to SIR GEORGE BOWES.

"SIR GEORGE BOWES,—I have set the numbers to be executed down in every town, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences and fitness for example; so as, in the whole, you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freeholds, or noted wealthy, for so is the queen's majesty's pleasure. By her special commandment, 10th of January, 1569-70. T. SUSSEX."

Under the list of those who joined from each town and village, the earl of Sussex has written the number to be executed, amounting to every fifth man. The fearful order was tardily executed, and Sussex wrote to spur on the reluctant ministers of the royal vengeance. In his letter, of the 19th of January, addressed to sir George Bowes, he says,[3]—

"I received, yesternight, letters from the court, whereby, I perceive, that the queen's majesty doth much marvel that she doth not hear from me that the execution is yet ended, and that she is disburthened of her charges that was considered for that respect; and, therefore, I heartily pray you to use expedition, for I fear this lingering will breed displeasure to us both."

[1] Puttenham's Art of Poetry, published in Elizabeth's own reign.

[2] Published in the "Memorials of the Northern Rebellion," by Sir C. Sharp.

[3] On the 23rd, Sussex, who evidently loathed the duty that had been imposed upon him, wrote in bitter sarcasm to Cecil—"I was first a lieutenant; I was after little better than a marshal; I had then nothing left to me but to direct hanging matters."

The richer sort purchased their lives, but no less than eight hundred of the working classes perished by the hands of the executioner! Leicester had expressed a great wish to march against the rebels, but the queen detained him as her principal adviser and protector, in case of danger.

Early in the spring of 1570, pope Pius V. published his bull of excommunication against queen Elizabeth, and on the morning of May 15th a copy of this anathema against the sovereign was found fixed on the gates of the bishop of London's palace, in St. Paul's. After strict search, a duplicate was discovered in the possession of a student of Lincoln's-inn; who, being put to the torture, confessed that he received it from Mr. Felton, a rich catholic gentleman of Southwark. Felton, on being apprehended, not only acknowledged that he had set up the bull, on the bishop of London's gate, but gloried in the daring act, bore the rack without betraying his accomplices, and went to the scaffold in the spirit of a martyr. As the purport of the bull was to deprive Elizabeth of the title of queen, and the allegiance of her subjects, Felton gave her no other title than "the pretender;" but, at his execution, he said, "he begged her pardon if he had injured her," and drawing a magnificent diamond ring, value four hundred pounds, from his finger, requested the earl of Sussex, who was present, to give it to her in his name, as a token that he died in peace with her, bearing her no malice for his sufferings and death.[1]

This bull caused little mischief, but great annoyance to Elizabeth; she even condescended to solicit the emperor Maximilian to procure its revocation.[2] A sarcastic query from the pontiff in reply to the imperial intervention was the only result of this undignified proceeding on the part of the head of the protestant church. In August, the plague broke out in London, and some deaths having occurred in the Tower, Elizabeth was induced to release the duke of Norfolk, on his promising to give up all future correspondence with the queen of Scots, and attempts in her behalf. He was then allowed to return to his own mansion at the Charter-house, where he remained for a time as a prisoner at large, under the charge of his friend, sir Henry Neville. A sort of riot

[1] Camden. [2] Lingard.

had taken place, in his behalf, among his loving tenantry and servants at Harleston-fair, in his territorial county of Norfolk; some of the nobles and gentry in that neighbourhood were supposed to have encouraged the outbreak, but it was merely regarded as the effects of pot-valour on the part of the men of Harleston, and no injury resulted to the duke from their injudicious way of manifesting their affection.[1]

On the assassination of the Scottish regent, Murray, Elizabeth was urged by the friends of the captive queen of Scots, both in France and Scotland, to reinstate her in her royal authority, under certain conditions, which might have been rendered of great political advantage to England, but those demanded by Elizabeth were neither in Mary's power, nor consistent with her honour to perform, especially as the *sine qua non* was, that she should give up her infant son, who had been crowned king of Scotland, as her principal hostage.[2] The possession of this princely babe had been the great object of Elizabeth's intrigues, almost from the time of his birth, but neither Mary nor the lords of the congregation would hear of trusting him to her keeping. "The times," says Camden, "were then full of suspicions and conspiracies," for Thomas and Edward Stanley, the two younger sons of the earl of Derby by the duke of Norfolk's daughter, with sir Thomas Gerard, Rolston, Hall, and others of the county of Derby, conspired to free the queen of Scots out of prison, but Rolston's son betrayed the confederacy, and the parties were arrested, except Hall, who fled to Scotland, where he was afterwards taken, at the fall of Dumbarton castle, and put to death in London. Mary's ambassador, the bishop of Ross, being implicated in this plot was once more sent to the Tower. Elizabeth had taken a terrible vengeance on the border counties of Scotland, for the encouragement the partisans of the queen of Scots, there, had given to the rebels in the north of England, for she caused Sussex, with a military force, to burn and lay waste nearly three hundred villages.[3] These cruelties were regarded as so many triumphs, by those who heard of the progress made by the unresisted bands of England,

[1] Camden. Howard's Memorials. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid.

and saw not the misery caused by the inglorious work of destruction that was perpetrated.

The twelfth year of Elizabeth's reign being now completed, the anniversary of her accession was celebrated as a general festival throughout her dominions. The aspect of public affairs was, however, still gloomy, the unsettled state of the succession was more alarming to the nation than ever, and Elizabeth herself began to consider, that the only chance of putting an end to the plots and intrigues of the partisans of Mary Stuart, would be the birth of heirs of her own. Her attempt to attract the young king of France from the Austrian princess had only procured a few empty compliments from the ambassador; and, even if the king had not been too deeply pledged to his affianced bride to avail himself of the opening she had given him, Elizabeth was well aware that the obstacles to such a union were insuperable. But that she did regret having been induced by Cecil and Leicester to trifle with the addresses of the archduke Charles, there is abundant proof, and even that she was anxious "to lure the tercel gentil back again."

In the secret minutes of the affairs of the court of England, prepared by the sieur de Vassal, one of Fenelon's spies, for the information of the queen-mother of France, it is stated, that after the announcement had been made to her that the marriages of her two rejected royal suitors, the kings of France and Spain, with the daughters of the emperor, were concluded, Elizabeth became very pensive; and when she retired to her chamber, with her ladies, she complained, "that, while so many honourable marriages were making in Europe, not one of her council had spoken of a match for her, but if the earl of Sussex had been present, he, at least, might have reminded them of the archduke Charles."[1]

This being repeated, by one of the ladies, to the earl of Leicester, he was compelled, on the morrow, to endeavour to please her, by taking measures to renew the negotiations with the archduke; the son of sir Henry Cobham was forthwith despatched, on a secret mission to Spires, for that purpose. In the meantime, she shewed more and more inclination to marry, and spoke with so much affec-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 466.

tion of the archduke, that the earl repented having taken any further steps in the matter.

The juvenile appearance of the functionary, whom Elizabeth had selected for this delicate business, excited some surprise, both at home and abroad, for it was said that, "if so grave and experienced a statesman as the earl of Sussex had failed to arrange a matrimonial treaty to her majesty's satisfaction, it was scarcely to be expected that a beardless boy, of no weight, would be able to effect much."[1] The youthful Mercury, however, opened the object of his mission, to the emperor with all possible solemnity, by informing him, "that his royal mistress had sent him to continue the same negotiation that had been commenced, three years before, by the earl of Sussex; that she had not been able, till the present moment, to render a decisive answer on the proposal of the archduke, by reason of frequent illnesses, the wars in France and Flanders, and other impediments; but this delay had not, she trusted, put an end to the suit of his imperial majesty's brother, and if he would be pleased to come to England now, he should be very welcome; and, as to the differences in their religion, she hoped, that her subjects would consent that he and his attendants should have such full exercise of their own, and that he would be satisfied."[2]

The emperor replied, "that his brother was very sorry that her majesty had been so tardy in notifying her good intention to him, for which he was nevertheless very much obliged, but that the prince, not supposing that her majesty would have delayed her answer for three years, if she had intended to accept him, had turned his thoughts on another match, and was now engaged to a princess, his relation and a catholic, with whom there could be no disputes on the subject of religion, but that he regretted that he had not been accepted by the queen at the proper time, and hoped that she would henceforward regard him in the light of a brother." His imperial majesty concluded with a few compliments, on his own account, to the queen, and dismissed young Cobham with the present of a silver vessel.[3]

[1] Secret Memorial for the French Court, by Vassal. Despatches of Fenelon, vol. iii. 466.

[2] Secret Memorial of M. de Savran for the queen-mother of France, in Fenelon, vol. iii. 424. [3] Ibid.

This reply was taken in such evil part by Elizabeth, that she exclaimed, in her first indignation, "that the emperor had offered her so great an insult, that if she had been a man instead of a woman, she would have defied him to single combat."[1]

Our authority goes on to report the contents of an intercepted letter, written by one of the lords of the English court to another, in which the following passage occurs:— "The cause of the grief and vexation of our queen, is assuredly the marriage of the archduke Charles with the daughter of his sister, the duchess of Bavaria, either because she had fixed her love and fantasy on him, or that she is mortified that her beauty and grandeur have been so lightly regarded by him, or that she has lost this means of amusing her people for the present, and fears that she will now be pressed by her states and her parliament not to defer taking a husband, which is the principal desire of all her realm."

Elizabeth had, however, reached that point, when, in common with every childless sovereign, who is on ill terms with the successor to the crown, she felt that her power was checked, and her influence bounded within comparatively narrow limits, by the want of heirs of her own person. This consideration appears, if we may believe her own assertion, to have inclined her to encourage thoughts of marriage, and the offer of the young, handsome Henry of Valois came at the seasonable juncture, when she was burning with indignation at the marriage of the archduke Charles. "After the said Cobham had returned with the answer of refusal," says the sieur de Vassal, "she began to listen with more affection to the proposal of monsieur."

This prince was the second surviving son of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, and had just completed his eighteenth year. Elizabeth was turned of thirty-seven, and had been, in her infancy, proposed as a wife for his uncle, Charles duke of Angoulême. The project for her marriage with the duke of Anjou seems to have been first suggested by the cardinal Chastillon, who, notwithstanding his high rank in the church of Rome, came to England for the pur-

[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Savran to their majesties of France. Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. 425.

pose of soliciting the mediation of Elizabeth in a pacific treaty between the king of France and the Huguenots.[1]

It is probable that this liberal-minded ecclesiastic imagined, that the union of the heir of France with the protestant queen of England, would procure a general toleration for persons of her religion in France, and that her influence and power would be amicably exerted, to compose the stormy elements, whose strife was pregnant with every species of crime and misery.

He took the first opportunity of touching on this project during a private conference with Elizabeth at Hampton Court, as soon as the fact of the archduke's marriage transpired, and received sufficient encouragement to induce him to open the matter to the queen-mother, who, on the 20th of October, wrote to La Mothe Fenelon, "That the cardinal de Chastillon had spoken to her son, the duke of Anjou, of an overture of marriage between him and the queen of England, and she was earnest with him to give it all the encouragement in his power."

Towards the end of December, La Mothe Fenelon paid a visit to the queen at Hampton Court; he was introduced into her privy chamber by Leicester, "where he found her better dressed than usual, and she appeared eager to talk of the king's (Charles IX.) wedding." La Mothe told her, "that he could wish to congratulate her on her own." On which she reminded him, "that she had formerly assured him that she never meant to marry," but added, "that she regretted that she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should be only one of a royal house, of suitable rank to her own."[2]

On this hint, the ambassador could not forbear from recommending the duke of Anjou to her attention, as the most accomplished prince in the world, and the only person who was worthy the honour of her alliance.[3]

She received this intimation very favourably, and replied, "that monsieur was so highly esteemed for his excellent

[1] It is an interesting fact that this cardinal de Chastillon was the brother of the illustrious protestant leader, admiral de Coligny, whose family name was Chastillon. The cardinal used his influence, like a good man, to moderate between the infuriated parties. (See Brantome, Les Vies des Hommes Illustres, 3me Partie, p. 151.)

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. [3] Ibid. vol. iii. p. 418.

qualities, that he was worthy of the highest destiny the world could bestow, but that she believed his thoughts were lodged on a fairer object[1] than her, who was already an old woman, and who, unless for the sake of heirs, would be ashamed to speak of a husband; that she had formerly been sought by some who would wish to espouse the kingdom, but not the queen; as, indeed, it generally happened among the great, who married without seeing one another." She observed, "that the princes of the house of France had a fair reputation for being good husbands, much honoured by their wives, and not less beloved." She said many more things to the same purpose, but La Mothe, in reporting this conversation, in a private letter to the queen-mother, expresses himself as doubtful whether she will ever carry any marriage into effect, having frequently promised her people to marry, and then, after entertaining a proposal for a long while, found means to break it off. However, he recommends the offer to be made.

The first time Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, after the marriage of Charles IX., she asked him, "how his master found himself as a married man?" and added many questions as to the probability of his being happy with his young queen. La Mothe replied, "that his sovereign was the most contented prince in Christendom, and the greatest pleasure he had was being in her company."

Elizabeth cynically observed, "that the record of the gallantries of his majesty's father and grandfather, Francis I. and Henry II., inclined her to fear that he would follow their example." "And thereupon," pursues the ambassador, slily, to his sovereign, "she revealed to me a secret concerning your majesty, which, sire, I confess I had never heard before."[2] So much better was our maiden queen acquainted with the scandals of her royal neighbour of France than his own ambassador, although monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon was a notorious gossip.

We are indebted to his lively pen, for many rich details of her sayings and doings, relative to the successive matri-

[1] The beautiful princess of Cleves, with whom Henry of Anjou was passionately in love at that time.

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii.

monial negotiations between her and Henry duke of Anjou, and subsequently with his younger brother Francis, alias Hercules, duke of Alençon, also for a variety of anecdotes of this great queen, which are new to all but those who have studied his despatches. In a private letter, dated January 18th, 1571, he informs the queen-mother, that on the preceding Sunday, he was conducted by the earl of Leicester into the presence of the queen of England, when the conversation having been led to the subject of the private overtures for the marriage with the duke of Anjou, the queen acknowledged, "that she objected to nothing but his age." To which it was replied, "that the prince bore himself already like a man." "But," said the queen, "he can never cease to be younger than me."

"So much the better for your majesty," rejoined Leicester, laughing, and Elizabeth took this freedom from her master of the horse in good part. Then the ambassador took the word, and, after adverting to the wedded happiness of his recently-wedded king and queen, said, "that he would advise any princess, who wished to acquire perfect felicity in wedlock, to take a consort from the royal house of France." Elizabeth replied, "that madame d'Estampes and madame de Valentinois made her fear, that she would be only honoured by her husband as a queen, and not loved by him as a woman." This interesting conversation was interrupted by the entrance of cardinal Chastillon, on which Fenelon and Leicester withdrew, and her majesty remained a considerable time in private conference with him.

As soon as the cardinal retired from her presence, Elizabeth summoned her council, and communicated her matrimonial prospects to them in a truly original style. She began by informing them, "that the cardinal Chastillon had inquired of her three things: 'first, if she were free from all contracts, with power to marry where she pleased? secondly, whether she intended to marry within her own realm, or to espouse a foreigner? and, thirdly, in case it was her will to take a foreigner for her consort, if she would accept monsieur, brother to the king of France?' and that she had replied to these questions, 'that she was free to marry, but that she would not marry one of her subjects, and that she would, with all her heart, enter into a marriage

with monsieur, on such conditions as might be deemed advisable.'"[1] She then went on to say, that the cardinal had presented his credentials from the king, and prayed her, as the affair was of great consequence to the world, that she would communicate with her council on the subject before it went any further. "But this," her majesty said, "she could tell them plainly, she had not thought good, and had replied, 'that she was queen sovereign, and did not depend on those of her council, but rather they on her, as having their lives and their heads in her hand, and that they would, of course, do as she wished;' but inasmuch as he had represented to her the inconveniences which had been considered to result to the late queen, her sister, for having chosen to treat of her marriage with the king of Spain, without consulting her council, she had promised him, that she would propose it to them, and she willed that they should all promptly give her their advice."

The members of the council hung their heads in silence, being scarcely less startled at the gracious terms in which their maiden monarch had thought proper to signify her intentions, with regard to this new suitor, than astonished at the fact, that the affair had proceeded to such lengths; for so secretly had the negotiations been kept, that very few of them had an idea that such a thing was in agitation. At length, after a considerable pause, one of the most courageous ventured to say, that "Monsieur appeared to be very young for her majesty."

"What then!" exclaimed Elizabeth, fiercely interrupting him, "if the prince be satisfied with me?" and then, apparently desirous of averting the unwelcome discussion of her age, she concluded by saying, "that the cardinal, after shewing his credentials, had proposed several articles of an advantageous nature, which she considered well worthy of attention."[2]

The reason of Elizabeth's imperious language to her council on this occasion may be attributed to the displeasure she had cherished against those, who opposed obstacles to her marriage with the archduke, which had ended in his abandoning his suit to her, and wedding the Bavarian princess. Far from concealing her feelings on this subject,

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 439, 440. [2] Ibid. p. 440.

she spoke, among her ladies, in a high tone of the ill treatment, she considered that she had experienced from her cabinet, with regard to the various overtures that had been made by foreign princes for her hand, observing, with emphatic bitterness, "that her people had often pressed her to marry, but they, her ministers, always annexed such hard conditions to the treaty, as to keep her from it, and that she should know now who were her good and faithful subjects, and they might note well, that she should hold as disloyal those who attempted to cross her in so honourable a match." When one of her ladies regretted that monsieur were not a few years older, she replied, "He is twenty now, and may be rated at twenty-five, for everything in his mind and person beseems a man of worth;"[1] and when my lord chamberlain proceeded to relate an anecdote of the prince, which some of the ladies of the bed-chamber considered rather alarming on the score of morality, her majesty only turned it off with a joke. But however favourably disposed she might be to her new suitor, she could not forget or forgive the slight which she considered she had received from him, by whom she had been forsaken.

If we may believe the sieur de Vassal and La Mothe Fenelon, when the baron de Vualfrind was presented to her, she expressed herself with mingled jealousy and disdain on the subject of the archduke's nuptials. She inveighed with strong reprobation on a marriage between such near relations as uncle and niece, observing, "that the king of Spain, as a great prince, possibly considered that his example might be a law to the world, but that it was a law against Heaven." According to the same authority, she so far forgot the dignity of the queen and the delicacy of the woman, as to add, "that the archduke was much obliged to her for refusing him, since he had found a better than her, and where love could not fail, for if they could not love each other as spouses, they might love as relations; and that she also hoped, on her part, to find better than him, and so the regret would cease on both sides." Then she went on to say, "that she had not refused him, but only delayed her answer, and he had not been willing to wait; but, nevertheless, she loved and ho-

[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches, vol. iii. p. 467.

noured the emperor and all his house, without any exceptions."

When the baron left her majesty's presence, he inquired of the writer of this memorial, "whether the queen had spoken thus of the archduke from affection and jealousy, or by way of a device?" and said, "he repented of not having proposed prince Rodolph, the emperor's eldest son to her, as he was already seventeen." The sieur de Vassal told him, "that the mission of young Cobham to the emperor shewed plainly, that if the archduke had been willing to wait the queen's leisure, he would have been accepted." On which the baron expressed much regret, that the archduke had been so hasty in plighting himself to the Bavarian princess; but observed, "that the conditions to which they would have obliged him, if he had married the queen, were so hard that it was shameful to impose such on a king."[1]

One of the proudest and happiest days of Elizabeth's queenly life, was the 23rd of January, 1571, when she came in state into the city, to dine with that prince of English merchants, sir Thomas Gresham, who had invited her to open the new Bourse, on Cornhill, which he had built at his own expense, for the benefit of his fellow-citizens.[2]

The queen had not visited the city of London for upwards of two years, on account of the pestilence; of

[1] That title would, of course, have been conferred on any prince whom Elizabeth had thought proper to honour with her hand; and it was guaranteed to her two successive suitors, the princes of France, but only for the term of her life; and we shall see that it was contended for Henry of Anjou, that if he survived her, he should retain a shadow of this matrimonial dignity, by bearing the style of king-dowager of England.

[2] Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to call this great and good man "her merchant." La Mothe Fenelon mentions him, in his despatches to his own court "as *Grasson*, the queen's factor." He was related to the queen through the Boleyns; and he and his father had amassed great wealth during the reigns of the Tudor sovereigns. On the death of his only son, he declared his intention of making his country his heir, and wisely endeavoured to divert his grief for his irreparable loss, by the erection of a public building for the transaction of mercantile business, such as he had seen in the great commercial cities abroad; and which was indeed a public want in the rich city of London, where the merchants, not having a proper place of assembly, were accustomed to congregate in Lombard-street, to the great inconvenience of passengers in that narrow thoroughfare; and when the weather was unpropitious, they adjourned to the nave of old Saint Paul's to complete their bargains, with no more reverence to a Christian church, than was exhibited by the money-changers and sellers of doves in the temple at Jerusalem.

which, like her father, Henry VIII., she was always in great dread. The welcome which she received on this occasion, from her loving lieges in the east, was enthusiastically affectionate. La Mothe Fenelon, who accompanied her majesty, as an invited guest, to "the festival of the Bourse," as he terms it, bears testimony, in his letters to his own court, to the magnificence of the preparations that had been made in the city, in honour of her coming, "which," he says, "were no less splendid than on the day of her coronation. She was received everywhere by throngs of acclaiming people; the streets were hung and garlanded; and all things in the same order, as at her first public entrance. It gave her great pleasure," continues he, "that I assisted on this occasion, because it shewed more of her grandeur, that such a display should be so suddenly arranged, than if it had been premeditated, and got up some time beforehand. The said lady did not omit to make me remark the affection and devotion with which she is looked upon by this great people."[1]

Elizabeth dined in company with Fenelon, at sir Thomas Gresham's house, in Bishopsgate Street; where, though every costly viand that wealth could procure, and refined luxury devise, were provided for her entertainment, her greatest feast appears to have been that, which neither Stowe, Holinshed, or any of our pleasant civic chroniclers of that day were at all aware her majesty enjoyed—namely, the choice dose of flattery, which the insinuating French diplomat administered. In his private letter to the queen-mother of France, he says, "the queen of England took pleasure in conversing a long time with me after dinner; and, among other things, she told me, 'that she was determined to marry, not for any wish of her own, but for the satisfaction of her subjects; and also to put an end, by the authority of a husband, or by the birth of offspring, (if it should please God to give them to her,) to the enterprises which she felt would perpetually be made against her person and her realm, if she became so old a woman that there was no longer any pretence for taking a husband, or hope that she might have children.'"[2]

She added, "that in truth, she greatly feared not being

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 450.
[2] Depêches, vol. iii. p. 454.

loved by him, whom she might espouse, which would be a greater misfortune than the first, for it would be worse to her than death, and she could not bear to reflect on such a possibility."

"I told her, in reply," continues monsieur de la Mothe, "'that to such prudent considerations, I had nothing to say, except, that in the course of a year she might remedy all that, if before next Easter she would espouse some royal prince, the choice of whom would be easy for her to make, as I knew of one who combined in himself every virtue, by whom there was no doubt but she would be singularly beloved and greatly honoured; and then I hoped that in due time she would find herself the mother of a fair son, and being thus rendered happy in a consort and an heir, she would by that means prevent any more evil plots being devised against her.' She approved of this very much, and pursued the subject with joyful and modest words for a considerable time. The cardinal Chastillon was also at this festival, but she did not speak with him apart."[1]

The time chosen by sir Thomas Gresham, for her majesty's visit to his patriotic foundation, was evening, "and the whole of the buildings of that fair cloister, the Bourse," as it is called by the old translator of Camden, were brilliantly illuminated, and adorned in an appropriate manner, for the occasion;[2] neither pains nor expense had been spared to render it worthy of her attention.

The munificent founder had secured a grand and unbroken coup-d'œil, by offering the shops rent free for a year, to such as would furnish them with goods and wax-lights against the coming of the queen. Thus everything was new and fresh, and effectively arranged; and a splendid display was made of every variety of the most costly and splendid wares, that native industry could produce, or commerce supply.

The queen, attended by the principal nobles and ladies of her court, and the friendly representative of the king of France, on her homeward route through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and visited with great interest every part of the edifice, in which she beheld, not only a monument of the generosity and public spirit of her civic

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 455.
[2] Stowe.

kinsman, but a pledge of the increasing greatness of her city of London; and after expressing herself with eloquent and gracious words in commendation of all she saw, especially the Pawn, where the richest display was made, she gave it the name of the ROYAL EXCHANGE,[1] and caused proclamation to that effect to be made by sound of trumpet. She remained till about eight o'clock, and was escorted in great state through the illuminated streets, which were lined on each side by torch-bearers; the whole population, indeed, supplied themselves with torches on this occasion to do her honour, and surrounded and followed her with tumultuous acclamations of joy.

Her majesty asked monsieur De la Mothe, "if this did not, in a small way, remind him of the late rejoicings in Paris, at the public entrance of the king his master?" She then observed, "that it did her heart good to see herself so much beloved and desired by her subjects;" and added, "that she knew they had no other cause for regret, than that they knew her to be mortal, and that they had no certainty of a successor, born of her, to reign over them after her death.'' The courteous statesman replied, with an outpouring of compliments to this pathetic boast, "that her majesty would be without excuse to God and the world, if she deprived her subjects of the fair posterity she had it in her power to provide for them."[2]

Soon after the opening of the Royal Exchange, Elizabeth created sir William Cecil lord of Burleigh (indifferently spelt Burghley), and made him lord high treasurer. Her uncle, lord William Howard, exchanged the office of lord chamberlain for that of lord privy seal; the earl of Sussex succeeded him as chamberlain; sir Thomas Smith was made principal secretary of state, and Christopher Hatton, esq., captain of her majesty's guard. The latter gentleman, who has been described by Naunton as a mere vegetable of the court, that sprang up at night and sank again at his noon, was soon after preferred to the office of vice-chamberlain, sworn of the privy council, and, lastly, made lord chancellor. He was indebted for his good fortune to his fine person, insinuating manners, and grace-

[1] Stowe's Survey. Camden.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 454.

ful dancing. He was bred to the law, and entered the court, as his great enemy, sir John Perrot, used to say, "by the galliard," for he first appeared there among the gentlemen of the inns of court in a mask, at which time her majesty was so charmed with his beauty and activity, that she took him into her band of pensioners, who were considered the tallest and handsomest men in England.[1]

The extraordinary marks of favour lavished by the queen on her new favourite, excited the jealousy of the whole court, and most especially that of Leicester, who, for the purpose of depreciating the accomplishment which had first attracted Elizabeth's notice to the handsome young lawyer, offered to introduce to her attention a dancing master, whose performance of the same dances, in which Hatton's caperings had been so much admired, was considered much more wonderful, and worthy of the encouragement of her smiles. "Pish!" replied Elizabeth, contemptuously, "I will not see *your* man; it is his trade." Not only her partiality for Hatton, but her good taste, led her to prefer the easy grace of the gentleman to the exhibition of the professor of the art.

Scandal did not spare Elizabeth on the score of sir Christopher Hatton, but as he was not only the beau ideal of a queen's vice-chamberlain, but acquitted himself very well in his high and responsible office of lord chancellor, we may fairly conclude that his royal mistress preferred him for his talents to those places, rather than from the improbable weakness which has been attributed to her.

Hatton, though of mild and gentle manners, was rapacious, and coveted a slice of the bishop of Ely's noble garden, which consisted of twenty acres of richly planted ground on Holborn-hill and Ely-place.[2]

Dr. Cox did not like his see to be despoiled, and resisted this encroachment, though backed by the queen's private orders. This refusal produced the following unique epistle from her maiden majesty:—

"Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God.

"ELIZABETH."

[1] Naunton's Fragmenta. [2] Fuller.

This letter had the desired effect of inducing the bishop of Ely to resign a large proportion of the estate of the see, —the gate-house of his palace on Holborn-hill, and several acres of land, now Hatton-garden, reserving to himself and his successors free access, through the gate-house, of walking in the garden, and leave to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly, therein.[1] Twenty bushels of roses gathered on Holborn-hill!—what a change of time, place, and produce since. How perplexed would the denizens of Ely-place and Hatton-garden be, if the present bishop of Ely were to demand his twenty bushels of roses, and admission to gather them in Hatton-garden? It was this bishop of Ely who remonstrated with Elizabeth for retaining the crucifix and lighted tapers in her chapel; for which she never forgave him. Soon after, her fool, set on by one of her courtiers, put out the wax-lights; but though she suffered them to be abolished in general, she ever retained them on her own domestic altar.

Fenelon informs Catherine de Medicis, that there were four lords of queen Elizabeth's court and cabinet, who influenced the decisions of all the others, and even those of their royal mistress. He does not name this junta, but they appear to have consisted of Leicester, Cecil, Walsingham, and the lord keeper Bacon. In his letter of the 6th of February, he writes to Catherine, "that these four statesmen had met in council to deliberate on what course they should advise the queen to pursue, touching the proposed marriage with the duke of Anjou. The first of these approved of it as good and honourable; the second opposed it as perilous to the protestant religion, calculated to provoke jealousy in other princes, and full of danger to the realm; the third was of the same opinion as the second; and the fourth held with the first, but only so far that he considered the match was for the honour of her majesty and the realm, yet, if it could be broken without personal offence to monsieur, by means of such conditions being

[1] Elizabeth's bishops appear to have been great horticulturists. Edmund Grindal, bishop of London, sent her an annual present of grapes from his vineyard at Fulham, but had nearly forfeited her favour for ever, by sending his last offering at the time there had been a death in his house, which caused a report that he had endangered her majesty's person, by sending from an infected place. He wrote a piteous letter, denying that the plague was in his house.

annexed as would be refused by the king of France, it would be the means of creating a division and enmity between the royal brothers, which would be advantageous to England."

The queen, when she was informed of these adverse opinions of her council, assembled them together, and said, with a tear in her eye, "that if any ill came to her, to her crown, or her subjects, from her not having espoused the archduke Charles, it ought to be imputed to them, and not to her;"[1] adding, "that they had been the cause of giving umbrage to the king of Spain—that they had embroiled her with the Scotch—and that, through their intrigues with the Rochellers, a war with the king of France would have ensued if she had not prevented it, and she prayed them all to assist her now to smooth all these evils in the only way they could, which was by forwarding her marriage with monsieur, and that she should hold every one as a bad subject, an enemy to this realm, and disloyal to her service, who in any way crossed her in it." No one present, of course, presumed to contradict or oppose her in her sad and passionate mood.

It appears to have been the rule with Elizabeth's ministers to listen, with profound reverence, to every rating it pleased her to bestow upon them, but without altering, except in a few deceitful compliances of trifling and temporary import, the line of conduct which had provoked her displeasure.

It was the decided opinion of that minute observer, La Mothe Fenelon, that it was not the intention of those who ruled the councils of the queen, and overawed the ancient aristocracy of her realm, to permit their royal mistress to marry. Leicester, from whom he had much of his information, whether true or false, but most probably a mixture of both, informed him, "that such of the lords of the council as were in the interest of Spain were greatly opposed to the match between her majesty and monsieur, so also he said was Mr. Secretary Cecil (Burleigh), who did not choose that his mistress, after the fashion of the world, should have any husband but himself, for he was more the sovereign than she was." So earnestly, indeed, was Cecil bent on diverting Elizabeth from the French marriage, that

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. p. 462.

he even ventured the daring experiment of tampering with her suspected passion for Leicester, by gravely soliciting her to accept him for her husband, as the person who would give the greatest satisfaction to the whole realm, but she treated the notion with deserved contempt.

Leicester, on his part, assured La Mothe Fenelon, "that, knowing full well that Burleigh had no good meaning in this, and that he only devised it, as a *ruse*, to hinder the queen from entering into a matrimonial treaty with the French prince; he had replied, "that when the time was favourable for him in that matter, Burleigh had opposed and prevented him; but now that the time was unpropitious for it, he pretended to assist him; but those who would now attempt such a thing were neither good servants to her majesty nor true friends to him, their only aim being to interrupt the proposition of Monsieur, for which he (Leicester) owed them no good-will, nor would render them thanks, not choosing to become their tool."[1]

The queen, meantime, having apparently set her mind entirely on the French marriage, complained to lady Clinton and lady Cobham of the difficulties that some of her ministers made to her marriage with monsieur, on account of his being too young, and she conjured them, "to tell her freely their opinions, as she esteemed them as two of the most faithful of her ladies, and placed more confidence in them than in all the ladies in the world, and therefore did not wish them to dissimulate with her in anything." Then the lady Clinton, being an old courtier, and well knowing that her majesty did not wish to hear a repetition of the same sentiments which had displeased her in her uncomplying council, replied by praising the perfections of her majesty, and encouraging her in her design of marrying, and highly approving of her choice of monsieur, "whose youth," she said, "ought not to inspire her with fear, for he was virtuous, and her majesty was better calculated to please him than any other princess in the world."[2]

Her majesty received this agreeable answer with such evident satisfaction, that lady Cobham, not daring to say anything in opposition, merely observed, "that those mar-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii.
[2] Secret Memorial of Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches.

riages were always the happiest when the parties were of the same age, or near about it, but that here there was a great inequality!" Elizabeth interrupted her, by saying, "that there were but *ten* years difference between them." Now, although both the ladies were aware that it was nearer twenty, neither ventured to correct the royal calculation, and her majesty said, in conclusion, "that it might possibly have been better if the prince had been the senior, but since it had pleased God that she was the oldest, she hoped that he would be contented with her other advantages."[1]

But while the mighty Elizabeth, laying aside the dignified restraints of the sovereign, endeavoured, like a perplexed and circumvented woman as she was, to find, among her favoured confidants of the bedchamber coterie, sentiments and advice more in accordance with her wishes than the unwelcome opposition she had encountered from her privy councillors, and was soothed by their flattery into so happy an idea of her own perfections, that she anticipated no other obstacle to her marriage with the handsome Henry of Anjou, than that which proceeded from the jealousy of her own cabinet, the possibility of a demur arising on his part appears never to have entered into her imagination. Unfortunately, however, the overtures for this marriage had been made by the scheming politicians of France, and the negotiations pursued by the desire of the ambitious queen mother, Catherine de Medicis, up to the present point, without the necessary preliminary of obtaining the assent of the said Henry of Anjou, to the disposal of his hand in wedlock to her majesty of England.

When matters were so far advanced, that it was absolutely necessary for the nominal suitor to come forward, in *propriæ personæ*, the royal youth, with all the reckless wilfulness of his age, expressed his disapproval of the mature bride elect, who had been so warmly wooed in his name, and protested "that he would not marry her, for she was not only an old creature, but had a sore leg." This infirmity, though a new feature in the personal description of queen Elizabeth, was not altogether the invention of her refractory suitor; it seems she really had a temporary affliction of the kind, for, in the preceding June, La Mothe Fenelon in-

[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches.

formed his court, in his official report, that he could not have an audience, on business, with Elizabeth, for she was ill, and, the truth to say, something was the matter with her leg.

On the 26th of the same month, she gave the French ambassador an audience in her chamber, dressed in a wrapping-gown, with the leg laid in repose. First, she discussed her malady, and then the affairs of Europe, and she vowed, "if she were lame, France and Scotland would find her affairs did not halt."[1]

The next month, her lameness was not amended, and she was forced to make her summer progress in a coach. Nevertheless, in September, she was not only on her feet, but pursuing her old diversions of the chase. She received La Mothe, he says, in a sylvan palace, not far from Oxford, surrounded by forests which, though he calls it by the unintelligible name of *Vuynch*, could be no other than Woodstock. She gave him audience, not in the main building, but in a lodge in the wilderness, where toils were pitched, that she might shoot deer with her own hand, as they defiled before her. "She took the cross-bow and killed six does; and," says the ambassador, "she did me the honour to give me a share of them."

Early in February, 1571, the repugnance of young Anjou assumed a graver and sterner form, and finding that his ill-mannered railing against the royal bride, who had been provided for him, was only regarded by his mother as boyish petulance, he appealed to the king, his brother, against the marriage, on such startling grounds, that the wily queen-mother, deeming it useless to proceed further with the negotiation in his name, wrote an agitated letter to monsieur de la Mothe, informing him of the contumacy of Henry, and imploring him to do his best, to prevail on the queen of England, to accept his younger brother, the duke of Alençon, in his place. After telling the ambassador, "that she would not confide the purport of what she is about to write to any other hand than her own," she says, "I assure myself that you will conduct this affair so secretly and dexterously that we shall not incur the danger I apprehend, if the queen of England, thinking herself disdained or scorned, should avenge herself by making war upon us, either openly or underhand, as she has done be-

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii. pp. 219, 220.

fore now. To come to the point, my son (Anjou) has let me know, by the king his brother, that he will never marry the queen of England, even if she be ever so willing to have him—so much has he heard against her honour, and seen in the letters of all the ambassadors who have ever been there (in England), that he considers he should be utterly dishonoured, and lose all the reputation he has acquired. But still, hoping to make him yield to reason, I would wish you to continue to write in the same strain as at present, till I can decide what to do; letting the affair proceed, lest she should bear us ill-will, and feel resentful at being refused. I declare to you, that if she expresses a willing mind, I shall feel extreme concern at the opinion he has taken. I would give half my life-blood out of my body could I alter it, but I cannot render him obedient in this matter.

"Now, monsieur de la Mothe," continues the royal maternal speculator, "we are on the point of losing such a kingdom and grandeur for my children, that I shall feel great regret—see if there be no means, as I formerly asked you, of inducing her to adopt one of her female relatives as her heiress, whom one of my sons could espouse."[1] The ignorance betrayed by Catherine de Medicis in this modest suggestion, is scarcely less laughable than her absurd egotism, since, if Elizabeth could have been guilty of the folly of involving her realm in a succession war, for the sake of thus aggrandizing one of the cadet princes of France, there was no surviving marriageable lady descended from Henry VII., save Elizabeth herself and the captive queen of Scots.

Catherine had, however, another project, scarcely less chimerical, by which she hoped to secure the crown of the Plantagenets and Tudors to her own precious offspring—"Not very easy," as she herself admits in the said letter to La Mothe, but still possible to be accomplished through his surpassing powers of persuasive eloquence. Her majesty discloses this darling scheme in the following anxious query—"Would she (queen Elizabeth) have my son Alençon?—As for him, he wishes it. He is turned of sixteen, though but little of his age."[2] I deem she would

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. pp. 178, 179.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. pp. 170—180.

make less difficulty of it, if he were of stately growth, like his brethren, then I might hope somewhat; for he has the understanding, visage, and demeanour of one much older than he is; and, as to his age, there are but three years between his brother and him."

This doughty candidate for the hand of the greatest female sovereign the world had ever seen, was born in March, 1555, consequently he was two and twenty years younger than Elizabeth, and his diminutive mean figure, and prematurely old face, were rendered more ridiculous by the fact that he had received the potent name of Hercules at the baptismal font; though, at the death of his elder brother, it had been judiciously changed for that of Francis. To make the case worse, he was scarred with the small pox, his nose was so disproportionately large as to amount to deformity, and the conditions of his mind were as evil as those of his inconvenient little body. These circumstances were the more unpropitious, as Elizabeth was a decided admirer of beauty, and entertained the greatest antipathy to ugly and deformed people; she even carried her fastidiousness, on this point, to such an extreme that she refused the place of a gentleman-usher to an unexceptionable person for no other objection than the lack of one tooth, and whenever she went abroad, all ugly, deformed, and diseased persons were thrust out of her way, by certain officers whose business it was to preserve her majesty from the displeasure of looking on objects offensive to her taste. La Mothe Fenelon, who was aware of all her peculiarities, in his reply to Catherine, positively refused to insult Elizabeth by the offer of such a consort as the ugly urchin, whom he was requested to recommend to her acceptance, and requested leave to return to France. He advised the queen mother, withal, to wait till the duke of Alençon should have grown a little, before she caused him to be proposed to the queen of England, or that princess would consider that it was done in mockery, and might possibly retaliate by some serious political injury. In reply to the evil reports alluded to by the duke of Anjou, he affords the following noble testimonial of Elizabeth's character:

"They can write and speak very differently of this princess from the hearsay of men, who sometimes cannot forgive the great qualities of their betters; but in her own court

they would see everything in good order; and she is there very greatly honoured, and understands her affairs so well, that the mightiest in her realm, and all ranks of her subjects fear and revere her; and she rules them with full authority, which, I conceive, could scarcely proceed from a person of evil fame, and where there was a want of virtue. Nevertheless, I know what you have heard; and that there is an opinion that she will never have children."

At the end of February, the importunities of Catherine de Medicis had wrung from Anjou a declaration, that he was not only willing to wed queen Elizabeth, but that he earnestly desired it. She wrote indefatigably with her own hand to forward the marriage, and gave the most earnest advice to Elizabeth to wed Anjou while he was in the mind. She exerted all her diplomatic skill in a dialogue she had with lord Buckhurst, queen Elizabeth's relative, and ambassador extraordinary at Paris; but to her infinite vexation she found him perfectly acquainted with the reluctance of the bridegroom, for his refrain to all her fine speeches was—

"But why is monsieur so unwilling?"

On the return of Norris, her ambassador, to the court of France, Elizabeth questioned him very minutely as to the personal qualifications of Henry of Anjou; and received such a favourable description of his fine figure, handsome face, and graceful mien, that conceiving a great wish to see him, she ordered Leicester to make a discreet arrangement for that purpose with La Mothe Fenelon, without committing her maidenly delicacy. The plan proposed was, for her to direct her progress towards the Kentish coast, and then, if her princely suitor wished to see her, he might cross the channel incognito, by a morning tide, and return by the next tide, provided he had no inclination to remain longer to cultivate the opportunity thus condescendingly vouchsafed to him of pleading his own cause.[1] Unfortunately, monsieur did not feel disposed to become the hero of the petite romance, which the royal coquette had taken the trouble of devising, by way of enlivening the solemn dulness of a diplomatic courtship with a spice of reality. She had, from first to last, declared that nothing on earth should induce her to marry a prince whom she had never seen;

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

and Henry of Anjou, though acknowledged to be one of the handsomest princes in Europe, perversely determined not to gratify her curiosity by exhibiting himself. Perhaps he had been alarmed at the well-meant, but injudicious hint conveyed by monsieur de la Mothe to his royal mother, that the queen's ladies had received instructions to watch him very diligently, in order to discover whether he evinced any genuine demonstrations of love for their mistress. A formidable ordeal, certainly, for any man to undergo, who was expected to play the wooer to a royal spinster of Elizabeth's temper; and who was so many years his senior. Elizabeth, though disappointed of a personal interview of monsieur, requested to see his portrait; and two were sent for her inspection, by the queen-mother.

In her official instructions to Walsingham, on the subject of the preliminary negotiations for her marriage with Anjou, Elizabeth expresses herself sincerely disposed to take a consort for the good of her realm; enlarging at the same time on her natural preference for a maiden life, she says[1]—"In the beginning of our reign it is not unknown how we had no disposition of our own nature to marry, no otherwise than it is manifestly known, that when the king, our dear father reigned, and many times pressed us earnestly to marry; nor when, in the late king, our brother's time, the like was renewed unto us, even for such as were then in real possession of kingdoms. When we lived but in a private state as a daughter, or a sister to a king, yet could we never induce our mind to marry; but rather did satisfy ourself with a solitary life." Who the regal suitors were, by whom the hand of Elizabeth was sought during her father's life, might have been known to herself, but no historian, or documentary evidence, has ever recorded their names. Small, however, would have been the attention vouchsafed by Henry VIII. to her reluctance to espouse any person on whom he might have felt disposed to bestow her in marriage. The evidences of history sufficiently prove, that, from the time of her mother's first decline in the favour of the capricious tyrant, Henry, the young Elizabeth was at discount in the royal matrimonial market; and even the earl of Arran neglected to secure her, when offered as a

[1] Complete Ambassador, by sir Dudley Digges, folio 63.

bride for his son. The scene was changed, as she felt, when a kingdom became her portion; and her contempt for the interested motives of the numerous princely wooers, by whom she was then surrounded, was open and undisguised. But as the princes of the royal house of France were not marriageable, till some time after her accession to the crown, she received the successive proposals of the three brothers, with more civility than sincerity. She had a great political game to play; and in entertaining the matrimonial overtures from the court of France, she disarmed every direct hostile attempt that might otherwise have been made in favour of her royal prisoner, Mary Stuart.

She directed Walsingham to say, in her name, "that, considering the king is married, there can be no greater nor worthier offer made by the crown of France, than monsieur d'Anjou; and therefore we do thankfully accept it." On the terms of the marriage she bids him say, "that he thinks no less can be offered for conditions, than was by the emperor Charles with king Philip, for queen Mary." On the matter of religion, Walsingham was privately to inform the queen-mother, "that though she did not mean to put any force on the conscience of her son, yet she could not permit his exercising that form of religion in England, which was prohibited by the laws of her realm; and that she should require his attendance upon her at such churches and oratories as she frequented."

She adds, "that she is contented to have this matter kept secret for the present;" meaning to make no one privy to it, but such members of her council whom she has most reason to trust, both for fidelity and secrecy; "to wit, our cousin, the earl of Leicester, of whom you may say that whatsoever may be otherwise doubted, we find ready to allow of any marriage that we shall like, and withal marriages with any prince stranger—most of all this with the crown of France; the other is sir William Cecil, lord of Burleigh, and our principal secretary."[1]

This letter is given under the royal signet at Greenwich, the 24th of March, 1571. Walsingham, diplomat though he was, candidly wrote to Burleigh, "that this letter fairly perplexed him; but he thought it safest to follow the course prescribed by her majesty, whatever came of it."

[1] Digges.

Meantime, the earl of Morton, and others of his party, had arrived in England, to treat on the affairs of Scotland, in the name of the infant king James. Queen Elizabeth, who was still amusing Mary and the court of France with deceptive negotiations, for the restoration of that unfortunate princess to her liberty and her throne, required the rebel commissioners to declare the grounds on which they had deposed their queen. Instead of gratifying her, as she expected, with the repetition of all their frightful accusations against her hapless kinswoman, they favoured her majesty with a lengthy manifesto, setting forth, "that Scotland had from time immemorial been governed by male monarchs; and that they had the authority of Calvin to prove, that magistrates had power to punish wicked sovereigns, by imprisoning and depriving them of their realms; that they had shewn their queen great favour, in permitting her son to reign; and that she existed at that time only through the mercy of her people."[1] Elizabeth could not listen with even a show of patience to sentiments so opposed to her notion of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. She told the deputies that "they had not shewn, nor could she perceive, any just cause for the manner in which they had troubled their queen; and advised them to seek other means for composing the discord then raging in Scotland."[2]

When Morton refused to agree to the articles of the treaty with Scotland, which had been proposed by the commissioners of Elizabeth, she told the four commissioners who brought his answer to her, "that she perceived in that answer, the arrogance and hardness of a very obstinate heart; and that she knew that Morton himself had not brought such a one to her country, but that he had acquired it here, from some of the members of her council, of whom she could well say, that they were worthy of being hanged at the gate of the castle, with a copy of their advice about their necks; and that it was not her will that Morton should stir from London, or his suite from her court, till some good conclusion had been made in this affair."[3]

On the 23rd of March, 1571, queen Elizabeth held a council at Greenwich, at which the affairs of Mary queen

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.
[3] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 20.

of Scots were debated in her presence, and the articles of the treaty, then on the tapis, caused such a fierce contention among these statesmen, that her majesty was compelled to interpose for the restoration of order. This she did in the very tone of old Henry her father, by calling one of the assembly "a fool," and another "a madman."[1] The French ambassador had been invited to attend this council, as a matter of courtesy to Mary's royal kindred in France, and entered just at the moment the discussion had reached this interesting climax. His arrival gave a different turn to the scene, for instead of proceeding with the subject, his excellency paid his compliments to the queen, "and told her it was a long time since he had received news from France, and he came express this time to inquire of hers." She told him, with much satisfaction, "that she could inform him, that the public entry of their majesties of France had been made, on the first Monday in March, and that her ambassador, lord Buckhurst, had informed her that it was very magnificent; and also had written to her accounts of the combat at the barriers, and all the other feats that had been performed by the royal bridegroom, Charles IX., whose personal prowess he had greatly extolled, and had also praised monseigneur, his brother, and that one of her equerries whom she had sent with lord Buckhurst was already returned, and had affirmed that, without making comparisons between kings, for he had never seen any other besides his present majesty of France, it was impossible for any prince, lord, or gentleman to go beyond him, or perform his part more gallantly or with greater skill in every sort of combat, whether on horse or foot, and that he had related to her many particulars, all which had given her such pleasure to hear, that she had made him repeat them several times, not without wishing that she had been present, as a third queen, to see it all herself, and that in truth she could willingly have reserved for herself the commission which she had given to lord Buckhurst, to go and congratulate their most Christian majesties on their present felicity;" adding, "that she trusted, that by the blessing of God, the most Christian queen would be happily cured of all her sickness in the course of the next nine months."

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 30.

She then said, "she had to solicit pardon, for having sent a thief to Paris, to steal a likeness of the queen, that she might enjoy the satisfaction of possessing her portrait." She drew it forth, as she spoke, from that capacious pocket, to which she was accustomed to consign the letters of foreign potentates and despatches from her own ambassadors, with other diplomatic papers, and shewing it to monsieur de La Mothe, inquired if her most Christian majesty had quite as much *embonpoint*, and whether her complexion were as beautiful as the painter had represented.

Before the interview concluded, La Mothe said, "he was instructed to inquire how her majesty meant to proceed with respect to the queen of Scotland." On which, Elizabeth observed, "that she had doubted whether he would allow the audience to end without naming the queen of Scots to her, whom she could wish not to be quite so much in his master's remembrance, and still less in his." After this shrewd hint, she said, "that she had used her utmost diligence to have the treaty perfected, and complained that the cardinal of Lorraine had said and done various things against her which monsieur de la Mothe took some pains to explain;[1] and the interview ended pleasantly on both sides.

After an interval of five years, Elizabeth found it necessary to summon a new parliament to meet at Westminster, for the purpose of granting an enormous property tax, consisting of two-tenths and two-fifteenths, and one subsidy by the laity, and six shillings in the pound by the clergy.[2] The interference of Elizabeth in the continental wars, and the pensions she had paid for years, and continued to pay to the mercenary agitators in France, Scotland, and elsewhere, compelled her to inflict these grievous burdens on her own subjects. The spoils of the nobility and gentry, who had taken part in the late risings in the north, might have sufficed to pay the expenses of the armament, employed to crush the insurrection, but the queen had been harassed by the importunities of a greedy set of self-interested councillors and servants, who expected to be paid for their loyal adherence to her cause, out of the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.
[2] Journals of Parliament.

forfeitures of their misguided neighbours. At the head of these bold beggars, was her cousin lord Hunsdon, who, to use his own expression, was laudably anxious that her majesty's friends "may pyk a sallett" from the spoils of the house of Percy.[1] He and his sons made a good thing of the late revolt.

Nothing tends more to establish despotism in sovereigns than the unsuccessful efforts of a faction, to resist lawful authority. In consequence of the late rebellion, statutes were made for the security of the queen, which stretched the prerogatives of the crown beyond the limits to which the haughtiest of her predecessors had presumed to carry it; and the penalties against non-conformity assumed a character as inconsistent with the divine spirit of Christianity, as the religious persecutions which had disgraced the preceding reign.

In the very face of these arbitrary enactments, George Strickland, esq., one of the leaders of the Puritan party in the House of Commons, moved a reformation in the liturgy of the church of England, and his motion was supported by those members professing the same opinions. The queen was highly offended at the presumption of Strickland in daring to touch on matters, over which she, as the head of the church, claimed supreme jurisdiction.[2] But when this intimation was given to the Commons, Strickland and his party unanimously exclaimed, "that the salvation of their souls was in question, to which all the kingdoms of the earth were nothing in comparison." Elizabeth, in a transport of indignation, summoned the uncompromising northern member before her and her council, and laid her personal commands upon him not to appear any more in the house of Commons. This arbitrary interference with the proceedings of the representatives of the great body of her subjects, excited murmurs both deep and loud in the house, which, for the first time, entered the lists with royalty, on the subject of violated

[1] So much offended was Hunsdon, at not being gratified with the picking of the salad, on which he had set his mind, that he refused to carry the unfortunate earl of Northumberland to be executed at York, with this remark:—"Sir John Forster hath both the commodity and profit of all his lands in Northumberland, and he is fittest to have the carriage of him to York."—Appendix to Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by sir Cuthbert Sharp.

[2] Journals of Parliament.

privilege, and in defence of that palladium of English liberty—freedom of debate. They maintained, withal, the constitutional truth, that it was neither in the power of the sovereign to make laws singly, nor to violate those that were already established. Elizabeth had the wisdom to relinquish the struggle, and Strickland triumphantly resumed his place in the house, where he was received with shouts of congratulation.[1]

If we may trust the reports of La Mothe Fenelon, Elizabeth was heard to say, "that she was tired of parliaments. None of her predecessors," she observed, "had held more than three during their whole lives, while she already had had four, and she had been so much tormented in the last about marrying, that she had resolved on two things—the first was, never to hold another parliament; the other, never to marry; and she meant to die in this resolution."[2] But, as concerned holding the parliament, it was easier to make that resolution, than to abide by it.

One of the statutes of this parliament rendered it penal, even to speak of any other successor to the crown of England, than the issue of the reigning queen. Elizabeth's fastidious delicacy in refusing to have the word lawful annexed, as if it were possible that any other than legitimate children *could* be born of her, gave rise not only to unnecessary discussions on the subject, but some defamatory reports as to her motives for objecting to the customary word. "I remember," says Camden, "being then a young man, hearing it said openly by people, that this was done by the contrivance of Leicester, with a design to impose, hereafter, some base son of his own upon the nation, as the queen's offspring." In the preceding August, a

[1] D'Ewes' Journals. That queen Elizabeth did not scruple to send members of parliament to the Tower for saying what she did not like, is evident from what befel Mr. Wentworth. A brief abstract of her dealings with him is as follows. "Wentworth, a member of the House of Commons, reflecting on the queen for ordering Mr. Strickland to forbear coming to the House last sessions, was sent to the Tower, February 8, 1575."—Toone's Chronology, second edition. Again, in February, 1587, several of the most zealous members of the House of Commons were sent to the Tower, by an order from council, for bringing in a bill to establish Puritanism against the church of England.—(Toone, vol. i. p. 184.) Again, in September, 1588, a book of devotion being presented to the House of Commons by four members of parliament, the queen committed to prison the four members who presented it.—(Toone, vol. i. p. 185.)

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

Norfolk gentleman, of the name of Marsham, had actually been tried for saying, "that my lord of Leicester had two children by the queen," and was condemned to lose both his ears, or else to pay a hundred pounds; both punishments combined would have been a trifling mulct for the propagation of so injurious a scandal of a female sovereign.

Early in April, 1571, signor Guido Cavalcanti arrived in England, bearing a joint letter from Charles IX. and Catherine de Medicis, addressed to queen Elizabeth, in which a formal tender of the duke of Anjou's hand was made to her. Cavalcanti was stopped at Dover by order of the queen, and conducted, under a guard, to the house of lord Burleigh, in London, where she had a secret interview with him, on the subject of his mission, before he was permitted to see the French ambassador, to whom the office of delivering the royal letter to her majesty was assigned by his own court. The next day, April 12th, La Mothe Fenelon obtained an audience of her majesty, who received him in a retired part of her gallery, and, after a few observations had been exchanged on other subjects, he made the proposal in due form, and delivered to her the letter from the king and queen-mother of France. She received it, according to Fenelon, with evident satisfaction, and replied modestly, but expressed herself so desirous of the accomplishment of the marriage, that he was fully convinced of her sincerity. She referred him to Leicester and Burleigh, as the chosen councillors by whom the conditions of the marriage were to be arranged on her part.[1]

The limits of this work will not admit of the insertion of the official correspondence, on the preliminaries of this marriage, that was exchanged on the part of their majesties of France and queen Elizabeth, but it is among the richest documentary specimens of deceit. The state papers of France abound in professions of the true love and esteem which impelled Charles and Catherine to solicit the hand of the queen of England, for her "devoted servant, monsieur," together with a few apologies, for not having come to a positive declaration sooner, "having been informed that her majesty was determined never to take a consort, and that she was accustomed to deride and mock every one, who pre-

[1] Depêches de Fenelon, vol iv. p. 58.

tended to her hand, which had deterred their most Christian majesties from preferring the suit of their said son and brother, and had made monsieur very sad and sore at heart."[1]

Elizabeth, in her reply, gravely defended herself from the charge of "ever having mocked or trifled with any of the princely candidates for her hand." She availed herself, at the same time, of the opportunity of enumerating a few of the most considerable of those. "When the king of Spain first proposed to her," she said, "she immediately excused herself on a scruple of conscience, which would not permit her to espouse one, who had been her sister's husband; and as to the princes of Sweden and Denmark, she had, within eight days, replied to them, 'that she had no inclination then to marry,' so that they had no occasion to wait; and as for the proposal of the king, Charles IX., which was made when he was very young, she had also done all that was proper to let him understand her mind. The archduke, she must confess, had been kept longer in suspense, because of the troubles and hindrances that were happening in the world; but it might nevertheless be seen that she had used no deceit towards him." She artfully hinted, with regard to Scotland, "that when monsieur should be her lord and husband, the prosperity and peace of England would be his concern no less than hers, and he would see that, the dangers, caused by the intrigues of the queen of Scots, would be more easy to parry while she was in her care, than if she were at large."[2]

On the 13th of April, articles were presented, by the French ambassador and Cavalcanti, as preliminaries, among which it was proposed, that the marriage might be solemnized without the ceremonies prescribed by the catholic ritual; that monsieur and his domestics should have free exercise of their religion; that, immediately the marriage was concluded, monsieur should govern jointly with the queen; and that, the day after the consummation of the marriage, he should be crowned as the husband of the queen, and received by her subjects as king, and sixty thousand livres a year should be granted for his maintenance. It was replied, on the part of Elizabeth, "that she could not concede the exercise of his religion to the duke, but that

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 64, 65.
[2] Ibid. p. 64.

she would promise, that neither he nor his servants should be compelled to use those of her church. The title of king," of which she notices, "there was precedent in the case of her sister's husband, king Philip, she was willing to allow." With regard to the pension, she objected, but did not refuse it, observing, "that king Philip had no manner of thing allowed him, but sustained all his own charge, and gave also to noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomen of our nation good entertainment."[1]

She then made some inquiries as to the dominions of the prince, and in what manner they were to be inherited, whether by daughters as well as sons. She notices that the ambassador had earnestly required "that if the duke should survive her, and have a child living, that should be heir to the crown, he might retain the regal title, with this modification, to be called 'rex pater;' and if no child should be surviving, then to be called 'rex dotarius' (king-dowager)." Of this very original clause, her majesty contents herself with observing, "that she considers it rather matter of form than substance, and meeter to be thought of when greater matters are accorded than in the present stage of the business."[2]

In a conference between Walsingham and monsieur de Foix, on the subject of the disputed articles, when Walsingham told de Foix that the difference on religion appeared the principal obstacle, the other replied, "that it was necessary, both for the prince's happiness and honour, that he should have some religion, and that he believed him to be well disposed in that way, yet not so assuredly grounded but that some change might be effected in time, and with the queen's good persuasions; whereof," continued the catholic negotiator, "we have seen good experience of woman's virtue in that way. Constantine was converted by his mother Helena, the king of Navarre by the queen his wife, and therefore can I not doubt but, this match proceeding, monsieur will be turned by his wife." To this it was replied, on Elizabeth's part, "that although it would be a glory to her to imitate the empress Helena in so great a thing, yet it by no means followed that such would be the case with regard to monsieur, for there were to the full

[1] Instructions to Walsingham, in the Complete Ambassador, 84.
[2] Ibid.

as many wives converted by their husbands, as husbands by their wives."[1]

As to the articles submitted to her on the part of their majesties and monsieur, she found the greatest difficulty in those which related to religion, and she wished some of the ceremonials, required by the prince, in the marriage service to be omitted. The reply to this was, "that her majesty's marriage with monsieur ought to be dignified with all the solemnities suited to their relative positions, and that the king and queen of France were sure she would not treat the prince so unkindly, as to wish to deprive him of the exercise of his religion; neither could she esteem him, if, for the sake of worldly advantages, he were to dispense with it." To this Elizabeth very obligingly responded, "that she had herself been sacred and crowned according to the ceremonies of the catholic church, and by catholic bishops, without, however, assisting at the mass, and that she would be sorry if she thought monsieur was willing to give up his religion, for if he had the heart to forsake God, he might also forsake her." However, she referred all to the lords Leicester and Burleigh, whom she appears to have constituted lord-keepers of her conscience in this delicate affair.[2]

In a private conversation with La Mothe Fenelon, Elizabeth observed, facetiously, "that one of her reasons for wishing to dispense with the elaborate matrimonial service of her proposed bridegroom's church, was on the score of portents, for if monsieur, in consequence of so many ceremonies, should chance to let the nuptial ring fall on the ground, she should regard it as an evil omen." She expressed a great desire for him to accompany her sometimes to prayers, that neither she nor her people might see any manifestation of ill-will on his part towards the protestant religion. "He need not doubt," she said, "of being very honourably provided for by her, in case of being the survivor, and, during her life, he and she would have all things in common."[3]

Then she spoke of the praises she had heard of the prince, with a fear, put in *par parenthèse*, that he had not received such advantageous reports of her, and fell to repeating the commendations she had heard of his sense,

[1] Complete Ambassador.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv pp 65, 66.
[3] La Mothe Fenelon.

prudence, and good grace, of his valour and magnanimity, and the beauty and elegance of his person, not forgetting to speak of his hand, which she had been told was one of the most uncommonly beautiful that had ever been seen in France; "and then," says the ambassador, "concluded, with a smile, by telling me, 'that she would have me told one day by my said lord, if things came to a good winding up, that I ought rather to have maintained, that a match with her would be more honourable for him, than with the queen of Scots.'"

Notwithstanding these flattering words, La Mothe Fenelon had his doubts, and in order to come to a clear understanding of her majesty's intentions on this subject, he endeavoured to cultivate the good-will of the countess of Lenox, who, as the first lady in the realm, next to the queen and her nearest relative, he supposed would be in the secret. All the information, however, that lady Lenox gave him, he says, only amounted to this: "That by what she could observe in the queen, she seemed to be not only well disposed, but affectionately inclined to my said lord; that she generally talked of nothing but his virtues and perfections; that her majesty dressed better, appeared more lively, and more of a belle, than was usual, on his account; but that she did not use much confidence with her ladies on this subject, reserving it entirely between herself, the earl of Leicester, and my lord Burleigh; so, if I required more light on the matter, I must obtain it from one of the twain."[1]

On this hint, La Mothe Fenelon applied himself to Leicester and Burleigh, and inquired of them, how the nobles of the realm stood affected to the match. Leicester replied, "that he had sounded the duke of Norfolk on that point, for he was the leader of the ancient nobility, and he had professed himself entirely devoted to the wishes of the king of France and his brother of Anjou." Some communication had already taken place between Norfolk and La Mothe Fenelon on the subject, and the latter had promised, that in case the duke made no objection to the matrimonial treaty between the French prince and Elizabeth, his own marriage with the queen of Scots would be facilitated, through the friendship of the court of France. Meantime, one of La Mothe's spies informed him, "that the opinion of the people was, that

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.

the queen neither could, would, or ought to espouse monsieur, and that her intention was merely to lull the French court on the affairs of Scotland, and also to induce the king of Spain to offer better conditions to her, and for the satisfaction of some of her subjects; but even if all the articles of the contract could be agreed upon, the marriage would never take effect, and that leagues were already formed to strengthen the malcontents from the dangers that might befal from this marriage."[1]

Elizabeth had, at the same time, received reports of a far more annoying nature from her spies in France, and, in her next interview with La Mothe, she complained bitterly, "that it had been said, in France, 'that monsieur would do well to marry the old creature, who had had for the last year the evil in her leg, which was not yet healed, and never could be cured; and, under that pretext, they could send her a potion from France, of such a nature, that he would find himself a widower in the course of five or six months, and after that he might please himself by marrying the queen of Scotland, and remain the undisputed sovereign of the united realms.'" She added, "that she was not so much shocked at this project on her own account, as she was from her regard for monsieur, and the honour of the regal house from which he sprang."

La Mothe, with all the vivacious eloquence of his nation, expressed his detestation of the project, and of the person by whom it had been promulgated; and entreated the queen to name him, that their majesties of France might punish him.

Elizabeth replied, with great anger, "that it was not yet the proper time to name him, but that it was undoubtedly true, and she would soon let them know more about it."[2]

The next time she vouchsafed an audience to his excellency, was, on the 10th of May, in her privy chamber, to which he was conducted by Leicester and Burleigh. When her majesty entered, she presently gave him a shrewd hint on the sore subject, by informing him "that notwithstanding the evil report that had been made of her leg, she had not neglected to dance on the preceding Sunday, at the marquis of Northampton's wedding, so she

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 85.

hoped that monsieur would not find himself cheated into marrying a cripple (*un boiteuse*), instead of a lady of proper paces."[1] That Sunday evening's performance of the royal Terpsichore, must have been well worth witnessing. How "high and disposedly" she danced on that occasion, and the energetic nature of the pirouettes she executed for the honour of England, as a public vindication of the activity of her insulted limb, may be imagined.

It was at this crisis, that Walsingham wrote to Elizabeth "that the court of France projected a marriage between the duke of Anjou, and Mary queen of Scots; and matters were so far advanced, that the pope had been applied to, and had promised to grant a dispensation; and that it was determined, if the treaty for restoring her to her liberty and royal authority did not succeed, that an expedition should be immediately prepared for taking her by force of arms from England." Elizabeth was transported with rage and jealousy at the idea, that the prince, whose addresses she had condescended to encourage, actually preferred to her and her royal dowry, the deposed, calumniated princess, whose existence hung on her fiat. This preference, though unsought by her beautiful rival, who, wrapped up in the excitement of her romantic passion for Norfolk, regarded the addresses of all other suitors with coldness and impatience, was probably the cause of the vindictive cruelty, with which the last fifteen years of the hapless Mary's imprisonment was aggravated, and the many petty mortifications which Elizabeth meanly inflicted upon her. Mary's treatment at this period was so harsh, that Charles interposed in behalf of his hapless sister-in-law, by his ambassador, who, ceasing to speak of the duke of Anjou, warned Elizabeth, "that unless she took means for the restoration of the queen of Scotland to her rightful dignity, and in the meantime treated her in a kind and honourable manner, he should send forces openly to her assistance."

Elizabeth stifled her anger at this menace, so far as to commence her reply with deceitful softness, "that she was grieved that he should always put her friendship at less account than that of the queen of Scots;" and then began angrily to enumerate a great number of offences which she

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 21.

had received from that lady, before she entered into her realm; and many, and more heinous ones since, by her intrigues with Rome, France, and Flanders, and lately with the duchess of Feria, in Spain,—of all of which she had such clear proofs in her possession, that she could not but regard her as her greatest enemy."[1]

In June, 1571, Elizabeth wreaked her long-hoarded vengeance on the hoary head of her ancient foe, Dr. Story, who had, during her time of trouble, in her sister's reign, loudly proclaimed before the convocation, "that it was of little avail destroying the branches, as long as the princess Elizabeth, the root of all hercsies, was suffered to remain." On her accession, he had entered the service of Philip of Spain; but in the year 1569, he was taken on board an English ship, on his voyage to London. He was tried on the charges of magic and treason, and condemned to death. One of the charges against him was, that every day before dinner he regularly cursed her majesty, as a part of his grace. The Spanish ambassador endeavoured to save Story's life, by claiming him as a subject of the catholic king.

"The king of Spain may have his head, if he wishes it," replied Elizabeth, "but his body shall be left in England."[2]

About this time, the emperor Maximilian offered his eldest son, prince Rodolph, as a husband for Elizabeth, a youth about six months younger than the duke of Anjou; and Elizabeth gave an encouraging reply to the overture. On this, the ambitious queen-mother of France, dreading the loss of so grand a match for her son Anjou, conjured him to waive all foolish scruples, and win the prize from this powerful rival. She even entreated Walsingham to try the effect of his rhetoric on her perverse son, in a private conversation, for the purpose of prevailing on him to exchange the mass for the crown matrimonial of England.

The prince replied as evasively as Elizabeth herself could have done under such temptation, by saying, "that he rather desired to become the means of redressing incon-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Story was executed in his eightieth year. He had been the most pitiless of persecutors, and gloried in having inflicted acts of needless cruelty with his own hands.

veniences, than causing any, which he trusted would not happen." Not to be outdone by Elizabeth's boasts of the numerous matrimonial offers she had received, he added, "that though he was young, yet for the last five years there had been many overtures of marriage made unto him, but that he found in himself no inclination to yield to any, till the present; but," said he, "I must needs confess, that through the great commendations that are made of the queen, your mistress, for her rare gifts as well of mind as of body, being, as even her very enemies say, the rarest creature that has been seen in Europe these five hundred years, my affections grounded upon so good respect, make me yield to be wholly hers; and if I thought any inconvenience could ensue to her disquiet through me, I would rather wish myself never to have been." He then requested, as it touched his soul and conscience, that some private place might be accorded for the exercise of his own religion in secret. Walsingham replied, by recommending him to dispose himself to a devout attendance on the church service. On which he rejoined, "that he knew not how God hereafter would dispose his heart, therefore for the present he requested her majesty to weigh, in her own mind, what it was to do anything with scruple or remorse of conscience, and so requested Walsingham to present his most affectionate and humble commendations to her, and to assure her that she only had authority to command him."[1] A very dutiful declaration, if it had been sincere.

Elizabeth had, about the same time, the offer of the young hero and hope of the protestant cause in France, Henri of Navarre; but she gave little encouragement to his suit. Her pride was more flattered by the addresses of the princes of the royal house of Valois or Austria. She coquetted with all in turn, both amorously and politically.

Whenever Elizabeth perceived that the negotiation flagged, she said, "that her inclination for matrimony had decreased, and she had in fact never suffered such great constraint since her imprisonment in the Tower during her sister's reign, as she had done in making up her mind to marry."[2] She also caused reports to be circulated, that

[1] Complete Ambassador, p. 102.
[2] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. iv.

she was going to send sir Henry Sidney and sir James Croft into Spain, on a secret mission, touching the rival candidate for her hand, prince Rodolph. Then the indefatigable monsieur de la Mothe, alarmed at the possibility of such an alliance, redoubled his flatteries and persuasions in behalf of his recreant client, Anjou, whom neither gallantry, ambition, nor maternal authority could induce to come to England and plead his own cause.

All, however, that could be effected in the way of deputy courtship, was done by our silver-tongued diplomat, from day to day, and still the treaty advanced no further, though Leicester affected to be anxious for its completion, and her majesty appeared to be well disposed towards it. One evening, in June, she sent for La Mothe Fenelon to go with her into her park at Westminster, to witness a salvo of artillery, and a review of some arquebusiers, that the earl of Oxford had led there, when she was pleased to say, "that she should not fail to provide in good time such pleasures for monsieur; but that she was astonished at the tardy proceedings of his ambassador in coming to some conclusion."

In his despatch of the 9th of July, monsieur de la Mothe informs the queen-mother of France, "that he has many times inquired of the lords and ladies about the queen, how her majesty stood affected to the marriage, and that one of her ladies had told him, that one day when she was alone with the queen, her majesty had of her own accord commenced talking of monsieur, and had said, 'that up to the present hour, she was resolved on the match, and that she hoped much from the virtue, valour, praiseworthy qualities, and good graces that were in him; that he was reputed, wise, brave, and generous, and very amiable, like all the members of the royal house of France; that he was handsome, but not vain; and she trusted that he would deport himself so pleasantly to her subjects, that all would be agreeable between him and them, and that they two would live very happily together, although some of her nobles, who were in the interests of others, would do all they could to traverse it. For herself, she confessed, that she had been, and still was struggling with many doubts; for as he was younger than herself, she feared that he would soon despise her, especially if she should have no children, but that she hoped God, in his grace, would give

her some; and, at all events, she would place all her affection on the prince, and love and honour him as her lord and husband.'" The lady to whom these observations were made, endeavoured to encourage her royal mistress in her present disposition.

The next day, however, some of the other ladies strove to infuse scruples into the mind of the queen, by speaking of the dangers that were involved in this marriage, and prognosticating that she would have cause to repent it; on which her majesty said, "that in truth she feared the young prince would despise her, and that she neither found herself in health nor inclination for a husband, and that she wished to delay the treaty till she found herself more disposed to it." This being repeated to the French ambassador the same evening, he hastened to represent to her two male confidants, "that it would by no means be advisable for her majesty to trifle with the duke of Anjou, now matters were so far advanced, for he was not to be considered like the king of Sweden, the duke of Holstein, or the archduke, who were all poor princes, too far off to do her any harm; but monsieur was the best loved brother of a very powerful king, and that he was himself a duke and military leader of a very warlike nation; and so near a neighbour, that in ten hours he could invade her realm; and that she might be assured he would not brook such treatment as she had shewn to the other princes."

The next night, the queen, while she was undressing to go to bed, sprained her right side so severely that she was much alarmed, and in great pain with violent spasms, for more than two hours, which caused a pause in the negotiations; after which, a privy council was held at the house of the earl of Leicester, to deliberate on the old stumbling-block, the demands made by the duke of Anjou for the unrestrained exercise of his religion. As usual much was said, and little done. The queen could not grant enough to satisfy the scruples of a catholic; and she had conceded too much to please the protestant portion of her subjects. Meantime, having received a portrait of her princely suitor, she sent for the French ambassador, to discuss it with him. She said, "although it was done in crayons, and his complexion had been chafed and injured with the chalks, enough of the lineaments remained to indicate great beauty,

and marks of dignity and prudence, and she could easily see the manner of a perfect man." Then she adverted to the disparity of age between herself and the prince, and said, "that, considering her time of life, she should be ashamed to be conducted to church, to be married to any one looking as young as the earl of Oxford," who was the same age as her bridegroom elect; "but that monsieur had such a modest and dignified mien, with so great an appearance of gravity and wisdom, that no one could say but he looked seven years older than he was, and she only wished that it really were so, not because those years would have given him the crown of France, which in right of primogeniture pertained to his brother, (for would to God that she might never desire anything more,) it being well known what pain she had been in about his majesty's wound, and her fear lest it should have ended in making monsieur so great, that he would not have required the grandeur, she had it in her power to bestow upon him; her only reason for wishing him to be older was, that he might not find such a great disparity between them, for she confessed to have seen thirty-five years, although neither her countenance nor her disposition indicated that she was so old."[1]

As Elizabeth was born in 1533, she was three years older than she told the ambassador; but so far from correcting her small miscalculation on the delicate point, he courteously replied, "that God had so well preserved her majesty, that time had diminished none of her charms and perfections, and that monsieur looked older than her by years; that the prince had shewn an unchangeable desire for their union, and he (monsieur de la Mothe) doubted not, that she would find in his said lord, everything that she could wish, for her honour, grandeur, the security, and the repose of her realm, with the most perfect happiness for herself." All this her majesty received with great satisfaction; and everything appeared to progress favourably towards the completion of the matrimonial treaty.

Elizabeth sent her portrait to Anjou, and ultimately declared her full determination to espouse him, and to grant him the free exercise of his religion in private; when lo! the unfortunate youth, who had relied on her caprice

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. pp. 186, 187.

and insincerity, had no other way of escape, but declaring he would not go to England, unless he could be allowed the full and public profession of the catholic religion; on which his disappointed mother-queen penned the following letter,[1] in which her hypocrisy is fully displayed; for if she had believed in the religion for which she committed so many crimes, could she have been so angry because her son refused to compromise it? or ought she to have vowed vengeance on his adviser?

"Monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon,

"As I place particular confidence in you, I will not hide from you that the humour in which I find my son Anjou, has given me great pain. He is utterly determined not to go over to England, without having a public assurance for the open exercise of his religion; and neither the king, nor I, can prevail on him to rely on the word of the queen of England. We suspect, very strongly, that Villequier, Lignerolles, or Sauret—possibly all three together—are the originators of these fantasies. If we could have *assurance* that such were the case, I can *assure* you, that they should repent of it.[2]

"For all this, I would not that we reveal it, since it is possible, we may work something on his mind, or on that of the queen, (Elizabeth.)

"If, unfortunately, matters do not accord for my son (Anjou) as I could wish, I am resolved to try all efforts to succeed with my son Alençon, who would not be so difficult. Meantime, as we propose to make a league with this queen to attach her the more to us, and distance the son of the emperor and others, let no hint of this appear; but burn this present, after having read it, and believe nothing that may be told you, and nothing that is written to you, save that which bears the king's signature, or mine;[3] and this you are told not without reason, for those who desire not that things should be as they are (thanks be to God), so well advanced and disposed to be successful, have artifices enough to write and publish which they think may hinder the good work. Praying to God for you, &c. &c.

"At Fontainebleau, this Thursday, xxv. day of July, 1571.

"CATERINE."

On the 31st of July, monsieur de la Mothe informs Catherine de Medicis, "that queen Elizabeth, on the previous Tuesday, filled one of her own little work-baskets, which always stood in her cabinet, with beautiful apricots; and desired the earl of Leicester to send it to him, with her commendations, that he might see that England was a country good enough to produce fair fruits." Leicester employed

[1] Despatches of la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. p. 234, written entirely in the queen's hand, (Catherine de Medicis.)

[2] Catherine de Medicis plays on the words *assurance* and *assure* exactly thus in the original French:—

Si nous pouvons, en avoir, aulcune asseurance, je vous asseure qu'ils s'en repentiront.

[3] It might be thought this caution was superfluous to an ambassador, especially to so careful a man as La Mothe.

his secretary to deliver her majesty's present and message to the ambassador, and to inquire, if he had had any news from France, for the satisfaction of the queen, whom he assured him "he had never seen in better health or spirits than at present; and that she would not go out in her coach any more to the chase, but on a fine large horse."[1]

"I replied," continues our diplomat, "that I thanked the earl very much, for the continuation of his good-will towards me; and that I entreated him to kiss her majesty's hands, very humbly in my name, and to assist me in thanking her properly for her greeting, and beautiful present," and added, 'that these fine apricots shewed very well that she had fair and good plants in her realm, where I wished the grafts from France might in time produce fruits even more perfect.'" This last compliment was intended as an allusion to the marriage, which was then in negotiation between the queen and the duke of Anjou. Some delay had occurred in the arrival of communications from France, at which it should seem her majesty was impatient; for, on the 5th of August, she sent a gentleman to the ambassador, with the present of a fine stag, which she had shot with her own hand, with an arblast, or cross-bow, and inquired again "if he had any news from France?"

"The earl of Leicester," writes monsieur de la Mothe, "has sent to me, 'that the queen, his mistress, having seen this great stag, as she was hunting at Oatlands, and wishing to kill it, that she might send me the venison of her forests, as well as the fruits of her gardens, that I might be the better able to judge of the goodness of her land, called hastily for an arblast, and with one blow from the bolt, she had herself broken its leg, and brought it down; and her old lord chamberlain had finished killing it.' I was at the time assured, that the said lady persevered in her good intentions towards monsieur; and often talked of the agreeable pleasures and exercises they should take together, in hunting and visiting the beautiful places in her kingdom; but that she considers, that your majesties are very tardy in your replies, and thinks it strange that she has not yet had the portrait of monsieur in large, and in colours." That which had been sent about a month before, was evidently only a sketch in black chalks. Two portraits from the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 200.

skilful hand of Janet were afterwards sent—one to shew the face, the other the figure of the prince; but the original, though Elizabeth had so frequently intimated how agreeable a visit from him would be, remained obstinately on the other side the water, whence reports were perpetually transmitted by Walsingham, sometimes of his projected marriage with the queen of Scots, and at others with her venerable rival the princess of Portugal.

The detection of the share the French ambassador had taken in the Norfolk plot, had the effect of suspending the negotiations, for the alliance between Elizabeth and the duke of Anjou, and though Burleigh, in one of his oracular letters to Walsingham, at this crisis, writes:—"Truly, the more matters are discovered, the more necessary it is seen that her majesty should marry"—all attempts to agitate the matter proved abortive. The reluctance of the proposed bridegroom was, in fact, insurmountable, though the farce was carried on a few weeks longer.

When Anjou told his ribald companion, the mareschal Tavannes, "that the earl of Leicester had endeavoured to forward his marriage with the queen of England," the other profanely rejoined, "My lord Robert would marry you to his friend; make him marry Chateauneuf, who is yours."[1] Leicester having importuned for a French lady of rank as a bride.

Elizabeth honoured her kinsman, lord Hunsdon, with a visit in September, 1571, at his mansion, Hunsdon House. A curious contemporary painting, in the possession of the earl of Oxford, is supposed to commemorate this event, and the manner of the royal approach. The queen is seated in a canopied chair of state, carried by six gentlemen, preceded by knights of the garter, and followed by a procession of the most distinguished ladies of the household—they are all portraits. Henry lord Hunsdon carries the sword of state before her majesty. Among the knights of the garter, Leicester walks nearest to the queen; then my lord-treasurer, Burleigh, with his white staff, and Charles Howard the admiral, afterwards earl of Nottingham; followed by Sussex, Russell, and Clinton, each adorned with a profile portrait of her majesty, pendant from a ribbon. The ladies are all richly jewelled, and Elizabeth herself, according to custom,

[1] The countess Chateauneuf was the mistress of the duke of Anjou.

outdoes the queen of diamonds in her bravery. She is represented of a comely and majestic presence.

The picture is conjectured to have been painted by Mark Gerrard, Elizabeth's court painter, and it has been splendidly engraved by Virtue, among his historic prints; a posthumous portrait of Mary Boleyn, lord Hunsdon's mother, and aunt to the queen, appears in the back-ground, in a grave dark dress; lady Hunsdon is in white, and nearest to the queen. Lady Knollys, his sister, and the young Catherine Carey, his daughter, who afterwards married her cousin, Charles Howard, the lord admiral, are also among the dramatis personæ of this remarkable picture.

We find, by Stowe, that the queen was carried to St. Paul's, occasionally, after this fashion, which reminds us of the procession of a pagan goddess surrounded by her priests and worshippers, or the ovation of a Roman conqueror, rather than the transit of a Christian queen in civilized times. The semi-barbarous display of pomp and homage suited the theatrical taste of Elizabeth, who inherited the pride and vanity of both her parents, and understood little of the delicacy and reserve of an English gentlewoman, which, even in the days of Alfred, deterred royal females from exhibiting themselves to the vulgar in a manner unbefitting the modesty of their sex.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth discovers Norfolk's implication in Ridolfi's plot—Scene with the French ambassador—Her anger—Her observation touching her wedding—Anjou breaks his faith with her—His younger brother offered to her in his place—Elizabeth's vexation—Her rejoinder to the Spanish ambassador—Her reluctance to Norfolk's execution—Signs his death-warrant—Revokes it—Her angry letter to the queen of Scots—Dangerous illness of Elizabeth—Her marriage treaty with Alençon—Her Maundy—Alençon's portrait sent to her—Execution of Norfolk—Parliament urges her to execute the queen of Scots—Elizabeth's noble reply—Signs a treaty with France—Elizabeth's fêtes, &c., and Sunday amusements—Dissimulation—Flattered by La Mothe Fenelon—Alençon's letter—Elizabeth objects to his youth, ugliness, &c.—Deliberates on curing his defects—Elizabeth's praise of Catherine de Medicis—Entry into Warwick—Receives the French ambassadors there—Their flattery, and marriage discussions—Warwick fired by the fireworks at a festival in Elizabeth's honour—Her reception of the French ambassador after the massacre of St. Bartholomew—Her project for betraying the queen of Scots—Her parsimony—She continues secretly her marriage treaty with Alençon—She has the small pox—Her recovery—Facetious observations—Accepts the office of sponsor to Charles IX.'s infant—Scene in the privy-council—Love letter from Alençon to Elizabeth—Asks permission to visit her—She demurs—Court gossip—Favours the earl of Oxford—Interferes in his quarrel with sir Philip Sidney—Her progress in Kent, &c.—Her visit to Canterbury—Feasted by the archbishop of Canterbury—Treats with the French envoy—Dinner at St. Austin's Hall—Her visit to Sandwich—Entertained by mayor's wife, &c.—Surveys the dock-yards at Chatham.

WHILE Elizabeth was deluding herself into something like an imaginary passion for the youthful heir-presumptive of France, her kinsman, the duke of Norfok, had resumed his interdicted correspondence with the captive queen of Scots, and the luckless lovers had suffered themselves to be entangled by the intriguing Florentine banker, Ridolfi, in the meshes of a political plot, of the full tendency of which they

appear not to have been aware.[1] Its ostensible object was the liberation of Mary, her marriage with Norfolk, and her restoration to her rightful throne. As this could not be effected without foreign aid, Mary and Norfolk empowered Ridolfi to apply to the duke of Alva.

Alva by no means approved of his client, whom he regarded as a chattering visionary, half madman, half knave, but as it was the policy of his sovereign to cause all the annoyance in his power to the queen of England, he promised to assist the confederates with ten thousand men in the following spring. Letters to that effect were found on the person of Baily, the queen of Scots' courier from France, and a watchful eye was kept on all parties. Meantime, Fenelon, by Mary's desire, furnished two thousand crowns in gold for the relief of her faithful friends in Scotland. These the duke of Norfolk undertook to forward, and his servant, Higford, gave the bag to a person of the name of Brown, telling him it was silver for the duke's private use, and bidding him deliver it to Banister, his lord's steward. Brown, judging by the weight of the bag that it contained gold, carried it to the council. It was opened, and letters in cipher discovered, which betrayed the whole business. Norfolk was arrested, and the letters from the queen of Scots, which Higford had been ordered to burn, but had treacherously preserved, were found under the mats of his chamber door, and the key of the cipher in which they were written under the tiles of the house.[2]

There is something peculiarly revolting in the fact, that Elizabeth should have been so callous to all the tender sympathies of the female character, as to enjoin the application of torture to extort a confession, against their unfortunate lord, from Barker and Banister, two of the duke of Norfolk's servants. She says:—

"If they shall not seem to you to confess plainly their knowledge, then we warrant you to cause them both, or either of them, to be brought to the rack; and first to move them with fear thereof, to deal plainly in their answers; and

[1] The details of this foolish business may be seen in Camden, Lingard, and other historians of Elizabeth's reign. The intelligent research of my lamented friend, the late Mr. Howard of Corby, among the *records of Simancas*, has brought to light many curious particulars connected with the intrigues of Ridolfi, which are printed in the last supplementary appendix of the Howard Memorials, for private circulation.

[2] Camden. Despatches of Fenelon. Lingard.

if that shall not move them, then you shall cause them to be put to the rack, *and to find the taste thereof*, until they shall deal more plainly, or until you shall think meet."[1]

Two days subsequent to the date of this warrant, sir Thomas Smith writes thus to lord Burleigh respecting Barker's, Banister's, and the other examinations:—

"I suppose we have gotten so much as at this time is likely to be had, yet to-morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them to the rack, not in any hope to get anything worthy that pain and fear, but because it is so earnestly commanded to us."[2]

Melancholy comment on the royal order!

When the confessions of Higford, and others of his servants, were read to the unfortunate nobleman, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart, "I am betrayed and undone by mine own people, for not knowing how to distrust, which is the only sinew of wisdom!"[3]

Ridolfi deposed before the council, "that the catholics were resolved to seize the queen's person, or to assassinate her, during one of her progresses in the country, and that the marquis Vitelli had offered to strike the blow." The pope, the king of Spain, and the bishop of Ross, were all stated to be cognizant of these intentions, but the duke of Norfolk passionately denied having the slightest evil intention against his royal mistress; he acknowledged that he had been undutiful in disobeying her commands, but that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than have suffered her to be harmed."[4]

The queen was greatly irritated, especially against the bishop of Ross, whom she had at one time determined to

[1] Letter of warrant, addressed to sir Thomas Smith and Dr. Wilson, MS. Cotton. Calig. c. 111, fol. 229.

[2] Murdin's State Papers. The case of Barker and Banister was not, we lament to add, a solitary instance of the use of torture in the reign of Elizabeth. The history of the Tower of London teems with records of the cruelties that were, in the years 1580–1, inflicted upon the recusants, and other state prisoners, with whom the jealous policy of her ministers had peopled its gloomy cells. Some persons were confined in a dungeon twenty feet below the surface of the earth; others in "litel ease," where they had neither room to stand upright, nor to lay down at full length. Some were put to the rack, or placed in Skivington's irons, vulgarly called the "scavenger's daughter," (*scavengeri filiam,*) an iron instrument, by which head, feet, and hands were bound together. Many were chained and fettered, while others, still more unfortunate, had their hands forced into iron gloves, which were much too small, or were subjected to the horrid torture of the boot. (Bayley's History of the Tower of London.)

[3] Camden. [4] Ibid.

put to death. While her indignation was at its height, the French ambassador came to intercede for the bishop, and presented a letter in his behalf from Charles IX., which he prayed her majesty to take in good part. The queen read the letter, and replied, angrily, "that she could not take it in good part that the king of France should have written to her in that fashion, for the bishop had been plotting against her, to introduce foreigners as invaders of her realm, who were to be joined, she found, by some of her own subjects, and that there was a conspiracy to declare her illegitimate, and to place the queen of Scots on her throne; for which, as he had violated the character of an ambassador, she had imprisoned him." She said, "she wished to know to whom the bishop of Ross had written two letters, marked 40 and 30, since the Spanish ambassador and the queen of Scots had affirmed that it was not to them;"[1] and significantly observed, "that the king of France, who had been implicated in the confederacy against her, wished, she supposed, to exemplify the truth of this saying of Machiavelli—

"'The friendship of princes does not go beyond their convenience.'"[2]

Charles might have retorted, that all the domestic troubles by which his realm was convulsed, had been, in like manner, fomented by Elizabeth. He had been especially incensed at the protection afforded by her to the count Montgomeri, by whose erring lance his royal father had been slain at the bridal tournament twelve years before, and who had since distinguished himself as one of the Huguenot leaders. After the defeat of his party at Moncortour, Montgomeri had taken refuge in England. Charles demanded, by his ambassador, that he should be given up. "Tell your master," said Elizabeth, "that I shall answer him in this case, as his father once did my sister, when some of her traitors having fled to France, she demanded that justice might be done on them, to which he replied, 'I see no reason why I should be the queen of England's hangman;' and such is my answer touching Montgomeri."[3]

As neither Charles nor Elizabeth were prepared for open hostility, they contented themselves with doing each other

[1] La Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid., vol. iv. p. 145.
[3] Ibid., vol. iii.

all the ill turns they could, under the name of friendship, exchanging meanwhile all the compliments and affectionate professions that the deceitful tempers of either could devise. On the 11th of November, the French ambassador gave a banquet at his own house to Leicester, Burleigh, the admiral, and the other members of Elizabeth's cabinet; on which occasion, Leicester enlarged on the affection borne by his royal mistress to the king of France, and assured La Mothe, "that nothing could disunite them, unless it were interference with her majesty in the affairs of Scotland; and at the same time openly avowed, that it was not her intention ever to liberate the Scottish queen."

The court of Elizabeth was enlivened by four weddings, December 22; that of the sister of the earl of Huntingdon with the son of the earl of Worcester, the eldest daughter of the lord chamberlain with lord Dudley, the daughter of Burleigh with the earl of Oxford, and the lord Paget with a rich young widow. Elizabeth honoured the nuptials of the daughter of her premier, with the representative of the ancient line of de Vere, with her presence, and, becoming a little merry at the wedding feast, she was pleased to observe to the French ambassador, "that so many marriages at one time seemed to her a presage[1] that her own would soon take place."

Monsieur de la Mothe, though well aware of the state of the handsome and reckless Henry of Anjou's feelings towards his royal *fiancée*, made a complimentary reply to this intimation, and took care to charge the blame of the tardy progress of the treaty on her majesty's confidential advisers.

It was a singular coincidence, that the month of January, 1572, was fraught with the condemnation of Mary Stuart's affianced lover, the duke of Norfolk, and the rupture of the matrimonial treaty between the duke of Anjou and queen Elizabeth. Matters had indeed come to such a pass, that Elizabeth perceived, that if she would avoid the mortification of being refused by that prince, she must refuse him, on the grounds of religious scruples. She expressed her regrets "at the necessity that compelled her to decline the alliance, and hoped, that neither the king of France nor monsieur would consider her fickle; but, till

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv.

the last communication she received from them, she had flattered herself that the disputed points might have been arranged."[1]

The plenipotentiaries of France, who had long been aware of the impossibility of inducing their wilful prince to fulfil the engagements which had been promised and vowed in his name, felt themselves relieved from an embarrassing dilemma by the declaration of Elizabeth; and the very same day proposed, as a candidate for her majesty's hand, the duke of Alençon, the younger brother of Henry of Anjou, who was disposed to be more complying on the subject of religion than the said Henry. The first hint touching this absurd alliance, was given to Burleigh and Leicester, and not, on the whole, unfavourably received, though one of them exclaimed, in his first surprise, that "the royal pair would rather remind people of a mother and son, than of a husband and wife." Particular inquiries were then made as to the prince's age, and especially what was his precise height. The artful Frenchman had no distinct remembrance on these points.

Burleigh, who was sick of an intermittent fever and cold, caught at the marriage of his daughter with the young earl of Oxford, wrote to Walsingham, the 23rd of January, 1571-2, in allusion to this new suitor of the royal house of France. "In the matter of the third person, newly offered, his age, and other qualities unknown, maketh one doubtful how to use speech thereof. The ambassador hath dealt, as he saith, secretly with me; and I have shewed no argument from one hand or the other, but fear occupieth me more in this cause of her marriage, whom God suffered to lose so much time, than for my next fit."

When the premier broke the matter to Elizabeth, and told her, "that the treaty of alliance proposed with the duke of Alençon would be attended with the same political advantages as that lately negotiated for Anjou." Her majesty replied, quickly, "that, however suitable it might be in other respects, there was too great a disproportion in age, as well as stature, between them;" and asked, "how tall the duke of Alençon was?"

"About your majesty's own height," was the reply.

[1] Depêches de La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 354.

Elizabeth was not to be put off with generalities on such important points—she insisted on date and measurement being produced. Burleigh applied to the ambassador for these, and both were promised.

Notwithstanding the semblance of indifference assumed by Elizabeth, on the rupture of the matrimonial treaty with Henry of Anjou, it was a bitter mortification to her in reality; for Burleigh writes, in confidence to Walsingham, "this matter of monsieur is here grievously (in secret) taken, and surely it was not *here* well used, in drawing it out at length, which was politically done; so hath it not *there* been friendly ordered, and yet I do not so shew mine opinion of her majesty's stomaching that part, where the amity is so needful."[1] Thus it appears that the suavity, with which the ridiculous proposal of the youngest brother of France was received, proceeded at first, not from the coquetry of Elizabeth, but the diplomacy of Burleigh, who was determined not to allow his sovereign to take an affront with the court of France. Her majesty in consequence smothered her resentment, and revenged herself by playing on the maternal ambition of the queen-mother, and tantalized her for years with delusive hopes that she might be induced to share her crown with the ugly untoward imp, Alençon.

Burleigh appears to have done all in his power to induce the queen to entertain the proposal. He even wrote out (some say, made) an astrological calculation of her majesty's nativity, by which it seemed "that the stars decreed that she was to marry a young man, a stranger, who had never been married; that she would have by him a son, healthy, famous, and fortunate in his mature age; that she would highly esteem her husband, would live with him many years, and also survive him."[2] The fact was, Burleigh did not mean the queen to marry at all, and judged that the negotiations with Alençon would amuse and prevent her from looking out for another husband, till it was too late to think of matrimony. This proved to be the case.

Early in this year arrived a deputy from Flanders, with a message from the duke of Alva, announcing to queen

[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges, p. 166.
[2] Strype's Appendix.

Elizabeth the accouchement of the queen of Spain, and informing her, "that the king, his master, who was despatching a courier to the emperor at the same time, had not had leisure to write to her, to ask her congratulations on the birth of the son which God had given him, but that he had charged the duke of Alva to do so, in his name, by a special messenger."

Elizabeth replied with infinite disdain, "that she rejoiced at the good luck of the king of Spain, but not at the fashion in which it had been made known to her; for as a courier had been despatched so far express for that purpose, he might have been delayed a few moments, or even an hour, to write the same thing which the duke of Alva had sent to her."[1]

The messenger requested leave, through the Spanish ambassador, to remain till they should receive some communication from their sovereign, to which she replied, "that in four days she would let them know her pleasure;" but before that time, she sent her orders to the ambassador to depart, but detained his maitre d'hotel as a prisoner, on a charge of having conspired against lord Burleigh.

Elizabeth held the axe suspended over her unfortunate kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, for many weeks, during which time earnest supplication was made for his life, by his mother, sister, and the French ambassador. He endeavoured himself to mollify her by his submissive deportment, though he behaved like a faithful and stainless knight, with regard to his royal love, the captive queen of Scots. Early in February, Elizabeth issued her warrant and order for his execution on the following morning; and at eleven at night her mind misgave her, and she sent to revoke it.

Burleigh, who, some months before, had offered to save the life of this great peer if he would resign his pretensions to the hand of the queen of Scots, and marry his sister, had, on his declining, though with all possible courtesy, an alliance so unsuitable in point of birth, conceived the most vindictive hatred for him, and sorely grudged at these indications of the royal disposition to mercy. In one of his letters to Walsingham, dated February 11th, he says:—

[1] Despatches of la Mothe Fenelon.

"I cannot write to you what is the inward stay of the duke of Norfolk's death, only I find her majesty diversely disposed. Sometimes, when she speaketh of her danger, she concludeth that justice should be done; another time, when she speaketh of his nearness of blood, (meaning his close degree of relationship to herself,) of his superiority in honour, she stayeth. On Saturday, she signed a warrant for the writs to the sheriffs of London for his execution on Monday; and so all preparations were made, with the expectation of all London, and concourse of many thousands yesterday in the morning, but their coming was answered with another ordinary execution of Mather and Burney, for conspiring the queen's majesty's death, and of one Ralph, for counterfeiting her majesty's hand twice, to get concealed lands. And the cause of this disappointment was this:—suddenly on Sunday, late in the night, the queen's majesty sent for me, and entered into a great misliking that the duke should die the next day, and said, she was and should be disquieted, and "that she would have a new warrant made that night to the sheriffs to forbear until they should hear further, and so they did. God's will be fulfilled, and aid her majesty to do herself good."[1]

Norfolk was nearly allied in blood to the queen, and whether from that cause, or from the consciousness of his accomplishments and great popularity, she appears to have entertained many misgivings before she could resolve to carry the sentence against him into effect. Through the incessant importunity of Burleigh and Leicester, she again signed n order for his execution on the 27th, and revoked it the next morning, two hours before day. Two other warrants were afterwards signed and revoked in the same manner."

The last letter of revocation, the original of which is written entirely in the queen's own hand, is extremely curious, and worthy of the reader's attention, it is addressed to lord Burleigh, and is as follows:—

"My lord, methinks that I am more beholden to the hinder part of my head than will dare trust the forward side of the same, and therefore sent the lieutenant and the S., as you know best, the order to defer this execution till they hear further. And that this may be done, I doubt nothing, without curiosity of my further warrant, for that this rash determination upon a very

[1] Complete Ambassador, sir Dudley Digges.

unfit day, was countermanded by your considerate admonition. The causes that move me to this are not now to be expressed, lest an irrevocable deed be in meanwhile committed. If they will need a warrant, let this suffice, all written with my own hand. Your most loving soveraine,

"ELIZABETH R."

This letter is indorsed in lord Burleigh's hand:—

"xi. Apl. 1572.
"The Q. Majy. with
her own hand, for
staying of the execution
of the D. N.
R. at 2 in the morning." [1]

Elizabeth appears to have been much exasperated, at this painful crisis, by a letter addressed by the queen of Scots to the duke of Alva, which was unfortunately intercepted. When she gave an audience to monsieur du Croc, who had just arrived on a mission from France, and wished to obtain permission to see Mary, and also to convey her to France, she told him, "she would not grant either request, and took a paper out of her pocket," says La Mothe Fenelon, "which she shewed us was a letter in cipher, and we recognised that it was really signed by the queen of Scotland's hand. She then read to us a portion of the decipherment, which was addressed to the duke of Alva, exhorting him to send ships to the coast of Scotland, to carry off the prince her son, whom she had committed to the king of Spain. Unfortunately, Mary adverted to the state of affairs in England in this letter, and said, "that she had a strong party there, and of the lords who favoured her cause, of whom, although some were prisoners, the queen of England would not dare to touch their lives." She concluded, by expressing a hope "that the whole island would, by these means, in time be restored to the catholic church."[2]

La Mothe goes on to say, that Elizabeth's comments on this decipherment were very bitter, and she enlarged angrily on all the plots, which she said "the queen of Scots had devised to deprive her of her life and royal estate."

It was this letter which, probably, decided the fate of Norfolk, for Elizabeth was not of a temper to brook the opinion, that she dared not touch the life of the mightiest

[1] Ellis' Royal Letters.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. pp. 393, 394.

in her realm, who had offended her, although the noble blood, that she was preparing to shed on a scaffold, was the same that flowed in her own veins, the duke and herself being the descendants of the same great-grandfather—the victorious earl of Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk.

Elizabeth vented a portion of the vindictive rage, that was rankling in her heart, against her royal captive, Mary Stuart, by replying in the following bitter terms to several piteous letters, of supplicatory remonstrance, which the latter had written to her from the bed of sickness:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.[1]

"February 1st, 1571-2.

"Madame,—Of late time I have received divers letters from you, to the which, you may well guess, by the accidents of the time, why I have not made any answer, but specially because I saw no matter in them that required any answer, *as* could have contented you; and to have discontented you, had been but an increase of your impatience, which I thought time would have mitigated, as it commonly doth, where the cause thereof is not truly grounded, and that it be so understood; but now, finding by your last letter, the 27th of the last (month), an increase of your impatience, tending, also, to many uncomely, passionate, and vindictive speeches, I thought to change my former opinion, and, by patient and advised words, to move you to stay, or else to qualify your passions, and to consider, that it is not the manner to obtain good things with evil speeches, nor benefits with injurious challenges, nor to get good to yourself with doing evil to another.

"And yet, to avoid the fault which, I note you have committed, in filling a long letter with a multitude of sharp and injurious words, I will not, by way of letter, write any more of the matter, but have rather chosen to commit to my cousin, the earl of Shrewsbury, the things which I have thought meet, upon the reading of your letters, to be imparted unto you, as in a memorial, in writing, he hath to shew you; wherewith I think, if reason be present with you, and passion absent at the reading, you will follow, hereafter, rather the course of the last part of your letter than the first, the latter being written as in a calm, and the former in a storm. Wishing you the same grace of God that I wish to myself, and that he may direct you to desire and attain to that which is meet for his honour, and your quietness, with contentation both of body and mind. Given at my Palace of Westminster, the 1st day of February, 1571-2.

"Your cousin, that wisheth you a better mind,

"ELIZABETH."

It is very probable that the sudden and dangerous attack of illness with which Elizabeth was seized, about the 20th of March, was caused by the mental conflict she certainly suffered at this anxious period. This illness appears

[1] MS. Cottonian Calig., c. iii. fol. 141. Endorsed "Minute of a letter sent to the queen of Scots."

to have been severe inflammation of the chest and stomach, attended with agonizing pain; and, according to the temper of the times, it was at first attributed to poison, though her majesty's physicians declared, "that it was occasioned by her contempt for physic, and utter neglect of such potions as they considered necessary to keep her in health." But, from whatever cause it originated, her illness was most alarming to her cabinet, and with good cause, considering how deeply one and all stood committed with the captive heiress of the realm. The whole court awaited the event in breathless suspense—the two whom it most concerned, Leicester and Burleigh, watched three whole nights by her bedside, and the French ambassador detained his courier, who was ready to start with his despatches, till it was decided whether her majesty would live or die. The shadow of death passed from over her, after five days of intense pain, and, as soon as she was convalescent, she again issued her mandate for the execution of the duke of Norfolk; and, for the fourth time, revoked her order. This was the 17th of April.

Meantime, a lively dialogue on the affairs of England and her queen, took place in the gardens of the royal castle of Blois, between the queen-mother of France and Elizabeth's astute ambassadors, Walsingham and sir Thomas Smith,[1] which we abstract from the official report of the latter, as affording a most amusing episode in the negotiations for the Alençon alliance.

Catherine asked, "If the duke of Norfolk were executed yet?"

"We said, 'No; not that we could learn.'

"'No!' said she, 'then belike the queen will pardon him?' We answered, 'We could not tell.' 'I would,' resumed Catherine de Medicis, 'that she were quiet from all these broils. Do you know nothing, now, how she can fancy marriage with my son the duke of Alençon?'

"'Madame, you know me of old, except I have a sure ground, I dare affirm nothing to your majesty.'

[1] The Complete Ambassador, edited by sir Dudley Digges, p. 195, dated March 17, 1571-2. Letter of sir Thomas Smith, clerk of Elizabeth's council, then temporary ambassador.

"'Why,' rejoined Catherine, 'if your queen be disposed to marry, I do not see where she can marry better, though I, as a mother, may be justly considered partial, but as for those I have heard named, the emperor's son (the archduke Rodolph) or don John of Austria, they both be lesser than my son is, and of less stature by a good deal. If she should marry, it were pity any more time should be lost.'

"'Madame,' quoth I, 'if it pleased God that she were married, and had a child, all these brags, and all these treasons would be soon appeased; and, if her child's father were the duke of Alençon, for my part I cared not if ye had the queen of Scots here, for ye then would be as jealous over her, for the queen my mistress' security, as we, or as she herself is.'

"'That is true,' replied her majesty, 'and without this marriage, if she should marry otherwise, I see not how our present league and amity will be sure!'

"'True, madame,' quoth I, 'the knot of marriage and kindred is a stronger seal than that which is printed in wax; yet all leagues have not marriage joined with them, as this may, if it please God.'

"'I would it were done,' replied Catherine, 'then surely would I make a start over to England, and see her myself, which I most desire of all things.'

"'Madame,' quoth I, 'if I had now as ample a commission for M. de Alençon as I had at the first for monsieur[1] (the duke of Anjou), the matter would soon, by God's grace, be at an end!'

"'Would you had,' enthusiastically replied the royal mother of both the princes; 'and if you have such a one when you return to England, would you not come over again to execute it?'

"'Yes, madame,' quoth I, 'most gladly, for so good a purpose would I pass again the sea, if I were never so sick!'

"'Surely,' interposed Mr. Walsingham, 'it was not religion which made that stop in the marriage of monsieur, the duke of Anjou, but some other thing?'

[1] This passage shews, from the very highest authority, how fully determined queen Elizabeth had been to marry the duke of Anjou, (afterwards Henry III.)

" 'No, surely;' replied the queen-mother, 'my son Anjou never shewed me any other cause.'

" 'I assure you, madam,' said Mr. Walsingham, 'I can, *marvellous* hardly believe it; for, at *Gallion* (?)[1] he was so willing and well-affected, that methought it did me much good to hear him speak of the queen, my mistress; I perceived it in his words, in his countenance, and in all things; but, when he came again to Paris, all was clean changed!'

" 'It is true,' replied queen Catherine, 'and it may be much to marvel, but even at *Gallion* all things he liked well, but the religion, at which he made a little stop, yet nothing as he did afterwards. Upon this I bare him in hand, for it grieved me not a little, (and the king, my son, as you know), that he believed all evil rumours and tales that naughty persons, who wished to break the matter, spread abroad of the queen of England, and that made him so backward. I told him,' continued Catherine, 'that all the hurt which evil men can do to noble and royal women, is to spread abroad lies and dishonourable tales of us; and that we princes, who be women, of all persons are subject to be slandered wrongfully by them who be our adversaries—other hurt they cannot do us.[2] Then my son Anjou said and swore to me, that he gave no credit to them, for he knew that queen Elizabeth had so virtuously governed her realm, for this long time, that she must needs be a good woman and princess, and full of honour, and other opinion of her he could not have, but his conscience and his religion did so trouble him, that he could not be in quiet.'"[3]

Walsingham and Smith[4] were recreated with another diplomatic walk in the garden of the castle of Blois with the scheming queen-mother of France. Some curious con-

[1] Probably Galliers, a French country palace.

[2] This observation, coming so philosophically and calmly from the lips of a queen, who is more loaded with obloquy than any other woman in the world, in defence of another who had her share of scandal (from one party at least) is a great historical curiosity.

[3] The reader has been let behind the scenes as to Anjou's real reason for his insolent refusal of Elizabeth, by his mother's letter already quoted. Catherine de Medicis, who was not so cunning as she thought herself, lets out his real reasons—viz., the scandals on Elizabeth, in this remarkable speech to the acute and inimical Walsingham.

[4] Letter of Smith to Burleigh, Complete Ambassador, p. 167, dated March 22, 1571-2.

versation occurred, relating to the mutual jealousies felt by England and France, at the Ridolfi plot, the gist of which was to steal young James of Scotland from his guardians, and deliver him to Philip II. in order that marriage might be contracted between him and the young infanta. Likewise the project of Alva to free Mary queen of Scots, by an invasion of Flemish troops at Harwich.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Catherine de Medicis, "and doth not your mistress, queen Elizabeth, see plainly that she will always be in such danger till she marry? If she marry into some good house, who shall dare attempt aught against her?"

"Madame," replied sir Thomas Smith, "I think if she were once married, all in England that had traitorous hearts would be discouraged, for one tree alone may soon be cut down; but when there be two or three together, it is longer doing; for if she had a child, then all these bold and troublesome titles of the Scottish queen, or of the others, who make such gapings for her death, would be clean choked up."

"I see," observed Catherine, "that your queen might very well have five or six children."

"I would to God we had one!" devoutly rejoined the zealous Smith.

"No;" said Catherine, "two boys, lest one should die, and three or four daughters to make alliance with us again, and with other princes to strengthen the realm."

"Why, then," replied ambassador Smith, gaily, "you think that monsieur Le Duc shall speed?"

Catherine laughed, and said, "*Je le desire infinitement*, and I would then myself trust to see three or four, at the least, of her race, which would make me spare nor sea nor land to behold them myself. And if," continued she, "queen Elizabeth could have fancied my son Anjou as much as you told me, why not this (the duke of Alençon) come of the same house, and every way equal to his brother?"

Nevertheless, her majesty expressed her doubts that Alençon had stopped growing, and that he would never attain the fine stature of Anjou. She, however interrupted a remark of the English ambassador, on the height of this candidate for Elizabeth's hand, by exclaiming—

"Nay, he is not so little; he is as high as you, or very near."

"For that matter," replied Smith, "I, for my part, make small account of height, provided the queen's majesty can fancy him. Since Pipinus Brevis,[1] who married Bertha, the king of Almain's (Germany) daughter, was so little to her, that he is standing in Aquisgrave[2] or Moguerre, a church in Germany, she taking him by the hand, that his head reaches not her girdle; and yet he had by her Charlemagne, the great emperor and king of France, reported to be almost a giant in stature. And as to your *Oliver* Glesquim, the *Briton* constable,[3] that you make so much of, who lieth buried among your kings at St. Denis, if he was no bigger than there portrayed on his tomb, he must have been very short, scarcely four foot long, but yet he was valiant, hardy, and courageous, and did us Englishmen most hurt of any one."

Thus did ambassador Smith fluently vindicate the worth and valour of little men, including among them the redoubtable descendant of king Pepin, Elizabeth's small suitor Alençon, and, doubtless, himself, since Catherine de Medicis considered them nearly the same height.

"It is true," resumed her majesty, "that it is the heart, courage and activity that are to be looked for in a man, rather than his height. But, hear you no word of the queen's affection in my son's way? can you give me no comfort?"

Smith assured her he had no fresh intelligence, "for their courier had only departed on the 11th of the month, and had not yet returned."

In the midst of all these matrimonial speculations, Elizabeth kept her maundy at Greenwich, according to the ancient custom practised by Edward the Confessor, and his relatives St. Margaret, St. David, and queen Matilda Atheling the Good. This custom required, that the queen herself should wash the feet of the poor, in remembrance of our Saviour washing the feet of the apostles. Elizabeth will scarcely be blamed in modern times, because she per-

[1] Pepin, the little king of France, father of Charlemagne.
[2] So written.
[3] Probably the valiant Bertrand du Gueselin, constable of France.

formed the office daintily. The palace hall was prepared with a long table on each side, with benches, carpets, and cushions, and a cross-table at the upper end, where the chaplain stood. Thirty-nine poor women, being the same number as the years of her majesty's age, at that time, March 19, 1572, entered, and were seated on the forms; then the yeoman of the laundry, armed with a fair towel, took a silver bason filled with warm water and sweet flowers, and washed all their feet, one after the other; he likewise made a cross a little above the toes, and kissed each foot after drying it, the sub-almoner performed the same ceremony, and the queen's almoner also. Then her majesty entered the hall, and went to a priedieu and cushion, placed in the space between the two tables, and remained during prayers and singing, and while the gospel was read, how Christ washed his apostles' feet. Then came in a procession of thirty-nine of the queen's maids of honour and gentlewomen, each carrying a silver bason with warm water, spring flowers, and sweet herbs, having aprons and towels withal. Then her majesty, kneeling down on the cushion placed for the purpose, proceeded to wash, in turn, one of the feet of each of the poor women, and wiped them with the assistance of the fair bason-bearers; moreover, she crossed and kissed them, as the others had done. Then, beginning with the first, she gave each a sufficient broad cloth for a gown, and a pair of shoes, a wooden platter, wherein was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings, two manchetts, and a mazer, or wooden cup, full of claret. All these things she gave separately. Then each of her ladies delivered to her majesty the towel and the apron used in the ablution, and she gave each of the poor women one a-piece. This was the conclusion of the ladies' official duty of the maundy. The treasurer of the royal chamber, Mr. Heneage, brought her majesty thirty-nine small white purses,[1] each with thirty-nine pence, which she gave separately to every poor woman. Mr. Heneage then supplied her with thirty-nine red purses, each containing twenty shillings; this she distributed to redeem the gown she wore, which by ancient custom was given to one chosen among the number. After taking her

[1] They were made of wash leather, with very long strings.

ease on her cushion of state, and listening awhile to the choir, her majesty withdrew, for it was near sunset.

La Mothe Fenelon soon after announced, that the portrait of the duke of Alençon had been delivered, by Cavalcanti, to the earl of Leicester, who carried it into her majesty's private cabinet, and submitted it to her inspection; and he afterwards told La Mothe, "that though it was not altogether the same as monsieur, her majesty seemed to think it had somewhat of the same air and bearing; that she did not appear to dislike it, and had judged that the accident to his face would wear out in time; but when she came to read the inscription of his age, she said, 'It was just the half of hers—nineteen years to thirty-eight—and that she feared being so much his senior.'"[1]

In consequence of Elizabeth's reluctance to bring the duke of Norfolk to the block, a party was raised by the secret instigation of Burleigh, and his other equally deadly foe, Leicester, by whom her majesty was urged both privately and publicly, to cause the sentence of death to be executed on the unfortunate duke. At length, an address from parliament, assuring her that there could be no security for herself and realm till this were done, furnished her with a legitimate excuse for bringing him to the block, June 2nd, 1572.

It is impossible, however, to read Burleigh's frequent lamentations to Walsingham, on the repugnance of their royal mistress to shed her unfortunate kinsman's blood, without perceiving the real authors of his death. Well did the pitiless men by whom Elizabeth's better feelings were smothered, understand the arts of bending her stormy temper to their determined purposes.

"As to your letters to her majesty," writes Burleigh to Walsingham, "forasmuch as the duke of Norfolk had suffered upon Monday, and your letters came on Tuesday, I thought it not amiss to tell the queen, 'that I had letters from you to her, which I thought were only to shew her the opinion of wise men, and her majesty's well wishers in France, both for the queen of Scots and the duke of Norfolk;' whereupon, she bade me open the letters, and so I did, in her presence; and she being somewhat sad for the duke of Norfolk's death, I took occasion to cut off the reading thereof, and so entered into speech of the queen of Scots, which she did not mislike; and commended your care and diligence."[2]

[1] Fenelon's Despatches, vol. iv.
[2] Complete Ambassador, Digges, 212.

The death of Norfolk was intended by Elizabeth's council as a prelude to that of a more illustrious victim. The queen was told, "that she must lay the axe to the root of the evil, for that she would neither have rest or security while the Scottish queen was in existence." Elizabeth, with a burst of generous feeling, recoiled from the suggestion. "Can I put to death," she exclaimed, "the bird that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to my feet for protection? Honour and conscience forbid!"

The same parliament which had urged the execution of the duke of Norfolk, passed a bill for inflicting the punishment of death on the queen of Scots, for her share in the recent plots, but Elizabeth refused her assent both to that and another bill, which would have made it a capital offence for any one to assert the rights of that princess to the regal succession.

The tragedy of Norfolk's execution was followed by a series of brilliant fêtes, which were ordained in honour of the arrival of the duke de Montmorenci and monsieur de Foix, who came to conclude, in the name of the king of France, the solemn treaty of perpetual peace and alliance between that prince and queen Elizabeth, as well as to make an official offer to her of the hand of the boy Alençon.

On the 14th of June, the noble envoys presented their credentials to her majesty, together with private letters from the king of France, the queen-mother, and the two princes, her late suitor, and her present; all which she received graciously, but only read that from the king in their presence. The next day being Sunday, they, with the French ambassador, monsieur de la Mothe, were introduced by lord Burleigh into the chapel royal, after the prayers were ended, for the purpose of receiving a solemn ratification of the treaty from the queen.

A profusion of compliments having been exchanged, her majesty expressed her happiness at entering into a treaty of perpetual alliance with the king of France; and called "God to witness for her punishment, if in her heart he saw not a true intention of bringing forth the fruits of this concord by suitable deeds; for words," she said, "were no better than leaves." She made also a deceitful profession of her

impartial dealing with regard to Scotland, in a loud voice. She then demanded the parchment digest of the treaty with the royal seal and signature of the king of France, which was forthwith presented to her with all due ceremony, by the plenipotentiaries of his most Christian majesty. Then she approached the altar, and, laying her hand on the gospels, which were held by one of her bishops, swore solemnly "to observe all the articles contained in the treaty." She signed it on a golden desk, which was supported by four earls, in the presence of a great many French nobles, and the principal lords and ladies of her court.[1]

"On our departure from the chapel," says monsieur de la Mothe, "to whose lively pen we are indebted for these details," she took us all three into her privy chamber, and, a little after, to her hall of presence, where she would have us dine at her own table, and the other French nobles in another great hall, with the lords of her court." After dinner, she talked some time apart with the duke de Montmorenci; and then conducted the matrimonial commissioners into her privy chamber, where the more interesting business, with which they were charged, was formally opened by the duke de Montmorenci, and confirmed by De Foix, according to the royal etiquette on such occasions, after she had read the letters of the royal family of France.

Her majesty returned her thanks most graciously, "which," observes La Mothe Fenelon, "she well knows how to do;" touched on the difficulties that had attended the late negotiation, and were likely to impede the present; and, without either accepting or rejecting the new candidate for her hand, deferred her answer till such time as she should have given it proper consideration. She then did M. de Montmorenci the honour of taking him into her own bed-chamber, where she permitted him to remain for some hours, till his own was prepared for him, which was near it, being the same formerly occupied by the earls of Leicester and Sussex.[2]

"Then they came," pursues La Mothe, "and took us to see the combats of bears, of bulls, and of a horse and monkey." The latter sport appears to have been an amusement confined to the court of the maiden queen, who took peculiar delight in these pastimes. "Then," continues his

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. pp. 16, 17, 18.

excellency, "we went into the pleasure gardens, till the said lady came out, in readiness for the banquet, which was prepared with the utmost grandeur and magnificence, on one of the terraces of the palace, in a green arbour, or pavilion, very large and beautiful, and well adorned with many compartments, and with two of the richest and most splendid beaufets in Europe.

"She again made M. de Montmorenci, M. de Foix, and me, eat at her own table; and all the rest of the lords, French and English, mingled with the ladies of the court, occupied another very long table near hers. We were sumptuously entertained, and the feast was prolonged till about midnight, when she led us to another terrace, which looked into the great court of the palace, where we had not been long, when an old man entered with two damsels, and implored succour for them in her court; and immediately there appeared twenty knights in the lists—ten in white, led by the earl of Essex, and ten in blue, led by the earl of Rutland—who, in the cause of these damsels, commenced a stout combat on horseback with swords, which lasted till the dawn of day, when the queen, by the advice of the umpires of the field, declared, 'that the damsels were delivered, and gave them all leave to retire to bed.'"[1]

This royal fête champêtre and mask, took place on a midsummer Sabbath-night, at the old palace of Westminster, on the banks of the Thames. Two days after, the French ambassador accompanied the court to Windsor, where her majesty invested Montmorenci with the order of the Garter. La Mothe Fenelon informs the king of France that he and his suite travelled at the expense of the queen, and were most liberally treated. "And I have seen," says he, "in the palaces of Windsor, and Hampton Court, but especially at the latter, more riches, and costly furniture, than I ever did see, or could have imagined."

At the same time that Francis duke de Montmorenci was admitted as knight of the Garter, Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, the lord Grey of Wilton, lord Chandos, and lord Burleigh, were elected companions of the order; and at the investiture, queen Elizabeth, as a signal mark of her favour to her prime minister, Burleigh, buckled the Garter about his knee herself; which appears to have been the first time this personal favour was conferred by the hands of a

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

female sovereign.[1] Elizabeth was, however, very proud of her distinction as the sovereign of this chivalric order.

La Mothe Fenelon informs the queen-mother of France, in his letter of the 22nd of June, "that he had urged Burleigh and Leicester to entreat their royal mistress to give an early answer on the subject of the marriage, and grant a conference to himself and Montmorenci. "For this cause," pursues he, "she sent for us all three on the morrow, to come to her after dinner, in private, without ceremony. We were brought by water into her garden, and found her in a gallery, where she received us all very graciously."

Elizabeth, while she avoided saying anything that might in the slightest degree commit herself, accused the equally cautious procurators of confining themselves to generalities, and said, "she desired to enter into particularities, especially on the important subject of religion." They assured her that everything would be arranged to her satisfaction. It is impossible not to observe the malign pleasure with which Elizabeth recounts the personal defects of the unlucky boy, whom the royal intriguante, Catherine de Medicis, had the folly to propose as a suitable consort for her. She demands of the ambassador, "what compensation is to be made to her, in the marriage articles, for the injury to his face from the small-pox?" and discusses his royal highness from top to toe, with no more ceremony than is commonly used by persons, who are bargaining for the purchase of a lap-dog, a monkey, or any other animal of small account. But for the strong reasons of political expediency, which rendered it necessary for the haughty Elizabeth to keep fair with France, there can be no doubt but she would have poured the overflowing measure of her ill-concealed scorn on both mother and son; as it was, she served her own purposes, by humouring this most absurd of projects, and permitted the wily Catherine, and her agreeable agent, monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon, to fancy that they were beguiling her, while she was in reality fooling them.

It was, however, no mistake for them to suppose that their flattery had some effect on the mind of Elizabeth, for she enjoyed it so much, that it is evident she prolonged the negotiations for the purpose of having the dose more frequently repeated; but though it was not difficult for the

[1] Hist. of the Orders of Knighthood, by sir H. Nicolas.

insinuating diplomatist to persuade the vainest of princesses, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and that the laws of nature were so far reversed in her favour, that time had improved her charms, instead of injuring them, it was another matter to induce her to bestow all these perfections, in addition to her more important endowments of grandeur and regal power, on a suitor of Alençon's description. Elizabeth certainly treated the idea with mockery, at the very time that she was feasting and bestowing honours, presents, and counter-flattery on the procurators of the marriage. The fêtes and entertainments, with which she graced Montmorenci and de Foix, lasted for a whole fortnight. The queen gratified them with costly and valuable presents of plate and money at their departure. Burleigh informs Walsingham, "that the ambassadors did all they could in the matter of the duc d'Alençon, but got from her majesty neither yea nor nay, but the delay of a month, in which she was to make up her mind." He charges Walsingham, meantime, to learn all he can of the duke, his real age and stature, and conditions, his inclination to religion, and that of his followers; of all which her majesty desired to be speedily advertised, that she might resolve before the month; "and surely," observes the premier, "I cannot see any lack in this, but in opinion for his age; which defect, if it might be supplied with some other recompence, were not worthy to be thought of. I wish we might have Calais for their issue, and he to be governor thereof during his life, so as we might have security for our staple there."[1]

The next time La Mothe Fenelon had an interview with Elizabeth, on the subject of the marriage, she expressed herself doubtfully touching the disparity of their age. The ambassador assured her, "that his prince's youth would be a singular advantage, as it would enable her and her counsellors to govern him at their own discretion, and that she could not, in all Europe, find a gentleman more deserving of the love and esteem of a fair and virtuous princess than the duke, and that she did herself wrong if she doubted that she was not worthy of the love and service of the most accomplished prince in the world, and entreated her to be satisfied that no one under heaven would be so extremely

[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges.

beloved as she, if she would but accept the affection of this prince, and receive him into her good graces. Elizabeth replied, "that perhaps it might be so for a little while, but in seven or eight years he would begin to despise and hate her, which would quickly bring her to the grave."

Then the ambassador told her, "that he had found a little piece of writing among monsieur de Foix' papers, after his departure, which was part of a letter written by the duke of Alençon himself to that gentleman, on the subject of his much-desired marriage with her majesty, and though, in truth, he had no commission to shew it to her majesty, yet, if she would like to see it, he would venture to do so, as it would serve materially to dispel the doubts she had in her heart." Elizabeth immediately called for seats, and, having taken his excellency into a corner of the apartment, made him sit down by her, while she perused the paper, which had, of course, been written for this very purpose. "She read and re-read it," says La Mothe, "and pronounced it 'marvellously well done, and exactly what she hoped to find in him,' adding her praise of his beautiful and graceful style of writing, and also commended his fair penmanship."

The next day, Leicester came to inform the ambassador, that the sight of that little letter had done more with her majesty, in favour of the marriage, than all that had been said by Montmorenci and de Foix, by himself, or Burleigh, and, in short, than all the council had been able to do, and very obligingly advised La Mothe to get the duke of Alençon to write another good letter, as discreetly expressed, and full of affection, that it might be shewn to the queen, and even, if he thought proper, one to her majesty, who would not take it amiss. Leicester took the opportunity of hinting, "that if the marriage were accomplished through his good offices, he should have no objection to a noble and wealthy French match himself, and expressed a wish that the queen-mother would send him the portrait of mademoiselle de Montpensier, which he knew well was in the house of the Count Palatine."[1]

One day, Elizabeth told La Mothe, "that one of her embassy in France had written very favourably of the duke of Alençon, in all respects, and had said, 'he would not de-

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

ceive her about the injury his face had received from the small-pox, knowing what a delicate eye she had for observing everything about any one, but that he would otherwise have been much handsomer than his brothers.'"

On this hint, La Mothe Fenelon launched out into the most extravagant encomiums on the prince, declaring "that in every particular, save and except the accident to his face, he was a paragon above all the other princes in the world, and that this injury was not without remedy, for there was a physician in London, who had lately cured a person of the marks of the small-pox, who had been more frightfully seamed with it than any one in the world, and that if she would only accept the service of the duke, he would, in a few days afterwards, be rendered beautiful, and worthy of her favour." This was certainly treating Elizabeth very much like a child, but it was an age of quackery and credulity, and it is very plain that Fenelon was himself deceived by the reports of the wonderful renovations, effected by this occult practitioner, in complexions that had been spoiled by the small-pox. He spoke of this to Burleigh, who begged him to name any person within the realm, who, to his certain knowledge, had been cured by the said physician.

"I named two," writes La Mothe to the queen-mother, "one of whom is of this city of London, and the other is a country lady, and a relation of the countess of Bedford. In truth,' the said doctor is a person of great learning and much experience, and has made no difficulty of it, but said, 'that the remedy has nothing in it that is noxious, and that it is very sure.'"

After La Mothe had mentioned this to Elizabeth, she smiled, and begged him to have the remedy applied by all means to the face of the duke of Alençon.[1] The earl of Lincoln, on his arrival from Paris, spoke very favourably of the young prince, and settled the two great objections, that were constantly urged against the marriage, in an off-hand way, by saying, "that his youth need not be any impediment, as he was growing older every day, and as for the scars of the small-pox, they were of no consequence, as he would soon have a beard to hide them."

On the 27th of July, Elizabeth sent the earl of Sussex, her grand chamberlain, to tell the French ambassador, "that

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

she was going, the next day, to dine at the house of the lord-treasurer, and that if he would come, he should be very welcome, and requested him to bring any letters that he had received for her, from his own court, with him." After dinner, she led him into a little compartment, out of the saloon, where she ordered seats to be brought for him and herself, and suffered no other person to approach. When she had discussed several subjects of political interest with him, he presented to her letters which he had received in his last packet addressed to her from the king and queen of France. She opened and read them with apparent satisfaction, and particularly noted every word of that written to her by the queen-mother, whom she commended as one of the wisest and most virtuous princesses in the world. She then put her letters into her pocket, and began to discuss her small suitor, the duke of Alençon, and the objections to her marriage with him, observing "that her subjects had hitherto esteemed her as somewhat wise, she having reigned over them in peace and prosperity fourteen years; but if, after she had eschewed matrimony all her life, she should, now she was an old woman, take a husband, so much too young, and especially with such a blemish in his face as that which had befallen monsieur d'Alençon, they would despise her, and deem her very ill-advised, even if she could shew them a sufficient counterpoise to atone for those great defects;" viz., his immature age and the scars of the small-pox. She added, "that she had, in the first instance, charged her council to prepare a reply in her name to that effect, the same day the proposal was made to her by monsieur de Montmorenci, and she prayed his most Christian majesty to take it in good part, and to continue to regard her as his own sister."[1]

The ambassador replied, with many compliments on her prudence, and all the fine qualities which had rendered her reign so prosperous, and assured her, "that she would study the good of her subjects, by accepting such a match as would increase her power, and that the king of France offered her the same conditions with Alençon that had been offered with monsieur, only that instead of Henry, she would take Francis, who would be contented with a less public exercise of the rites prescribed by his religion, than

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v.

the other, whose conscience would not permit him to omit anything connected with it."

He then begged permission to deliver to her majesty a letter which he had in charge to present to her from the duke of Alençon.[1] She took the letter, perused it with much satisfaction, and said, "that all he had written corresponded with what she heard in his praise." The ambassador requested that she would permit the duke to write to her again, to which she made no objection.

La Mothe Fenelon, at the conclusion of the conference, noticed, that the complexion-doctor had engaged to obliterate the disfiguring traces of the small-pox from the face of the duke, and received her majesty's gracious permission to confer with the lords of the council, on the preliminaries of the marriage, of which this cure appears to have been the leading article. An envoy extraordinary, monsieur de la Mole, was sent from the court of France, to assist in the treaty. He arrived in London on the 27th of July, and La Mothe Fenelon sent an immediate notice of this event to the queen, who had begun her summer progress to the midland counties, and had advanced forty miles on her way to Warwick. She requested the plenipotentiaries of France to meet her at Easton, the seat of the valiant and hospitable sir George Pomfret. The excitement of the chase, however, proved more interesting to Elizabeth than the discussions for her union with monsieur d'Alençon, and she kept the procurators waiting for her two days at Easton; for, having started a large swift stag on the morning previous to that appointed for their audience, she pursued it all the day, and till the middle of the night, and was so greatly fatigued in consequence, that she was compelled to keep her chamber all the next day.[2] After recovering herself a little, she proceeded on her journey, and gave monsieur de la Mole, who was presented in all due form, by monsieur de la Mothe, a gracious reception, and invited them to accompany her to Kenilworth.

On the 12th of August, she made a public entry into Warwick, travelling in her coach, attended by the countess of Warwick, and surrounded by the greatest lords and ladies of her court. Her majesty, on account of the bad-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 70.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v.

ness of the roads from heavy rains, was brought through Chesterton pastures, and approached the town by Ford Mill Hill, where the bailiff, recorder, and principal burgesses, were drawn up in order, on their knees, to receive and welcome her. The queen caused her carriage to be thrown open on every side, that all her subjects might behold her, and paused while the recorder addressed her, in a very long-winded and remarkably pedantic harangue, ending with a humble request to her majesty, to accept a small present from the town, which he compared to the widows' mites, and the drop of water which Alexander the Great condescended to accept of a poor soldier by the wayside." Then Robert Philippes, the bailiff, rising from his knees, and coming to the side of the coach, or chariot, in which her majesty sat, knelt down and offered to her a purse, very fairly wrought, and in the purse twenty pounds, all in sovereigns, on which she put forth her hand very graciously, and received it with a benign and smiling countenance; and, turning to the earl of Leicester, said, "My lord, this is contrary to your promise;" then she made the following considerate reply to the bailiff and corporation:[1]—

"Bailiff, I thank you, one and all, for your good wills, and I am very loth to take anything at your hands now, because you, at the last time of my being here, presented us, to our great liking and contentation, and it is not the manner to be always presented with gifts, and I am the more unwilling to take anything of you, because I know a mite at your hands is as much as a thousand pounds from some, nevertheless, that you may not think I mislike of your good wills, I accept it with most hearty thanks to you all, praying God that I may perform, as Mr. Recorder saith, such benefit as is hoped;" and therewithal she offered her hand to the bailiff to kiss, and when he had done so, she returned his mace to him, which he had surrendered to her majesty before the oration, and which she had kept in her lap till it was ended. When she had delivered the mace, she called Mr. Aglionby, the recorder, to her, and offering her hand to him to kiss, she said to him, with a smile—

"Come hither, little recorder, it was told me that you would be afraid to look upon me, or to speak boldly, but

[1] From a MS. called the Black Book of Warwick Corporation, fols. 60—70.

you were not so afraid of me as I was of you, and I now thank you for putting me in mind of my duty, and what should be in me."[1] And, shewing a most gracious and favourable countenance to the spectators, she said again, "I most heartily thank you all, my good people," and so was desirous to be going, but Mr. Griffin, the preacher, approached her majesty, kneeled down, and offered her a paper, to whom she said, "If it be any matter to be answered, we will look upon it, and give you our answer at my lord of Warwick's house." The paper was, however, a quaint Latin acrostic, in which her majesty was compared to Pallas, Astrea, Penelope, and Debora; a great deal of time and trouble having been expended, to compel the first letter and the last of every line in the first stanza to form the following compliment:—

"*Tu Elisabeta viro nubis, O mater eris.*"

These verses her majesty gave to the countess of Warwick, who was in the coach with her. Then the bailiff, recorder, and burgesses took to their horses, and, marshalled by the heralds, rode two and two before her majesty, till they brought her to the castle gate. The old Corporation Book,[2] from which these details are abstracted, does not omit to record that the twelve principal burgesses were clad, on this occasion, in gowns of puke colour, lined with satin and damask. The bailiff, in a gown of scarlet, rode next her majesty, on the right hand of the lord Compton, who was then high sheriff of the shire, and therefore would have carried his rod up into the town, but was forbidden by the heralds and gentlemen ushers, as contrary to etiquette on that occasion.

When her majesty reached the castle gate, they made a lane for her to pass through, who, viewing them well, gave them thanks, and pronounced them to be "a goodly and well-favoured company." She remained at Warwick from the Monday till the Wednesday, when she commenced her journey to Kenilworth, leaving her household and train at Warwick, and proceeded, by the north gate, through Mr. Thomas Fisher's grounds, and so by Woodloes, which is the fairest way to Kenilworth, where she remained from

[1] MS. Black Book of the Warwick Corporation.
[2] MS. Black Book of Warwick.

Wednesday morning till Saturday night, as the guest of the earl of Leicester.

La Mothe Fenelon, in his letters to his sovereign, speaks with great satisfaction of the princely festivities with which he and his friend, La Mole, were entertained by the earl at Kenilworth. The day after their arrival, he and De la Mole had a private conference, of an hour and a half, with the queen, on the subject of the proposal of the duke of Alençon, in which she flattered them with deceitful hopes of consenting to the marriage. After dinner, they all pursued the pastime of hunting the hart, till night, in one of the parks.

On Saturday night, very late, Elizabeth returned to Warwick, and because she would see what cheer my lady of Warwick made, she entered unexpectedly into Mr. Thomas Fisher's house, where, finding them all at supper, she sat down a little while, and, after a slight repast, rose again, leaving the rest at supper, and went to visit the good man of the house, Mr. Fisher, who was at that time grievously vexed with the gout, but chose to be brought out of his chamber into the gallery, to pay his duty to her majesty, and would have made an attempt to kneel to her, but she prevented him, and comforted him with such gracious words, that, forgetting his pain, he was on horseback to attend her majesty on the following Monday, on her return to Kenilworth.[1]

Meantime, however, she took up her abode in Warwick castle, where it pleased her, on the Sunday, to have the country people come and dance before her in the court of the castle, while she looked out from her chamber window, which pleased them, and appeared to make her very merry. On that day, the French ambassador and monsieur de la Mole, having received despatches from their own court, with letters from the royal family for her, came to wait upon her there. In her last letter, Elizabeth had intimated, that before the negotiations proceeded further, it was absolutely necessary that she should have a personal interview with her youthful suitor, but the wily queen-mother—being perfectly aware that unless Elizabeth could be induced to make a blindfold bargain, by plighting herself before she saw the prince, the match would never take place—opposed the projected meeting, as derogatory to the dignity of her

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

son, for him to come over to be looked at, at the risk of being mocked with a rejection."[1]

Elizabeth, in reply to this objection, said, "she entreated that neither the king of France, the queen-mother, nor the ambassador, would believe her to be capable of such baseness as to speak of an interview with a prince of his high rank, if she were not disposed to marry him, that it was long before she could overcome her reluctance to the wedded state; and now she had gained that victory over herself, she was disposed to use it for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of friendship between the royal house of France and herself. That she desired the said interview as much for the satisfaction of the duke, as for her own; to the end, that he might not be compelled to espouse a woman whom he could not love, and, on her own account, she wished to see if she could be loved by him, and also if the disparity of his age, and what had been reported of his face, were objections that might be overcome, and if she could not have that satisfaction, then she must beg us to tell the king and his mother, that the matter was at an end." After pronouncing these words, the queen remained silent and pensive. Then the two subtle diplomatists endeavoured, by the following flattering logic, to persuade her, "that the disparity in age between herself and their prince amounted to nothing, seeing that it was only the trifling difference of nineteen years; and as her majesty, from her charms of mind and person, appeared younger by ten years than she really was, and monseigneur the duke, in consequence of his fine manly figure and good sense, had anticipated the other nine years in his age, and looked full seven-and-twenty, they were placed on an equality."[2]

As for the interview, the king and queen of France were most anxious that it should take place, if they could be certain of her majesty's remaining in the mind to marry; but as yet she had only given doubtful and unsatisfactory answers, to the great discontent of the duke, and as she had seen his portrait, and heard by many of her own people what he was, it was necessary that she should return a more decided answer, and, at any rate, that she would sanction another conference with the lords of her council on the subject. On this, she raised her head, and replied,

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid.

with a more agreeable and cheerful countenance, "that she was content that the conference should take place, if only to prove to the king of France how greatly she valued his friendship." After insinuating that she felt more favourably disposed towards the marriage, "she withdrew," says La Mothe, "very gaily, to her chamber, telling Leicester that we were to return and sup with her, and invited us herself. When we came back, we found her playing on the spinet, and she continued to play at our entreaty, and she played again to please the sieur de la Mole. At supper, which was a sumptuous feast, she gave us, before all the company, as many marks of favour as we could desire.

"After she had drank to me, she sent the cup with what remained in it to me, that I might pledge her, and wished much that she could exchange such agreeable messages with my lord the duke. She drank also to the sieur de la Mole, with many other pleasant demonstrations and courtesies, out of compliment to his master.[1]

"When supper was concluded, at about nine in the evening, a fortress that was built up in a meadow, under the windows of the castle, was assailed by a party of the youth of the court, and defended by another party for a display of fireworks, which was a very fine spectacle; and we remained with the said lady till about midnight to see the end of it."

There is a quaint and very elaborate description of this pageant in the Black Book of the Warwick corporation, by which we learn that there were two forts, of wood and canvas, erected on the temple ditch, at convenient distances, for assailing each other with squibs and fireballs, one of the forts being manned by the towns-people, clad in such harness as could be obtained by them, to maintain a warlike show; the other was defended by the earl of Oxford, with a band of the young gentlemen of the court. And between the forts were planted twelve or fourteen field-pieces, and as many mortars, which had been brought from the Tower of London, at the expense of the earl of Warwick, with which a most especial uproar was raised, in imitation of storming a citadel. Then the earl of Oxford and his company, to the number of two hundred, shot off calivers

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., p. 96.

and arquebuses in return, and cast out divers fires, terrible," says the record, "to those who have not been in like experiences, valiant to such as delighted therein, and strange to them that understood it not, for the wildfire falling into the river Avon, would for a time lie still, and then again rise and fly abroad, casting forth many flashes and flames, whereat the queen's majesty took great pleasure," till she found her good town of Warwick was in some danger of being burned down, by this device for her honour and glory. For at the last, a flying dragon, casting out huge flames and squibs, lighted upon the fort and set fire to it, for its subversion; it chanced that a ball of fire fell on a house at the end of the bridge, and set fire to the same, so that the good man and his wife, being both in bed and asleep, were with great ado saved, but the house and everything in it were consumed; and the flames spread to some of the adjoining dwellings, which were with difficulty extinguished by the exertions of the earl of Oxford, sir Fulk Greville, and others of the courtiers and townspeople.[1]

This combustion might be good pastime for the idle gallants of the court, but it was no fun for the people of Warwick, who were in almost as much alarm and danger as if they had been bombarded by a hostile army, with the fireballs flying about the town and falling on the roofs of houses, and into their courts and back yards. Four houses in the town and suburbs were on fire at once, and it was next to a miracle that no more mischief was done. As La Mothe Fenelon does not mention these accidents, it is probable, that he might imagine the conflagrations were intended for a part of the show.

The next morning, the queen sent for the poor old man and woman whose house had been burned, and comforted them with many gracious words; and by her grace's bounty and that of her courtiers, the sum of twenty-five pounds twelve and sixpence was given towards the losses of the sufferers, which, notwithstanding the relative value of money, was rather a paltry subscription, considering the high rank of the parties.[2]

On the following day, the subject of her majesty's marriage was again discussed, and she declared, "that after having

[1] Black Book of Warwick. [2] Ibid.

heard the opinions of her council, she found herself in a greater perplexity than ever; for though they all wished her to marry, they agreed with her, that it was impossible to advance any further in the treaty till she should have seen what manner of man the duke of Alençon really was, and for herself, she was determined not to judge of him by any other witness than that of her own eyes; she was sure some ill would come of it if they married without some previous affection, such as is usually acquired by sight," and she swore, "by her Creator, that the doubts she felt made her fear and repent of having gone so far."[1]

The following day, her majesty and the French envoys returned to Kenilworth on horseback in company, "sometimes as they went following the chase, and between whiles pursuing the subject of the matrimonial treaty, to our great satisfaction," says the deluded La Mothe, who appears, at that time, to have been actually persuaded by Elizabeth that she was bent on marriage, and might be flattered into wedding the unsuitable spouse they offered her.

He writes volumes to Charles IX. and the queen-mother, relating his private conferences with Elizabeth, and the proceedings of her council while at Kenilworth, on the subject of this alliance, assuring them, "that the queen is better disposed towards it than she has yet been." He expresses his satisfaction, in particular, for the good offices which he considers have been rendered by the earl of Leicester in the negotiation, and repeats his opinion that the latter should be rewarded with a wealthy French heiress of the highest rank, in return for his services.[2] The clear-headed Burleigh condensed the actual substance of all the frothy compliments, affectations, and mystifications used by his royal mistress in her discussions with the noble French diplomats, into the following brief entry, which is inscribed by his own hand in his private diary:—

"August 22nd.—Answer given to La Mothe, at Kenilworth, when he came to move marriage for Francis, duke of Alençon, younger brother to the French king: that there were two difficulties, one for difference of religion, the other for their ages; but yet, that the articles moved in his brother, the duke of Anjou's case, might serve for him."

[1] Despatches of la Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid.

Two days after this oracular sentence was inscribed by Burleigh, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated in Paris. The tidings of this direful tragedy were received in England with feelings of generous indignation, which rendered all ranks of the people ready to take up arms, to avenge the murdered victims of the treacherous and profligate Catherine de Medicis, and the abhorrent instruments of her atrocity. The very name of a Frenchman was regarded with horror, and La Mothe Fenelon, and his suite, felt themselves the objects of popular detestation,[1] though innocent of the slightest knowledge of the crime that had been committed in the blood-stained metropolis of France. No one could be more deeply mortified at the transaction than La Mothe himself, who does not scruple to express, in plain terms, to his royal master his grief and annoyance at what had taken place, and the disgraceful light in which it had placed the monarch and people of France in the opinion of the English.

Elizabeth at first declined giving audience to the luckless ambassador, on whom the task devolved of making the most plausible story he could in extenuation of this dreadful business. After taking three days to consider whether she would see him or not, she at length decided on granting him an interview at Woodstock, where she was when the intelligence reached her. She received him in her privy chamber, in the presence of the lords of the council, and the principal ladies of her court, all of whom were, like herself, clad in the deepest mourning. A solemn silence prevailed on his entrance, and after a brief pause, the queen advanced ten or twelve paces to receive him, with a grave, stern, countenance, but with her wonted courtesy; and leading him to a window, apart from the rest, she said something apologetic for having delayed his audience, and demanded of him, "if it were possible that the strange news she had heard of the prince whom she so much loved, honoured, and confided in of all the world, could be true."[2]

La Mothe told her, "that in truth he had come to lament with her over the sad accident that had just occurred, to the infinite regret of the king, who had been compelled, for the security of his life, and that of the queen, his mother, and his two brothers, to put down the sedition and traitorous

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 123. [2] Ibid., 123, 124.

plots of those who had confederated against him many high and horrible treasons, and that what he had done, was as painful to him as if he had cut off one of his arms to preserve the rest of his body."

Elizabeth inquired, with eager curiosity, into the particulars; and lamented that the king had not proceeded against the admiral, and his adherents, according to the laws which punish treason; observing, "that although she had been unable to accept his majesty for a husband, she would always love and revere him as if she were his wife; that she was infinitely jealous of his honour, and believed that it was neither according to his disposition, nor from any premeditation of his own that these murders had happened; but from some strange accident, which time would elucidate."[1]

The convenient term "accident" was afterwards adopted by Elizabeth herself, on an occasion, when, as in the case of the royal culprits of St. Bartholomew, it implied an equivocating denial of a crime too black to be acknowledged, or defended by the perpetrator.

The French ambassador, notwithstanding the trepidation with which he had entered the presence of Elizabeth, and the chill which her first reception had given him, took courage before the audience ended, to present her with a love letter from the duke of Alençon, and she received it willingly, and read it with apparent satisfaction. She said, however, "that it had been her intention to send the most honourable ambassador that had been seen in France for a long time, to shew her respect for the most Christian queen, on the occasion of the birth of her first child, which was soon expected; but that, now, she should take care that neither Leicester or Burleigh went, knowing how much their deaths were desired by the persons, who were the instigators of what had taken place at Paris."

On leaving the queen, La Mothe had to go over the same slippery ground in explanations to the lords of her council, who were far from taking the matter as easily as their mistress had done. They would not hear of accidents or mistakes, but declared that the recent massacre was, without doubt, the most enormous crime that had been committed since the death of Jesus Christ, and loudly condemned the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. pp. 127, 128.

treachery and cruelty of those by whom it had been planned and executed.

In a letter to the king his master, dated September 29th, La Mothe describes the mortifying situation in which he and all his countrymen were placed in England, and says, "that no one will speak to him but the queen, who treats him with her accustomed urbanity."[1]

Not more atrocious, however, was the ruthless fanaticism, which prompted the butcher-work by which the day of St. Bartholomew was for ever rendered a watchword of reproach against Catholics, than the murderous spirit of cruelty and injustice which led the professors of the reformed faith to clamour for the blood of the captive Mary Stuart, as a victim to the manes of the slaughtered Protestants. Sandys, bishop of London, in a letter to Burleigh, enclosed a paper of measures, which he deemed expedient for the good of the realm, and the security of his royal mistress at that crisis, beginning with this startling article, "Forthwith to cut off the Scottish queen's head."[2] Burleigh endeavoured to prevail on Elizabeth to follow this sanguinary counsel, telling her, "that it was the only means of preventing her own deposition and murder." It is easy at all times to persuade hatred that revenge is an act of justice.

Elizabeth was beset by tempters of no common plausibility; men who had always a scripture text in readiness, to quiet the divine witness of conscience against crime. She had resisted their previous solicitations to take the life of her defenceless captive, and placed her refusal on high and noble grounds; but her resolves, whether in good or evil, were easily shaken. Her passions were stronger than her principles, and were excited without difficulty by persons of cooler temperaments than herself. Sooner or later, the inflexible Burleigh always carried his point with his stormy mistress. He had terrified her with plots and rumours of plots, till he succeeded in convincing her that she was in the utmost danger from the murderous machinations of Mary Stuart, and that it would be desirable to deprive her enemies of a rallying point, by putting that unfortunate lady to death.

Elizabeth shrunk from the idea of staining her hands with royal blood; but, like many others, had no objection to

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Ellis' Royal Letters, 2nd series, vol. iii. p. 25.

sin by deputy. A darker and more treacherous expedient than either a private or a judicial murder, in her own realm, was concocted between Burleigh, Leicester, and herself, as "the most convenient method of ridding herself," as Mr. Tytler observes, "of her hated and dangerous prisoner."[1] The Scotch had sold her fugitive rebel, the earl of Northumberland, into her hands, that she might execute her vengeance upon him; and Elizabeth in return, proposed, not to sell, but to resign their injured sovereign into the cruel hands of Morton and the regent Marr, to be dealt with in *the way of justice*—words which were tantamount to Cromwell's private memorandum, "to send such and such persons to London, to be tried and executed." There was, indeed, to be the mockery of a trial, but then the children or near kinsfolk of Morton and Marr, were to be put into the hands of the English queen, as hostages, that, trial or not, the execution of Mary was to take place within four hours after she was given up to their tender mercies.

The details of this iniquitous pact, are clearly and succinctly related by Mr. Tytler, and the actual documents may be seen in the State Paper Office.[2] The instructions for Killigrew, to whom the arrangement of "*the great matter*," as it was significantly termed by the diplomatic accomplices, was committed, are in Burleigh's own hand.[3] The muniments of history afford not a more disgraceful document; nor has the light of truth ever unveiled a blacker mass of evidence, than the correspondence between Killigrew and Burleigh, and Leicester, during the negotiation.

Mary had, however, ceased to be an object of alarm to the rebel lords; and even her deadly foe, Morton, the wily accomplice in Darnley's murder, would not undertake the office of the queen of England's hangman without a fee. Why should he and the regent Marr sell their souls for nought? They demanded money of the parsimonious Elizabeth—a yearly stipend withal, no less than the amount of the sum it cost her majesty for the safe keeping of her royal prisoner. The dark treaty was negotiated in the sick chamber of the guilty Morton, with the ardent approbation of the dying Knox; and, after nearly six weeks'

[1] History of Scotland, vol. vii. [2] Ibid. p. 310.

[3] MS. State Papers, in September, October, November, December, 1572, and in 1573.

demur, the regent Marr gave consent, but was immediately stricken with a mortal illness, and died at the end of twenty-four hours. Morton insisted on higher terms, and, more than that, an advantageous treaty, and the presence of three thousand English troops, under the command of the earls of Huntingdon, Essex, and Bedford, to assist at the execution, otherwise he would not undertake it.[1]

The last condition could not be conceded, for Elizabeth's share in the transaction was to be kept secret; and for the honour of the English character, it is doubtful whether three thousand men could have been found willing to assist at so revolting a tragedy. Eagerly as Burleigh thirsted for the blood of Mary Stuart, he dared not venture the experiment; but, in his bitter disappointment at the failure of his project, he wrote to Leicester that the queen must now fall back upon her last resource, for the safety of herself and kingdom :—

"God send her majesty," continues he, "strength of spirit to preserve God's cause, her own life, and the lives of millions of good subjects, all which are most manifestly in danger, and that only by her delays: and so consequently she shall be the cause of the overthrow of a noble crown and realm, which shall be a prey to all that can invade it. God be merciful to us!"[2]

Some natural doubts must be felt, by those, who have traced the long-hidden mysteries of these murderous intrigues, whether the person by whom they were devised, could havebelieved in the existence of that all-seeing Judge, whose name he so frequently repeats to his accomplice, in this cowardly design against the life of a persecuted and defenceless woman.

The worthy Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, to whom Elizabeth was very dear, not only as his sovereign, and the bulwark of the protestant church, but as the daughter of his unfortunate patroness, Anne Boleyn, wrote to Burleigh a marvellous account of the sayings of "a strange body," as he called some insane foreign incendiary, whom the mayor of Dover had apprehended and conducted to London, for using expressions touching the queen, Leicester, and Hatton, such as Mr. Mayor durst not commit to paper, but was ready to whisper to the premier, if he would give him the opportunity. The "strange body" had a brother in Calais, who had also said, "that he trusted to

[1] Tytler's Scotland, State Paper MSS.
[2] MS. Brit. Mus. Caligula, c. iii. fol. 386.

hear of as many throats cut in England, that winter, as had been in France, and that, within the twelvemonth, he doubted not but Henry's bones, and *maistres* Elizabeth's too, should be openly burned in Smithfield."[1] Notwithstanding all this perilous talking, the "strange body" had been discharged, and allowed to return to his own friends, being in all probability a wandering lunatic, not worth the trouble of subjecting to the torture.

The recent outrages on the Protestants in France, while they furnished Elizabeth's cabinet with an excuse for advocating the murder of Mary Stuart, rendered the negotiations for the queen's marriage with a catholic prince most distasteful to the people of England; but though apparently at an end, they were still carried on, *sub rosa*, between Elizabeth and the court of France, through the agency of monsieur de la Mothe. On the 11th of September, the queen-mother wrote to that statesman, apparently in reply to his recommendation of the English quack, who had undertaken to eradicate the traces of the small-pox, "I have seen the physician, Penna, but the visage of my son, Alençon, is much amended, and does amend every day; but I must be well certified that the said physician uses medicines such as I can see by writing what he does, so that it is evident he will do no harm. . . . . The said doctor can easily practise upon a page, and, if it does well, he can use his remedies on my son." Such were the private communications between England and France, when Elizabeth seemed publicly indignant for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.[2]

When La Mothe Fenelon communicated this interesting piece of information to Elizabeth, she said, "that she was astonished, considering the great love that Catherine had always shewn for her children, that she had not sooner endeavoured to remove so great a disfigurement as the scars which marred the countenance of the duke of Alençon."

Two or three days after this conversation, Elizabeth herself was attacked with the same malady, which had left such frightful traces of its ravages on the visage of her unlucky little suitor. The whole court were in a state of alarm, and Leicester again took upon himself the office of watch-

[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i.

[2] Letter of Catherine de Medicis, Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. p. 346.

ing her sick bed,[1] till the favourable nature of the symptoms relieved her ministers from the alarming apprehension of their being deprived of their beloved sovereign, and the yet more painful contingency of seeing her sceptre pass into the hands of Mary Stuart. The disease, however, passed lightly over Elizabeth, and she thus describes it in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, who, not without cause, had expressed great anxiety to be certified of her majesty's state:—

"Red spots began to appear in our face, like to be the small-pox, but, thanks be to Almighty God, the same vanished away:"

She concludes, in her own hand—

"My faithful Shrewsbury, let not grief touch your heart for fear of my disease, for I assure you, if my credit were not greater than my show, there is no beholder would believe that I had been touched with such a malady.

"Your faithful sovereign,

"Eliz. Reg."

When Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, she thanked him for his attention during her late malady of the small-pox, and told him, "that the last time he was at Windsor, she had the stomach-ache, from taking a little mithridate, but she had given him permission to see her now, because he would be able to give their majesties of France a better account of her illness;" adding, playfully, "that she believed that when monseigneur the duke came to hear of it, he would wish that she had had just enough of it left on her face to prevent them from reproaching one another."

The complaisant ambassador replied in a high flown strain of compliment, "that the king of France, monseigneur the duke, and all connected with that crown, desired entirely the preservation of her surpassing endowments, regarding her beauty no less than those which adorned her greatness, and that they would have infinite pleasure in learning from his next despatch that she was so perfectly cured of this malady, that it had not left a vestige or trace on her countenance."[2]

His excellency added a piece of gratuitous flattery on his own account, which, from its excessive grossness, would

[1] "Her majesty hath been very sick this night," writes sir Thomas Smith, to Burleigh, "so that my lord of Leicester did watch with her all night."

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 184.

have been regarded by any lady less vain than Elizabeth, as downright impertinence. "That for his own part, he rejoiced, no less at the accident than the cure, for it was a sort of malady which shewed that her youth was not yet passed, nor ready to pass away for a long time, and that it had so greatly improved her charms, that she could never be in a better plight for matrimony than at present, nor more likely to fulfil the hopes of the nation, by continuing her illustrious line;" therefore, he besought her no longer to delay her own happiness, but to come to a favourable decision on the proposal of the duke.[1]

She rejoined, with a smile, "That she had not expected that his excellency had come to speak on that subject, just then; but rather to announce the accouchement of the most Christian queen, for already there was a report in London that she had borne a fair son, and she prayed to God that it might be so." The report was unfounded, for the queen of France brought forth a daughter on the 27th of October.

La Mothe Fenelon waited on Elizabeth to announce to her the birth of the little princess, to assure her of the continued devotion of the duke of Alençon, to inquire her intentions with regard to his proposal, and to inform her of the sentence passed by the parliament of France against the late admiral and his confederates, Briquemont and Cavagnes. The two last had been executed in the presence of the king, his mother, brethren, and the king of Navarre, by torch-light, the same day that the young queen of France had made the sanguinary monarch, Charles IX., the father of his first-born child.

Elizabeth was already well informed of a fact that had filled every heart with horror and disgust; and in her reply to the ambassador, she alluded to the circumstance with dignified and deserved censure. She said, "that his majesty could not have wished more for the safety of the queen, and her happy delivery, than she had done; that she could have desired that his felicity had been rendered more complete by the birth of a dauphin, but, nevertheless, the little princess would be very welcome in the world, and she prayed God to give her happiness equal to her illustrious rank and descent; and as she felt assured that she would

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v.

be fair and good, she regretted that her royal father should have polluted the day of her birth by so sad a spectacle, as that which his majesty had gone to see in the Grêve;" and called upon the ambassador for an explanation of that circumstance.

Heartily ashamed of the conduct of his sovereign, and too honest to defend it, La Mothe Fenelon only observed, "that the day had been marked by some evil, as well as much happiness; and that his master would not have assisted at such an act, if he had not had the example of other great kings on similar occasions."[1]

In respect to the duke of Alençon, Elizabeth said "that she had not yet received a reply to the last proposition that had been made by her ambassador, for which she had long waited; and that the picture of the state of France, as represented by him, filled her with extreme horror, for it seemed that everything was done against those of her own religion. As for the condemnation of the admiral and the others, if their ruin were the safety of the king of France, no one could be more glad than herself that they were dead."

On the 12th of November, Michel de Castelnau, sieur de Mauvissière, came over to solicit Elizabeth to accept the office of godmother to the infant princess of France, in conjunction with the empress. She gave him his first audience at Hampton Court; on which occasion he was presented by La Mothe Fenelon, and was most graciously received by the queen. He was the bearer of five letters to her majesty—from the king, the queen, the queen mother, monsieur, and the duke of Alençon. The first four he delivered to her majesty after he had recited his credence, but reserved that from Alençon till after the business, on which he came, had been discussed. The queen expressed her full appreciation of the compliment that was paid her on this occasion, and said, "that she took it as an especial mark of the king's friendship, that he should wish her to be his gossip (commère), for which she begged to thank him, and the royal mother, grandmother, and uncles of the *petite madame*, with much affection." She then made particular inquiries, as to what would be done by the

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. p. 205, 206.

empress on this occasion, and what princess she would send as her representative to perform this office for her; and went on to say, "that, for herself, she was at a loss for a person of sufficient rank to send on her part."

The countess of Lenox, as her nearest relation, and the first lady of the blood royal, would have been a proper substitute on this occasion; but her immediate connexion with the queen of Scots, and the infant king James, deterred Elizabeth from allowing her to proceed to France; and to prevent the possibility of jealousy, of any other lady of the court, whom she might have selected for this office, Elizabeth chose to be represented by a male proxy, at the baptism of the infant princess of France. William Somerset, earl of Worcester, a catholic, was the nobleman despatched by her on this mission; and her godmother's gift was a font of pure gold.

The queen kept her wily statesman, Walsingham, in France, as her ambassador, while her absurd marriage treaty was negotiating. He was eager for his recall, and his wife beset the queen, frequently with tears and lamentations, that she would permit him to come back. At last the clerk of the council, sir Thomas Smith, obtained a promise to that effect, in a dialogue related by him, in which he gives a glimpse of queen Elizabeth at her council board, not in the formal discussion of business, but in a little familiar chat, while official papers were receiving her signature:—

"At the signing of her majesty's letters to you," writes he to Walsingham, "this morning, I said to the queen—

"'Madam, my lord ambassador looks now to have some word from your majesty, respecting his return, it would comfort him very much.'"

"'Well,' said the queen, 'he shall come.'"

"'Yea,' quoth I, 'but the poor gentleman is almost dismayed; your majesty hath heard enough with what grief he doth tarry there.'"

"'Well,' said the queen, 'you may write to him that he shall come home shortly—we think, with my lord of Worcester.'"

"I said, 'indeed my lord's train would be the more honourable, if he had one ambassador to go with him, and another to return with him.'"

"'Yea,' saith her majesty, 'but there be some make

excuses that they would not go; but their excuses shall not serve them.'"

"I thanked her majesty, and came my *ways;* for she hasted to 'go *a-walking* with her ladies, because it was a frost.' It was in the pleasances of Hampton Court, she was anxious to walk that 'frosty December morning.' She hath appointed Mr. Carew, as the French ambassador, 'but he maketh great labour to the contrary, by her ladies of the privy chamber; yet, as I perceive by her last speech, he is to succeed you.' Yet, in the same letter, he says of the queen, 'ye know how long we be here a-resolving, and how easy to be altered.'"[1]

Walsingham was still detained. Sir Thomas Smith, whom he had urged to plead for the appointment of a substitute, writes thus to Burleigh on the subject:[2]—"I once again have moved the queen's majesty for Mr. Dale's going, and still she saith, 'there are other matters between her highness, and the duke (d'Alençon), which it is not fit Dale should be made privy unto.' Howsoever the matter is, I know not the reason; but, I perceive, as yet, neither his preparation, nor the loss which he is like to sustain, nor the grief of Mr. Walsingham, can make her majesty sign anything that appertaineth to his going." Smith went on to tell the queen that he had expressed a wish to Burleigh, that he would return. "Beshrew you," said she, "why did you send for him?" "Marry," replied the secretary, "madam, I did wish he were here at the departing of my lord of Worcester, to make perfect all things; first with France, and then with my lord of Desmond into Ireland." "Why," rejoined the queen, "I knew before, he would take physic at London, and then recreate himself awhile at Tongs. I beshrew you, for sending for him." "There is no hurt done," quoth the secretary, again; "madam, I will send him word again this night, what your majesty doth say; and I think then he will not be hasty to come, although I wish he were here. And then," continued he, "I had begun some instructions for my lord of Worcester, if any such questions were asked of him; for such a nobleman may not seem to be dumb, or ignorant of your high-

[1] Perfect Ambassador, by sir D. Digges. Letter of sir T. Smith to Walsingham, p. 301, December 11, 1572.

[2] Smith's Letter to Burleigh, in Wright, vol. i. p. 449.

ness's pleasure, in such things as may be asked. Otherwise, I think it be not your majesty's pleasure, that he should meddle in those—that is, for the French that be here, the marriage, and the traffic." All these her majesty liked well, but woman-like, said, "that she would have the marriage first." After Smith had submitted to her majesty some other matters of business, she bade him tell Burleigh, "that the count Montgomeri, and the vidame, had been with her, and urged her to send Hawkins, or some other, with a supply of powder to Rochelle, for the besieged Huguenots, under colour of its being driven there by stress of weather; but," she said, "that she knew not how to do that, having been solicited by the French ambassador not to aid them." "Her majesty," adds Smith, "prays you to think of it, and devise how it may be done, for she thinks it necessary; and if it were done, count Montgomeri possibly would end his life there, being weary of this idle life here."[1]

In this brief detail of the consultation between Elizabeth and her secretary of state, given by himself, to his colleague, Burleigh, we have a specimen of her manner of transacting business with her ministers, and a proof of the twofold treachery of her political conduct. She could not send the supplies to the gallant Rochellers, without infringing her friendly treaty with the king of France; but she is desirous that Burleigh should devise some underhand method of sending it, nevertheless; not from zeal to the cause of protestantism, but in the hope that she may, by that means, get rid of her inconvenient friend, the Huguenot agitator, Montgomeri.

When the earl of Worcester, and the splendid ambassade she had commissioned to assist at the christening of the little princess of France, sailed, the Huguenots, despairing of further encouragement from queen Elizabeth, sent a squadron to sea, for the purpose of intercepting her envoy, and making spoil of the rich presents with which his ship was freighted. They narrowly missed their object, but took and plundered two of the attendant vessels, and killed some of the passengers.[2]

Elizabeth was much exasperated at this outrage; but as it was attributed to pirates, she sent a fleet to clear the channel of all cruisers, and utterly refused to assist the brave

[1] Letter of Smith to Burleigh, in Wright. [2] Camden.

Rochellers with further supplies. She was now on the most affectionate terms with those *bêtes noirs* of history—Catherine de Medicis, and Charles IX., and appeared to regard the hopeful boy, Alençon, as her future husband. She again discussed the expediency of an interview, and received his letters with all due regard. The reader will probably have no objection to see a specimen of the style in which Elizabeth was addressed at this period, by her small suitor:—

FRANÇOIS DUKE OF ALENÇON TO ELIZABETH QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

"Madame,

"Whatsoever I have seen or heard, of the declaration you have made, of your good affection towards our marriage, has given me extreme pleasure and contentment, and also, that it has pleased you to plan an interview between you and I, which is a thing that I have so much at heart, that I can think of nothing but to do all that may be possible, for me to enjoy, instantly, this satisfaction, as I have had, for a length of time, the wish of offering very humble and agreeable service, in order to participate in your good graces; of this I have always assured you by my letters, but I desire to confirm it to you by word of mouth, if it be the will of God that this interview should take place, the which I hope will be in such a manner, and so favourable, that it will not pass over without the utmost pleasure to us both, as well as an advancement that will lead this negotiation to a good conclusion. The sieur de la Mothe Fenelon, ambassador of the king, my lord and brother, resident near you, has charge to inform you of some particular matters, to him I remit them.

"I will not make this letter longer than to say, that I kiss your hands very humbly, and to pray God, madame, that he will have you in his holy keeping.

"From St. Germain en Laye, the xx. of February.

"Your very obedient brother, to do you service,

"FRANCOYS."[1]

The apparent earnestness of this and other letters, written by Alençon to Elizabeth and her ministers, induced her, at length, to signify her consent for him to come to England. Scarcely had she done so, when the election of his brother Henry to the throne of Poland, caused a sudden change in her purpose. When the French ambassador, La Mothe, informed her of this event, she expressed the utmost amazement at the news; and, after offering her congratulations, she asked many questions, in a breath, on the subject, such as, "whether the emperor would take offence; whether the new king would make war against the Turks, or against the Muscovites; if he intended to espouse the princess of Poland, and if he would leave the siege of Rochelle to go

[1] I am indebted to the kindness of H. Symonds, Esq., of Exeter, for the communication of this curious royal love-letter, from the Rawlinson MSS. in Bodleian Library, Oxford.

there?"[1] This last, indeed, he did, in a manner inconsistent with his honour as a general, and his duty to his royal brother. The young Alençon succeeded to the command, but neither possessed his military talents, his experience, nor the confidence of the army.

Alençon wrote many love letters to the queen, from the camp before Rochelle, reiterating his desire to come and throw himself at her feet.[2] Elizabeth replied, "that her people liked not the business in which he was engaged, and if he came to woo her with his sword stained with protestant blood, he would be regarded by her subjects with horror; that neither she nor they could forget the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which had been perpetrated at a marriage festival." She ended by counselling him to use his influence to mediate a peace between the contending parties in France. Young as he was, Alençon was already considered a troublesome member of the royal house of France, and had acquired the jealousy and ill-will of his two elder brothers, who were most anxious to see him removed to England. It had been predicted to Catherine de Medicis, by a soothsayer, that all her children were born to become kings. Francis and Charles had successively worn the regal garland of France, Henri was elected king of Poland,—what, then, remained to fulfil the augury, but the marriage of Alençon with the queen of England?

From first to last there was, however, a suspicion that Elizabeth's preference for Leicester was the great obstacle which prevented her from concluding the matrimonial treaty with the young French prince. Mauvissière ventured to hint as much to the queen, during his embassy in 1573. "Tell your master," replied Elizabeth, "that I will never condescend to marry my subject, or make him my companion." The court of France, after this right royal declaration, despatched a special envoy, of high rank, Chateauneuf, to solicit the queen to grant a safe conduct for the royal youth to come and woo her in person, and the young gentleman seconded the request with letters, which, to use Castelnau's expression, "might have softened a

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon. [2] Camden.

frozen rock,"—they only increased the irresolution of Elizabeth.[1]

The state of the maiden court, during the merry month of May is thus described by the gossiping pen of Gilbert Talbot, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, his father. It presents anything but a pleasing picture of the jealousies, intrigues, and malignant spirit of scandal then subsisting among the gorgeous dames and statesmen, young and old, by whom the last of the Tudor monarchs was surrounded:—

"My lord of Leicester is very much with her majesty, and she shews him the same great good affection she was wont; of late, he has endeavoured to please her more than heretofore. There are two sisters now in the court that are very far in love with him, as they long have been; my lady Sheffield[2] and Frances Howard, they (striving who shall love him the best) are at great wars with each other, and the queen thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him; for this reason there are spies over him. My lord of Oxford is lately grown into great credit, for the queen's majesty delighteth more in his person, his dancing, and his valiantness, than any other. I think the earl of Sussex doth back him all he can, and were it not for his (Oxford's) fickle head, he would pass all of them shortly. My lady Burleigh has declared herself, as it were, jealous. (My lady Burleigh's daughter had married Oxford, who used her cruelly; she was, probably, jealous of the queen's coquetries with her daughter's husband.) The queen has not been a little offended with her, but now she is reconciled. At all these love matters my lord treasurer, Burleigh, winketh, and will not meddle any way."

"Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain," pursues young Talbot, "is sick still, it is thought he will hardly recover his disease, the queen goeth almost every day to see how he doth. Now, there are devices (chiefly by Leicester)

[1] A curious specimen of the characteristic, "she would and she would not," of this princess, appears in a recently-discovered letter of instruction, written by her on the subject of this safe-conduct for the duke d'Alençon, to Dr. Dale, one of her resident ministers at Paris, for which we are indebted to the learned research of Francis Worship, Esq.—Archæologia, vol. xxviii. pp. 393—398.

[2] Daughters of lord William Howard of Effingham. The secret marriage of Leicester with lady Sheffield took place soon after.

to make Mr. Edward Dyer as great as ever was Hatton; for now, in this time of Hatton's sickness, the time is convenient. Dyer was lately sick of a consumption, in great danger, and (as your lordship knows) has been in disgrace this two years. The queen was made to believe that his sickness came because of her displeasure towards him, so that unless she would forgive him, he was not like to recover; and hereupon her majesty has forgiven him, and sent unto him a very comfortable message. Now he has recovered again, and this is the beginning of the device. These things I hear of such young fellows as myself."

We are told by Howes, in his edition of Stowe, that in the 15th year of Elizabeth's reign, Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, presented her with a pair of gloves ornamented with four tufts of rose-coloured silk, and so deliciously scented, that she called it "the earl of Oxford's perfume;" and when she sat for her portrait invariably wore those favourite ornaments. This weak-minded young peer, presuming on the favour of the queen, and his all-powerful position, as the son-in-law of Burleigh, grossly insulted the accomplished sir Philip Sidney, before the French ambassador, in the Tennis-court, by calling him a puppy. Sir Philip retorted, with cutting scorn, "that all the world knew that dogs were the parents of puppies," and added his defiance. Oxford had no inclination to measure swords with the gallant Sidney, and the privy council interfered to prevent the encounter, but, as Sidney insisted on an apology, or personal satisfaction, her majesty was entreated to interpose.

Elizabeth sent for sir Philip, and told him "that there was a great difference in degree, between earls and private gentlemen, and that princes were bound to support the nobility, and to insist on their being treated with proper respect." Sir Philip replied, with a noble spirit of independence, "that place was never intended to privilege wrong—witness herself, who, sovereign though she were, must be content to govern by the laws." In respect to his adversary's superior station, he besought her majesty to remember, "that, although the earl were a great lord, yet was he no lord over him, and that the difference of degrees between free men, entitled him of the highest rank to no other homage than precedency." He then reminded her of her father's policy, in giving the gentry free and safe

appeal to the throne against the oppression of the grandees, finding it wisdom, by the stronger combination of numbers, to keep down the greater in power.

Elizabeth testified no displeasure at the boldness of her intrepid young courtier, yet he soon after retired into the country, where he employed his leisure in the composition of his elegant romance, the "Arcadia."[1]

Elizabeth left Greenwich, on the 14th of July, for her summer progress into Kent. Her first visit was to archbishop Parker, at Croydon, where she spent a week, and then proceeded to Orpington, the seat of sir Percival Hart. She was welcomed, at this mansion, by a nymph, who personated the genius of the house, and was conducted through several chambers, contrived to represent, by scenic effect, the panorama of a sea fight, 'which,' says the quaint topographer, by whom the incident is recorded, 'so much obliged the eye of this princess, with the charms of delight, that, on leaving the house, she bestowed on its master the *soubriquet* of 'Barque Hart,' in allusion to the barques and ships she had seen in his pageant."[2]

After praising the hospitality of the loyal squires of Kent, Elizabeth entered Sussex, and, on the 9th of August, reached the house of Mr. Guildford. The modern tourist will scarcely forbear from smiling at the following marvellous description, from the pen of Burleigh, of the perils of Elizabeth's journey through these counties:—"The queen had a hard beginning of her progress in the wild of Kent, and, lately, in some part of Sussex, where surely were more dangerous rocks and valleys, and much worse ground than in the peak."[3] They were then bending towards the Rye, on the way to Dover, which was to be the next resting-place, and where the premier trusted to have amends for their rugged pilgrimage.

[1] The moral beauty of the sentiments set forth by the illustrious Sidney, in the "Arcadia," affords a noble contrast to the Machiavelian policy that ruled the court and cabinet of Elizabeth. Two attractive little volumes, of exquisite maxims, have been culled, by the accomplished author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," from the writings of sir Philip Sidney, enriched with her own editorial notes and observations, and were, many years ago, published under the title of "The Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney." It is with great pleasure we learn, that Miss Jane Porter is preparing a new edition of this beautiful work, with many additions, which will soon be forthcoming.

[2] Hasted's History of Kent.

[3] Burleigh's letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, in Strype.

Either at Mr. Guildford's house, or at Dover, Elizabeth gave audience to La Mothe Fenelon, who presented letters from the king of France, and her former suitor, Henry of Valois, requesting her to grant the latter free passage of the sea, on his voyage to take possession of his kingdom. She replied, "that to the persons of the king of Poland and his train in ordinary, and his furniture and effects, she would willingly guarantee her protection, either with, or without safe conduct, if the wind threw them on her coast, and that they should be treated as well and honourably as if they had landed on the coast of France, or in his own dominions; but as to his men-at-arms, she would freely tell him that she would not let them pass;" and, with a bitter allusion to the affront she had received in the late matrimonial negotiation, she added "that the king, and queen-mother of France, and even the prince, had undoubtedly had a great inclination for the marriage, but that the cardinal of Lorraine, for the sake of the queen of Scots, his niece, had found means to break it, and if he had had sufficient credit to do that, he might have as much in things of less consequence, and would possibly attempt some enterprise in favour of his niece, if so many soldiers were allowed to land in England."

La Mothe Fenelon said, "her majesty must pardon him, if he reminded her, that it was herself, and the people who were about her, who had interrupted and prevented her marriage with the king of Poland, and not the cardinal of Lorraine, who had always acted according to the wishes of their most Christian majesties, and counselled them for the advancement of their honour and power to which that marriage would have conduced, and also he had hoped much from it for the relief of the queen of Scotland, both personally, and in settling the affairs of her realm."[1]

Among the amusing incidents connected with Elizabeth's Kentish progress is the circumstance of the learned and amiable archbishop Parker considerately sending her premier, Burleigh, sundry tracts and treatises, illustrative of the history and antiquities of the places on the road, that he might be prepared to answer the questions, her majesty would be sure to ask him, respecting every feature of the country; and as she fancied he was a man possessed of the

[1] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. v. p. 389.

deepest knowledge and research on all subjects, it would not be desirable for her to find him at a loss on this. My lord-treasurer appears to have required, what the Eton boys term, a good deal of cramming on this occasion, for the archbishop had privately sent him before "Lambarde's Topographical Discourse of Kent," and now in addition, "the *Antiquitates Britannicæ*, and the new preface, intended by Lambarde to be added to his history of Kent, dedicated to Mr. Thomas Wotton," at whose house her majesty intended to halt; therefore the archbishop prayed Burleigh not to let him know that he had this preface in his possession.[1] He also sent him a curious history of Dover. Parker had made notes in all these works for Burleigh's better instruction in his duty of antiquarian cicerone to their royal mistress on the progress. To these Burleigh added his own corrections, where his quick eye detected errors or oversights, and sent the treatises back to the archbishop with his revise.[2]

From Dover, the queen proceeded to Canterbury, where she arrived September 3rd. She was met at Folkestone by the archbishop Parker, lord Cobham, and a gallant company of the chivalry of the county, who conducted her to the city with great respect. One of her MS. wardrobe books bears record of the following minor mishap that befel her majesty on that day.

"At Mr. Hawkes's, lost from the queen's majesty's hat one small fish of gold, with a diamond in it. 3rd of September, anno 16."[3]

It is well known, that, out of compliment to her royal French suitor, the duc d'Alençon, Elizabeth cherished the jewelled similitude of a frog in her bosom, in the form of a brooch; but whether this *petit poisson* of gold, with which she adorned her hat, was emblematical of any of her numerous train of lovers, we presume not to decide.

Elizabeth was lodged in the ancient episcopal palace of St. Augustine, where she and all her ladies, officers of state, and the members of her council, were entertained at the sole expense of the archbishop. While there, a new envoy from the court of France, Gondi, count de Retz, arrived, for the purpose of informing her majesty that her juvenile

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Nichols. Strype's Parker.
[3] MSS. Phillipps.

suitor, Alençon, was attacked with the measles,[1] which illness, his royal mamma afterwards declared, had obliterated the traces of the small-pox from his countenance.[2]

De Retz, though a Catholic, accompanied the queen to hear the service of the church of England in the cathedral, and was so enraptured with the music, that forgetful of time and place, he exclaimed aloud, "O God, I think no prince in Europe, not even our holy father the pope, ever heard the like." Unfortunately this enthusiastic sally of the musical ambassador, struck a discordant chord on the ear of a student standing near, who fiercely rejoined—"Ha! do you compare our queen to the knave of Rome, and even prefer him to her?" Our reader will remember that defiances of the pope, were at that time, even introduced into the versions of David's psalms, as in the following specimen of Robin Wisdom's paraphrases :—

> "Defend us, Lord, by thy dear word;
> From Pope and Turk, defend us Lord."

But marshal de Retz, not being fully aware of the state of excited zeal, which then pervaded protestant England, took great umbrage at the incivility of the remark, and complained to some of her majesty's councillors, who were present. These made light of it, entreating him "to take it patiently, for the boys," said they, "do call him so, and the Roman Antichrist too." "He departed, with a sad countenance," says bishop Parkhurst, by whom this characteristic trait of the spirit of the sixteenth century is related.[3]

Notwithstanding the affront he had received in the cathedral, the ambassador dined at the archbishop's palace with the queen. After dinner he had much discourse with her on matrimony and politics.[4] The queen's birth-day occurring while she was at Canterbury, was celebrated with the greatest festivity by Parker, who gave a magnificent banquet, on that occasion, to her majesty, and her court and council. The archbishop feasted them in his great hall, which had been newly repaired and decorated for the occasion. Her highness was seated in the midst, in a marble chair, covered with cloth of gold, having two French ambassadors at one end of the table, and four ladies of

[1] Camden.
[2] Despatches of Fenelon.
[3] In a letter to Gualter of Zurich.
[4] Strype.

honour at the other end. "The queen was served by none but nobles, even to the washing of her hands," says Parker, "her gentlemen and guard bringing her the dishes." So grand an assembly had not been seen since Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles V. dined in that hall in the year 1519.

Elizabeth was so well pleased with the entertainment she received from the munificent, learned, and hospitable archbishop, that she prolonged her stay at Canterbury a whole fortnight. She went to church every Sunday in state, to hear both sermon and evensong while she stayed, being conducted under a canopy to her traverse by the communion board, as Parker then termed the altar.

Of Elizabeth, it is recorded, that she never travelled on a Sunday, but made a point of resting on that day, and attending divine service at the parish church nearest to her lodging. A good and edifying custom; but unfortunately her respect for the Sabbath was confined to the act of joining in public worship, for the rest of the day was devoted to sports unmeet for any Christian lady to witness, much less to provide for the amusement of herself and court; but Elizabeth shared in the boisterous glee with which they were greeted by the ruder portion of the spectators. Bear and bull-baitings, tilts, tourneys, and wrestling, were among the noon-day divertisements of the maiden majesty of England—dancing, music, cards, and pageants brought up the rear of her sabbath amusements. These follies were justly censured by the more rigid reformers.

In the days of Elizabeth, the harvest-home festival, in Berkshire, was still celebrated by the farmers and peasants with rites in honour of Ceres, whose effigy was carried on the top of the last load of corn.[1] A custom derived from the Roman conquerors of the island.

On the last day of August, Elizabeth visited Sandwich, where her reception, if less magnificent than in more wealthy towns, was most affectionate, and arranged with exquisite taste. All the town was gravelled and strewn with rushes, flowers, flags, and the like, every house painted black and white, and garlanded with vine branches, supported on cords across the streets, interspersed with garlands of choice flowers, forming a bowered arcade for her

[1] Hentzner's Travels.

majesty to pass under to her lodgings—a fine newly built house, adorned with her arms, and hung with tapestry.[1] The town orator made her majesty an harangue, which she was graciously pleased to commend, observing "that it was both eloquent and well handled." Then he presented her a gold cup, worth a hundred pounds, which she received from the mayor's son. The orator, who was a clergyman, presented the queen also with a Greek Testament, which she received very thankfully, and it is to be noted, that, even in this maritime town, verses were fixed upon every post and corner, the same as at Oxford; and at the entry to her lodgings, all these verses were put in a tablet, and hung up.

The next day, she was entertained with a variety of nautical combats in boats, and the storming of a fort at Stonor, which had been built up for that purpose. The following day, Mrs. Mayoress and her sister, the jurat's wife, made her majesty a goodly banquet of 150 dishes, in the school-house, and the schoolmaster made her an oration, and presented her a cup of silver gilt, with a cover nearly a cubit high, to whom Elizabeth answered, "*Gaudeo me in hoc natam esse, ut vobis et ecclesia Dei prossim*,"[2] and so entered the school-house, where she was very merry, and ate of divers dishes, without any assay; that is, she shewed her confidence in the affection of her loyal mayoress of Sandwich, by dispensing with the usual ceremony of having the dishes tasted first. So highly did she approve of the cookery withal, that she caused some of the viands to be reserved for her private use, and ordered them to be carried to her lodgings.

On the day of her departure, a hundred, or six score, children, English and Dutch, were exalted on a bank, built up of turf, and spun fine baize yarn for the amusement of her majesty,[3] who was always well pleased at exhibitions tending to the encouragement of the industrious classes. The improvement of manufactures, and the establishment of crafts, which gave employment and prosperity to the great body of her people, were always leading objects with Elizabeth, and

[1] Corporation of Sandwich Records, by Boys.

[2] I am glad to have been born in this age, that I may aid you, and the church of God.

[3] Records of the Corporation of Sandwich, by W. Boys.

to those ends her progresses conduced. The royal eye, like sunshine, fostered the seeds of useful enterprise, and it was the glory of the last of the Tudors, that she manifested a truly maternal interest in beholding them spring up and flourish. At her departure, Mr. Mayor presented a supplication for the haven of Sandwich, which she took, and promised herself to read. Burleigh, Leicester, Sussex, and the lord-admiral, also promised their furtherance in the suit, touching the improvement of the haven.

Elizabeth visited Rochester on her homeward route, towards Greenwich, for the purpose of surveying her dock-yards, and the progress of her naval improvements at Chatham. She spent four or five days at the Crown Inn, at Rochester, and attended divine service at the cathedral, on the Sunday. She afterwards became the guest of a private gentleman of the name of Watts, at Bully-hill, and gave the name of *Satis* to his mansion, as a gracious intimation that it was all-sufficient for her comfort and contentment.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND & IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Elizabeth's talents as a peace-sovereign—Renews the treaty with Alençon—Plans an interview with him—Her progresses—Her new year's gifts—Receives three night-caps from the queen of Scots—Elizabeth's anger at Henry III.'s marriage—Note to her godson—Anecdotes of her private life—Her costume—Presents from her courtiers—Losses in her wardrobe—Her persecutions—Her visit to Kenilworth—Offered the sovereignty of the Netherlands—Progress into Suffolk, &c.—Her letters of condolence—Her visit to Norwich—Harsh usage of her host at Euston hall—Her favour to the envoy of Alençon—She excites Leicester's jealousy—Discovers Leicester's marriage—Her anger—Fancies she is bewitched—Her council deliberate on her tooth-ache—Incognito visit of Alençon (*now Anjou*)—The council oppose Elizabeth's marriage with him—Her irritation, anxiety, and demurs—Characteristics of Elizabeth—Her habit of swearing—Discrimination of character—Her patronage of Drake—Her letter to sir Edward Stafford—Second visit of Anjou to England—Elizabeth's loving demeanour to him—Her ladies oppose the marriage—Elizabeth's fondness for Anjou—Accompanies him part of his journey homewards—Her love-verses—Regrets for his loss—Her interview with Edmund Campian—Her letter to Burleigh—Her maids of honour—Her illegitimate brother, sir J. Perrot—His insolent speeches regarding her—She refuses to sign his death-warrant—Her cruel usage of Ireland.

ELIZABETH's real greatness, was as a peace-sovereign; she was formed and fitted for domestic government, and her admirable talents for statistics would have established a golden age in England, if she had been contented to employ her energies, wholly as a civilizer. Her foreign wars were a series of expensive blunders, injurious to commerce, little conducive to the military glory of the realm, and attended with a sacrifice of the flower of the English chivalry. If she had not interfered in the quarrels between

other sovereigns and their subjects, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of repeated property-taxes on her own, to defray the expenses of the needless wars in which her crooked policy entangled her, and to pay the pensions of the Scotch patriots, who devoured so large a portion of English gold, and beguiled her into the ungracious office of jailor to their queen—an office which entailed upwards of eighteen years of internal discord on her realm, planted the first thorns in her own diadem, and sullied the brightness of her annals with stains of indelible blackness.

Alas! that the biographer of Elizabeth should be compelled to turn from the lovely picture of an enlightened female sovereign, smiling on the labours of the children of her own subjects, blended with those of the little Flemish refugees in the Sandwich school of industry, to depict her presiding like Atropos, over racks and gibbets, and all the horrible panoply of religious and political tyranny.

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her Kentish progress, the following strange circumstance occurred: a crazy fanatic, named Peter Burchet, having persuaded himself, by the misapplication of certain scripture texts, that it was lawful to kill all who opposed the gospel—that is to say, those who took a different view of church government from the furious sect to which he belonged—wounded the famous naval commander, Hawkins, with his dagger, mistaking him for Sir Christopher Hatton, whom he intended to despatch as an enemy of the Puritans. The queen was so much incensed at this outrage, that she ordered justice to be done on Burchet, in the summary way of martial law,[1] and directed her secretary to bring the commission to her after dinner for her signature. Sussex, her lord chamberlain, wrote in great haste to Burleigh, to apprise him of her majesty's intention; and that he and all her lords in waiting, were in consternation at the royal mandate. "What will become of this act after dinner," says he, "your lordship shall hear to-night."[2] Her prudent counsellors succeeded, finally, in convincing her majesty, that the ceremony of a trial was necessary before an Englishman could be executed for any offence whatsoever. It appears almost incredible, that Elizabeth, after reigning sixteen years, should require to

[1] Camden. [2] Ellis' Royal Letters, second series, vol. iii.

be enlightened on this point; and to be informed, that martial law was only used in times of open rebellion.[1]

The terror of the plague was always uppermost in the minds of all persons in the sixteenth century, at every instance of sudden death. One day in November, 1573, queen Elizabeth was conversing with her ladies in her privy chamber, at Greenwich palace, when, on a sudden, the mother of the maids was seized with illness, and expired directly in her presence. Queen Elizabeth was so much alarmed at this circumstance, that in less than an hour she left her palace at Greenwich, and went to Westminster, where she remained.[2]

The year 1574 commenced with new efforts on the part of the court of France, to conclude the matrimonial treat between the duke of Alençon and Elizabeth. Mauvissiye arrived in January, to woo the queen in his behalfèrnd to solicit that she would send him a safe conduct to , a her, and plead his own cause. In a recently dislevisit t ter, from Elizabeth to Dr. Dale,[3] on this subject, she exhibits her usual caution and feminine vacillation. She says—

"The French ambassador sithens the return of our servant Randolph, hath sundry times had access unto us, requiring our answer, whether we could allow of the coming over of the duke of Alençon, upon the view of his portraiture, brought over by our said servant."

She goes on to state "that she has had sundry conferences with her council, and finds they were of opinion that it might impair the amity between England and France, if, on coming, there should be no liking between her and the duke; that she understood, moreover, that a fresh enterprise against Rochelle was intended, and new jealousy and misliking conceived in her subjects' hearts against the match. That she had represented these things to the French ambassador, but he persisted in urging her to grant a public interview to the prince, which she had declined—"For that," pursues her majesty—

[1] Burchet was tried, condemned, and hanged, having first killed one of his keepers with a billet of wood, which he took out of a chimney. He had his right hand stricken off at the gallows for this last outrage, and died, says the chronicler, with a silent reluctancy. Camden. Ellis' Royal Letters.

[2] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii. p. 454.

[3] Communicated by Francis Worship, esq., F.A.S.

"We can be put in no comfort by those, that desire most our marriage, and are well affected to the crown, who have seen the young gentleman, that there will grow any satisfaction of our persons; and therefore you may say, that if it were not to satisfy the earnest request of our good brother the king, and the queen, his mother, (whose honourable dealing towards us, as well in seeking us himself, as in offering unto us both his brethren, we cannot but esteem as an infallible argument of their great good wills towards us,) we could in no case be induced to allow of his coming, neither publicly nor privately; for that we fear, (notwithstanding the great protestations he and his mother make to the contrary,) that if upon the interview, satisfaction follow not, there is likely to ensue, instead of straighter amity, disdain and unkindness."

Her majesty, however, goes on to say, "that if none of these doubts, that she has suggested, will deter monsieur le duc from coming over in some sort of disguise; then Dale is to tell the king from her," that she wishes that the gentleman in whose company he may come over, as one of his followers, may not be a person of such high rank as the duke de Montmorenci, nor accompanied with any great train; "for," pursues she, "if there follow no liking between us after a view taken the one of the other, the more secretly it be handled, the least touch will it be to our honours." Elizabeth concludes this amusing piece of diplomatic coquetry, with a really kind request, to be preferred in her name to the king of France and queen-mother, in behalf of a noble protestant lady, a daughter of the duc de Montpensier, then an exile for conscience' sake, in Germany, that she may enjoy the benefit of the late edict. The last paragraph does Elizabeth honour:—

"You shall therefore say unto queen-mother from us, that we desire her to join you in the furtherance of this suit to the king her son, our good brother, who we hope, as well for our sakes, as that the gentlewoman is so near of blood unto her children; and that it is a natural virtue, incident to our sex, to be pitiful of those that are afflicted, will so tender her case, as by her good means, the gentlewoman shall be relieved, and we gratified; which we shall be ready to requite, as the occasion shall serve us."[1]

The plan suggested by Elizabeth, for obtaining a private view of Alençon, did not suit the policy of the royal family of France, whose object it was to induce her to commit herself irrevocably in the negotiation. Charles IX. offered to come to the opposite coast of Picardy, ostensibly for the benefit of his health, bringing his brother in his train, whom he would send over as a wooer, in grand state, to Dover, whither queen Elizabeth should come to meet him. This plan Elizabeth affectedly declined, as too decided a step,

[1] Archæologia, vol. xxviii., p. 393—398.

towards a suitor, to be taken by a maid. The truth was, she meant to receive personally, all the homage and flatteries of a new lover, without in any way committing herself in public opinion. To this end, she proposed that Alençon should slip over from the coast of Picardy, to lord Cobham's seat, near Gravesend, from whence he was to take barge privately, and land at the water stairs of Greenwich palace, where she would be ready to welcome him, with all the delights her private household could afford.[1]

This fine scheme was cut short by the discovery of a political conspiracy, of which the hopeful youth Alençon was found to be the head. The quartan ague of Charles IX. was, in reality, a fatal consumption; and all his people perceived that he was dropping into the grave. Alençon, seeing that the next heir, his brother, Henry, king of Poland, was absent, began to intrigue with the protestant leaders to be placed on the throne of France; which plot being discovered by his mother, he, with Henry king of Navarre, were committed prisoners to the castle of Vincennes.

Alençon basely betrayed his allies, la Mole and Corconnas,[2] and the whole protestant interest, to make peace with his own family. Some suspicion existed that queen Elizabeth herself was at the bottom of the plot. However this might be, its discovery entirely broke off the marriage treaty between the mature queen, and the ill-conditioned imp, Alençon, for Catherine de Medicis caused La Mothe to ask Elizabeth, "whether she had received so ill an impression of her son, that she would not go on with the marriage treaty?"

To which Elizabeth replied, "I cannot be so ungrateful as to think ill of a prince, who thinks so well of me, but I must tell you decisively, that I will not take a husband with irons on his feet."[3]

He was released on this hint, and used by Elizabeth as a ready tool for embarrassing the government of his brother, as the head of a middle party.

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 56, 83, 98.

[2] They were soon after executed, to the great displeasure of Elizabeth.

[3] All the Protestants despised Alençon as an unprincipled betrayer, who had only leagued with them to gain their secrets for the information of the royal family; but he appears to have been in earnest when he desired, by their means, to circumvent his elder brother, Henry.

One of those dialogues, often narrated in ambassadors' despatches at that era, took place between the virgin queen and La Mothe, after the death of Charles IX. The affairs of the new king, Henry III., then absent in Poland, were in an awkward predicament; and his faithful ambassador, fearful lest her majesty of England might retain some spiteful reminiscences of the uncivil mode in which Henry had, when duke of Anjou, broken off his marriage with her, ventured to deprecate her wrath, by saying, that "a cloud had a little passed between his new sovereign and her, which he hoped would not cast any blight on their alliance."

The queen, who wore mourning for her good brother, Charles IX., and had not only "composed her face very strongly to grief and dolour," but had let a tear fall on her black dress, answered this speech by throwing out a hint, that another marriage proposal from him was not altogether unexpected by her courtiers. "The cloud you speak of," she said, to the ambassador, "has wholly passed by, and many other things have intervened, which have made me forget all the past; indeed, it was but yesterday, that one of my people observed to me, 'that I had made a difficulty of espousing Henry, because he was not a king; he was at present doubly king,[1] therefore I ought to be content.' I replied," continued queen Elizabeth, "that Henry III. had always been right royal, but that a matter more high than crowns had parted us; even religion, which had often made crowned heads renounce the world altogether, in order to follow God, and that neither I, nor the king ought to repine at what they had done."[2]

This would have been a most respectable version of the affair, if it had been true; but, of course, no one disputed the turn the queen chose to give to the rupture of this absurd marriage treaty, which, notwithstanding all she said regarding religion, she was desirous of renewing.

Whether from a spirit of mischief, or from a downright blundering want of tact, inexcusable in a queen, who intermeddled so restlessly in public affairs, Catherine de Medicis wrote to queen Elizabeth, a letter of apology for her son's

[1] Of France by inheritance, and of Poland by election. He ran away from the Poles when he succeeded to the French crown, to their infinite indignation.

[2] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 159, 160.

former rudeness; and this forced the English queen to remember most unwillingly all impertinences past, which she had very prudently forgotten. The discussion of this mal-apropos apology, occurred in July, 1574, at a state audience, when the French ambassador delivered to the maiden majesty of England, the first credentials addressed to her by Henry III., as king of France. Her demeanour, when she took the packet, was a part got up with her usual study of stage effect.[1] "First, on opening it, she threw her eyes on the signature, and heaved an audible sigh, at finding CHARLES no longer; she then observed very graciously, "that it was now a HENRY that she found there;" and she read at length, very curiously, the said letter. What she found therein, is not stated, but her comments on its contents were original enough. "She was not," she said, "exactly a lioness; yet she allowed she had the temperament, and was the issue of the lion, and that accordingly as the king of France behaved placably to her, so he should find her soft and tractable, as he could desire; but if he were rough, she should take the trouble to be as rude and offensive as possible."

This prelude was a little ominous, and Elizabeth began to give angry hints of a circumstance, which would probably interrupt the harmony between the two kingdoms; so saying, she put into the ambassador's hands, the letter she had lately received from queen Catherine, and desired him to read it through. He declared he was thoroughly aghast, and unable to guess what was coming; however, he began to read, skipping over the ciphered portion, and read on till he came to the paragraph, wherein Catherine apologised for her son's giddiness, "in having *miscalled* her English majesty, and hoped that she would not bear any enmity to him on that account." The ambassador declared "that he stopped short, and looked at queen Elizabeth, but he saw she had not got her speech ready; and she bade him, 'go on, and finish the letter.'" At the end, the execution of the count de Montgomeri, the Huguenot leader, was announced to Elizabeth—a circumstance likely to enrage her, since she had long harboured him among the Channel Islands, whence he had invaded France repeatedly.[2]

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 190.

[2] Catherine de Medicis had seized him, not without circumstances of

Elizabeth took no notice of the catastrophe of her protegé; but commented on the apology offered by Catherine de Medicis, by saying, "that if Henry III. had miscalled her, she either did not know, or had forgotten it. Not that she had been well treated in the marriage proposal; for when all was agreed upon, and she had arranged that he was to have the exercise of his religion in private, and she had sent a councillor to signify her compliance, it was found that Henry had taken a directly contrary resolution. And though she could not justly blame him for having averted a marriage with *an old woman*,[1] yet she must once again repeat that her good affection and kind intentions deserved a more civil return."

The poor ambassador could only remind her, by way of reply, "that all the impediments had proceeded from herself, and that if she had been willing, his king had now been all her own."

This compliment was graciously taken; and La Mothe felt assured, as he expressly sent word to France, the queen of England's end in the whole conversation was, to induce a new proposal from the bachelor-king of France, which would now certainly meet with a more prosperous conclusion.

Elizabeth finished the discussion by calling Leicester; he came and knelt before her, and soon after she rose and withdrew. Her expectation of a new offer from Henry III. was useless, that monarch had fallen in love on his homeward journey from Poland, with Louise of Lorraine, a pretty but portionless princess of his own age, and he married her at his coronation, in the ensuing February; to the infinite indignation of Elizabeth, which she displayed by a series of bickerings with the French court.

Before the end of the year she flamed out into open anger, on a provocation which it little suited her dignity to notice. Lord North, the ambassador whom she had sent

treachery, and hurried him to the block. This was the principal action which distinguished her second regency, during the absence of her son Henry in Poland. She exulted in it because the lance of Montgomeri had slain her husband at the tournament, and what was worse, after being set at liberty by the chivalric injunction of the dying king, he had for ten years led insurrections in France.

[1] This was one of the phrases for which Catherine de Medicis had apologised so officiously.

to congratulate Henry III. on his accession, had transmitted home a series of reports, which particularly enraged her; affirming, "that she had been ridiculed by the buffoons of the French court, at the instigation of the duke of Guise, the relative of Louise of Lorraine, aided by the queen-mother, Catherine. They had," he declared, "moreover dressed up a buffoon in the English fashion, and called him in derision, a *milor* of the *north*; but, in reality, the buffoon represented king Henry VIII." Queen Elizabeth repeated all these stories to that flower of politesse, and conciliating compliment, La Mothe, before her whole court, to the great consternation of the poor ambassador, who says—"She raised her voice in great choler, and told me so loud, that all her ladies and officers could hear her discourse, adding, with very gross words, "that the queen-mother should not have spoken so dishonourably, and in derision of so illustrious a prince, as her late father, king Henry; and that the said lord North ought to have told those, who were mimicking him, how the tailors of France might easily remember the fashion of the habiliments of this great king, since he had crossed the sea more than once with warlike ensigns displayed, and had some concern with the people there." He had, she meant to insinuate, taken Terrouenne and Boulogne by storm.

The ambassador declared "he would maintain to the last sigh of his life," that *milor* North had neither seen nor heard anything of the kind; for the queen-mother was far too courteous and well-behaved a princess, and the duke of Guise too finished a chevalier to say, or cause to be said, anything which reflected on the queen of England, the dignity of her crown, or the honour of the late king Henry her father, "that *milor* North had misunderstood the whole, and was, consequently, a bad negotiator between princes."[1] This brouillèe had nearly occasioned a declaration of war between England and France, for La Mothe affirmed, "that her words were so high, that if the affairs of his master had permitted it, he would have defied her to war, and returned home instantly." But all lord North's budget was not communicated to him at once, for in a subsequent private interview, Elizabeth told La Mothe, "how she had heard that two female dwarfs had been dressed up in the

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 331.

chamber of Catherine de Medicis, and that the queen and her maids had excited them to mimic her (queen Elizabeth), and ever and anon, thrown in injurious words, to prompt the vile little buffoons to a vein of greater derision and mockery."

La Mothe, in reply, assured her, "that to his certain knowledge the queen-mother of France, had been unwearied in praising her English majesty's beauty and good qualities to her son, the king of France, when he was duke of Anjou, and her suitor, and he roundly laid the whole on *milor* North's utter ignorance of the French language, which had caused him to mistake the whole tenour of what he described." This apology had so good an effect on queen Elizabeth, that she forthwith desired to be excused, "if, out of ignorance of the French language, she herself, had made use of any unbecoming phrases regarding Catherine de Medicis."

The tribulation of the tormented ambassador, when describing these embarrassing scenes with the offended majesty of England, is irresistibly diverting; he slily remarks, however, "that it was not the mockery of her father, first mentioned, but of herself, which had really laid boiling and swelling at the bottom of her heart." Several interviews took place before the adroit Frenchman succeeded in flattering Elizabeth into a placable humour again.

This year, Elizabeth visited the archbishop of Canterbury at his summer palace at Croydon. The learned primate, his comptroller, secretaries, and chamberers, were at their wits' ends, where and how to find sleeping accommodation for her majesty, and her numerous train of ladies and officers of state, on this occasion. There is a pitiful note, signed J. Bowyer, appended to the list of these illustrious guests, for whom suitable dormitories could not be assigned, in which he says:—

"For the queen's waiters, I cannot find any convenient rooms to place them in, but I will do the best I can to place them elsewhere; but if it will please you, sir, that I do remove them, the grooms of the privy chamber, nor Mr. Drury, have no other way to their chambers but to pass through that where my lady Oxford should come. I cannot then tell where to place Mr. Hatton; and for my lady Carewe, there is no place with a chimney for her, but that she must lay abroad by Mrs. A. Parry and the rest of the privy chamber. For Mrs. Shelton, there are no rooms with a chimney; I shall stay one chamber without for her. Here is as much as I am able to do in this house. From Croydon."[1]

[1] Sloane MS. 1—4, 160, n. 217.

Elizabeth and her court went in progress to Worcester, August 18th, 1574, and remained till the 20th. While there, she made a grant of free-bench to the widows of the city, by which they were empowered to a life interest in the property of their deceased husbands, in defiance of creditors, or any other claimants.[1] On the day of her arrival, after listening very graciously to the welcome of Mr. Bell, the town orator, she checked her horse opposite St. Nicholas' church, to look at the structure; on which her loyal lieges shouted, "God save your grace!" and she, throwing up her cap, with a heartiness that did her honour, responded, "And I say, God bless you all, my good people!"[2]

From Worcester she proceeded to Bristol, where she was entertained with pageants of a martial and allegorical character, and inspired a great deal of adulatory poetry. On her way from Bristol, she honoured Katharine Parr's nephew, Henry earl of Pembroke, with a visit, and was magnificently entertained by him and his countess, the learned and amiable sister of sir Philip Sidney, for several days at Wilton house. While there, she hunted the deer in Clarendon park with greyhounds.

The same year, a private marriage was made between lord Charles Lenox and the daughter of the countess of Shrewsbury. As the bridegroom stood next to his mother, after Mary Stuart and her son, in the natural order of the regal succession, Elizabeth was much offended at his presuming to marry, and, as a token of her displeasure, committed both the intriguing mothers, the countess of Lenox and her of Shrewsbury, to prison. They made their peace by laying the blame of what had happened on the captive queen of Scots.

Even Burleigh came in for a share of the irritation of temper, which the jealousy of Elizabeth's disposition induced at this crisis. He had been to Buxton, which had just become a fashionable place of resort for gouty and rheumatic sufferers, the queen of Scots having derived some benefit from her visits to that place. Elizabeth took great offence at her premier choosing to resort to the same place, although his maladies were of the kind for which its waters were esteemed so efficacious. He writes, in a pitiful strain,

[1] Green's Worcester. [2] Nash's Worcester.

to the earl of Shrewsbury, of the rating he had received for this offence:—"Her majesty did conceive that my being there was by means of your lordship and lady Shrewsbury, to enter into intelligence with the queen of Scots; and at my return to her majesty's (Elizabeth) presence, I had very sharp reproofs for my going to Buxton, with plain charging me for favouring the queen of Scots, and that in so earnest a sort as I never looked for, knowing my integrity to her majesty." Thus all in turn drank of the poisoned chalice their own injustice had brewed, and the captive was scarcely more wretched than mutual doubts and recriminating suspicions made the powerful sovereign, her prime minister, and the great noble who played the gaoler to the oppressed lady.

In the midst of all these heartburnings, one Corker, a malcontent chaplain belonging to the lord Shrewsbury, ran away to court, and repeated, with many additions of his own, all the *on dits* he could gather at Sheffield castle regarding queen Elizabeth, to her great indignation. In the correspondence and controversy concerning these grievances, an anecdote presents itself, which is illustrative of Elizabeth's character. It is related by Shrewsbury to Walsingham, in the course of his explanations "touching that viper Corker." "It pleased the queen's majesty (Elizabeth) to send me word that she did not condemn me for anything, saving for certain conversations her highness had vouchsafed unto me, which I had disclosed to him. The truth is, it pleased her majesty once, upon some occasion, to tell me how wonderfully God had preserved her from her enemies. Once on a time, having notice of a man who had undertaken to execute mischief to her sacred person, his stature and some scars of his face being described to her, she happened, as she was in progress, amongst a multitude of others, to discover that man; yet not being alarmed at the view of him, she called my lord of Leicester, and shewed that man to him; he was apprehended, and found to be the same. Now this wicked serpent, Corker, added, that after relating this incident, I should infer and say, 'that her majesty thought herself a goddess, that could not be touched by the hand of man;' whereas I never uttered such a thing, neither a whit more than her majesty's own sacred mouth pronounced to me; the which I uttered to him as a proof of God's merciful providence over her, and

that false addition proceeded only out of his most wicked head and perilous invention; and yet this did so sink into her majesty's conceit against me, as I verily think it hath been the cause of her indignation; but I humbly beseech her majesty to behold me with the sweet eyes of her compassion, that I may either prove myself clear and guiltless, or else be for ever rejected as a castaway."[1]

The commencement of the year 1575 found Elizabeth in high good humour; she received the congratulations and compliments of monsieur de la Mothe on the new year's day very graciously, attributing the recent misunderstandings with the royal family of France to the mistakes caused by lord North's ignorance of the French language. She was pleased to add, "that the trouble in which his excellency had remained since their last conference, recalled to her mind the distress in which she herself was plunged when the late queen, her sister, in consequence of some misconceived words regarding her, had caused her to be examined in the Tower."[2] Elizabeth was certainly fond of recurring to that epoch of her life, but her allusions, as in the above instance, rather tend to mystify than elucidate the true cause of her imprisonment.

The ambassador, perceiving that this confidential remark was intended as an extension of the olive branch, adroitly took the opportunity of presenting to Elizabeth, as a new year's gift from the queen of Scots, a very elegant head-dress of net-work, wrought by her own hand very delicately, likewise the collar, cuffs, and other little pieces *en suite;* all which queen Elizabeth received amiably, and admired exceedingly. In the course of the spring, La Mothe brought her another gift of three night-caps, worked by the hand of her prisoner; but a demur took place regarding the night-caps, and they were for a time left on the hands of the ambassador; for Elizabeth declared, "that great commotions and jealousies had taken place in the privy council, because she had accepted the gifts of the queen of Scots." Finally, she accepted the night-caps,[3] with this characteristic speech to La Mothe:—

[1] Lodge's Illustrations.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 348.

[3] The inimitable Cervantes makes Saucho lament the loss of "three night-caps worth three royal cities." Surely these night-caps, worked by one queen-regnant, and presented for the wearing of another, the most re-

"Tell the queen of Scots that I am older than she is, and when people arrive at my age, they take all they can get with both hands, and only give with their little finger." On this maxim, though jocosely expressed, Elizabeth seems to have acted all her life.

Her majesty incurred some personal danger, in consequence of a visit she paid to the countess of Pembroke, who was dangerously ill this winter. The queen went by the silent highway of the Thames to the earl of Pembroke's house in the Strand. The last time, it was ten at night ere the royal guest departed, and that in so dense a fog, that divers of the boats and barges in the royal *cortêge* lost their way, and landed at wrong places.[1]

When queen Elizabeth heard of the marriage of Henry III. with Louise of Lorraine, a revival of her anger regarding the affair of the two dwarfs took place, and the unfortunate French ambassador was forced to go over all the explanations, excuses, and compliments, with which he had been so sorely troubled in the preceding autumn. At last, she forced an autograph letter on this ridiculous subject from Henry III., and then she condescended to observe, "that, as to the two dwarfs, she allowed the affair had been ill interpreted by lord North—indeed, she had since been told, that they were very pretty ones, and very properly dressed, and she should like of all things to see them; and if the queen-mother would send her one of them as a present,[2] she should receive it as a great kindness." How she would have welcomed and treated the pert pigmy, who was suspected of mimicking her dress and manners, is a point that cannot be ascertained, for Catherine sent her no such present, and it is probable she spoke but in mockery, being secretly in a bitter rage at certain intelligence, which had reached her of the royal nuptials in France.

Henry III. had fully determined that Elizabeth should have no official intimation of his nuptials till they had taken place, perhaps on account of the indefatigable activity with which she marred all matches, within the reach of her

nowned female sovereign in history, made the subject of national jealousies in a privy council, and of an ambassador's negotiation and despatch to his king, could not be worth less than those of Sancho, but as yet they have not been equally celebrated.

[1] Murdin's State Papers.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. p. 388.

influence. La Mothe Fenelon was troubled in spirit how the tidings were to be broken to her, for she was prepared to resent as a high affront the silence of the royal family of France on the subject. "Sire," wrote La Mothe,[1] "in order that the queen of England might not guess that you would not communicate the tidings of your marriage, till after the event, I declared it was not your fault, neither that of the queen your mother, but I laid all on the laziness of the couriers. It was all," he added, "done in haste, and at the instigation of the queen your mother, to whose better judgment you had submitted your will, having previously known the princess of Lorraine, and that both you and the queen-mother had carefully contemplated at leisure her person, and the fine and excellent qualities with which God had endowed her,—all which you preferred to any other kind of advantage in marriage; and that you hoped her majesty of England would, according to the devoir of a good and faithful ally, rejoice with you."

Queen Elizabeth interrupted a panegyric on the houses of Guise and Lorraine, to which the new queen belonged, by suddenly observing, "that for many days, and much sooner than the ambassador, she had heard all about the wedding; likewise, many comments that people made on the match. Some of these were very curious, as to what had moved the queen-mother to procure for herself *such* a daughter-in-law. Others talked very loudly of the favour this new queen meant to ask of her husband, which was to make an enterprise for the liberation of the queen of Scots, her relative; and notwithstanding all the perfections of the newly married queen, she could not help wishing that the king of France had made his election in some other family than that inimical house of Guise, which had always made war on her, and molested her; and, moreover, she knew well that this wedlock formed one of the secret articles of cardinal de Lorraine's will; and as the king of France had not considered her satisfaction, in the alliances he made, neither should she consider his interest in a like case."

The French ambassador replied, "that he was sure nothing had moved his royal master to the marriage, excepting the instances of his mother, and the contemplation of so beautiful and desirable an object as the queen, now his bride;

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 390, &c.

that a king of France was great enough to marry, without going questing all over the world to make an interested match; and, as for alliances, that of the triple house of Lorraine, Guise, and Vaudemont strengthened him in his state more than any he could make. As for all the intelligence she had heard, it came from those who, being bad Frenchmen, could never become good or true Englishmen."

Elizabeth, who seldom sustained a high tone, if answered with spirit, assured the ambassador she had heard her tidings from Spaniards, and she closed the conversation by apologising, provokingly, "for the thanksgivings the French Protestants had presumed to put up in their church in London for the signal defeat marshal de Damville, the Huguenot leader, had given the new king of France in Languedoc, the royal army having been cut to pieces, and all the artillery in that province taken; but she had given them no leave to rejoice, and, if they did it again, she would drive them all out;" and, with this gracious intimation, the conference closed.

On the 8th of February, parliament met, and another tremendous property tax was imposed on the people, although it was a year of dearth. Elizabeth composed a long classical and metaphorical speech, or rather essay, on the difficulties of her position as a female sovereign, to be delivered from the throne at the opening of the sessions; but she did not open the house in person, and some doubts have been entertained whether this singular composition was used. She sent a copy of it to her godson, Harrington, with this interesting note addressed to himself:—

"Boy Jack,—I have made a clerk write fair my poor words for thine use, as it cannot be such striplings have entrance into parliament as yet. Ponder them in thy hours of leisure, and play with them, till they enter thine understanding; so shalt thou hereafter, perchance, find some good fruits thereof, when thy godmother is out of remembrance; and I do this because thy father was ready to serve and love us in trouble and thrall."[1]

Harrington's delightful letters are full of characteristic records of his royal godmother, whom he dearly loves, although he cannot resist relating many whimsical traits, both of her violence, cunning, and vanity, interspersed with many encomiums on her virtues, with now and then, "like angel visits, few and far between," a fact illustrative of

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

noble feeling. "Her highness," says he, "was wont to sooth her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at the council, or other matters had overthrown her gracious disposition. She did much admire Seneca's wholesome advisings when the soul's quiet is flown away, and I saw much of her translating thereof.

"Her wisest men and best counsellors were oft sore troubled to know her will in matters of state, so covertly did she pass her judgment, as seemed to leave all to their discreet management; and when the business did turn to better advantage, she did most cunningly commit the good issue to her own honour and understanding; but when aught fell out contrary to her will and intent, the council were in great strait to defend their own acting and not blemish the queen's good judgment. Herein, her wise men did oft lack more wisdom, and the lord treasurer (Burleigh) would oft shed a plenty of tears on any miscarriage, well knowing the difficult part was not so much to mend the matter itself, as his mistress's humour, and yet did he most share her favour and good-will, and to his opinion she would ofttime submit her own pleasure in great matters. She did keep him till late at night in discoursing alone, and then call out another at his departure, and try the depth of all around her sometime.

"Walsingham had his turn, and each displayed his wit in private. On the morrow, everyone did come forth in her presence, and discourse at large; and if any dissembled with her, or stood not well to her advisings before, she did not let it go unheeded, and sometimes not unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say, 'the queen did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait that no one could escape her net-work.'

"In truth, I am sure her speech was such as none could refuse to take delight in, when frowardness did not stand in the way. I have seen her smile, in sooth, with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most inward thought to her, when on a sudden she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, and draw them out as occasion required, and sometime disprove to their faces what

had been delivered a month before. Hence, she knew every one's part, and by thus 'fishing,' as Hatton said, 'she caught many poor fish who little know what snare was laid for them.'

"I will now tell you more of her majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did often ask the ladies around her chamber, 'if they loved to think of marriage?' and the wise ones did conceal well their liking thereto, knowing the queen's judgment in this matter.

"Sir Mathew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.' 'You seem honest, i'faith,' said the queen, 'I will sue for you to your father;' at which the damsel was well pleased; and when her father, sir Robert Arundel, came to court, the queen questioned him about his daughter's marriage, and pressed him to give consent, if the match were discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished, said, 'he never had heard his daughter had liking to any man, but he would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice.' 'Then I will do the rest,' saith the queen. The lady was called in, and told by the queen, 'that her father had given his free consent.'

"'Then,' replied the simple girl, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.'

"'So thou shalt; but not to be a fool, and marry,' said the queen; 'I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it in thy possession. So, go to thy business; I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'"[1]

Harrington studied the science of courtier-craft very deeply, and has left the following amusing note on the method in which it was most expedient to prefer a petition to queen Elizabeth.

"I must go in an early hour, before her highness hath special matters brought to counsel on. I must go before the breakfasting covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her highness cometh forth her chamber; then kneel, and

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 359, 360.

say, 'God save your majesty! I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance?' Thus will I gain her favour to the auditory.

"'Trust not a friend to do or say,
In that yourself can sue or pray.'"

Elizabeth was not always in the humour to receive petitions, even from those who enjoyed her confidence and favour in the highest degree. "The queen (notes Harrington) seemed troubled to-day; Hatton came out of her presence with an ill countenance; he pulled me aside by the girdle, and said, in secret way, 'If you have any suit to-day, I pray you put it aside; the sun doth not shine.'

"'Tis this accursed Spanish business, so I will not adventure her highness's *choler*, lest she should *collar* me also," remarks our witty author, which gives shrewd confirmation to the tale that Elizabeth, in a fit of ungovernable passion, once collared sir Christopher Hatton;[1] we trust it was before his elevation to the wool-sack. A vice-chamberlain to a maiden monarch might receive a personal indignity from his royal mistress with some degree of humility, but a lord-chancellor could not, for the honour of his office, as the highest law officer in England, have submitted tamely to such an outrage from any sovereign whatsoever. Elizabeth was undoubtedly a very excitable person, and allowed her animal spirits to betray her into many undignified deeds, both in the way of wrath and levity.

"The queen," observes Harrington, in another note, "loveth to see me in my last frieze jerkin, and saith, '*'tis well enough cut.*' I will have another made liken to it. I do remember she spat on sir Mathew's fringed cloth, and said, 'the fool's wit was gone to rags.' Heaven spare me from such jibing!"

"On Sunday (April last)," pursues our courtly gossip, "my lord of London preached to the queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her majesty told the ladies, 'that if the bishop held more discourse on such matters she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without a staff, and

[1] Lingard's Hist. of England, fourth edition, vol. viii. p. 406.

leave his mantle behind him?"[1] Perchance, the bishop hath never sought (seen) her highness's wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text," shrewdly observes Harrington, by way of comment on this characteristic anecdote of his royal godmother.

The general style of Elizabeth's dress and ornaments, may be ascertained by the new years' gifts presented to her, as recorded in her elaborate wardrobe rolls. Every imaginable article of dress and ornament were brought by her courtiers and the persons of her household. All met with acceptance, from the richest jewels to such articles as gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, night rails (or night-dresses), and night-caps; of the last article of attire, the following description remains. Mrs. Cropson's gift was "a night coif of cambric, cut work and spangles, with forehead-cloth, and a night border of cut work, edged with bone lace." Another present, offered by the wife of Julio, one of the court physicians, was "a cushion-cloth, and a pillow case of cambric, wrought with black silk." In the middle of Elizabeth's reign, the favourite embroidery appears to have been of black silk on white cambric; a strange freak of fashion, since it is difficult to imagine how the whiteness of the cambric could be renewed without ruining the work. Mistress Twist, court-laundress, made a singular present to her royal mistress, being three handkerchiefs, of black Spanish work, edged with a bone lace of Venice gold, and four *tooth cloths* of coarse Holland, wrought with black silk, and edged with bone lace[2] of silver and black silk.

A present from Mrs. Amy Shelton, a kinswoman on the Boleyn side of royalty, consisted of six handkerchiefs of cambric, edged with passament of gold and silver. Mrs. Montague, the silk woman, brought a pair of sleeves, of cambric wrought with roses and buds of black silk. Mrs. Huggins, six handkerchiefs of various sorts, one worked with murry-coloured silk; the others, with silk of various colours. Sir Philip Sidney, that darling of chivalry, presented to his liege lady a smock, of cambric, the sleeves

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 170, 171.

[2] The bone lace of that day was netting of very elaborate and delicate work, made of variously-coloured silks, and gold and silver twist, as well as of white thread or black silk.

and collar wrought with black silk work, and edged with a small bone lace of gold and silver, and a suite of ruffs of cutwork, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold. This garment seems to have been, in reality, a species of gown, shaped like the ancient Saxon tunic, worn still by wagoners and Kentish peasants, called a smock-frock. Sir Philip's friend, Fulk Greville, presented the queen with another of these robes, being "a smock made of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with Spanish work of roses and *letters*, and a night-coif, with a forehead-cloth of the same work." Probably this was meant altogether as a night dress, *en suite*; but the gift of sir Philip Sidney, with its spangles and ruffs, and heavy gold and silver work, could scarcely have belonged to the queen's toilette *à coucher*. Mrs. Wingfield presented a "night-rail of cambric, worked all over with black silk;" and Mrs. Carre, "one sheet of fine cambric, worked all over with sundry fowls, beasts, and worms, in silks of divers colours." The queen's physicians brought offerings somewhat assimilating to their vocations. Dr. Huick presented a pot of green preserved ginger and orange flowers; Julio, the same. Dr. Bayley, a pot of green ginger, with rinds of lemons. The royal cook, John Smithson, brought a gift to the queen of a fair marchpane, with St. George in the midst; and the serjeant of the pastry, one fair pie of quinces, *oranged*. There are in the same rolls, several entries from noblemen and clergymen of rank, of ten pounds in gold coin, and no offence taken by the virgin queen at this pecuniary donation.[1]

The history of royal costume, when interspersed with characteristic traits of the times in which the antique fashions, which now survive only on the pictured canvas, or illuminated vellum, were worn, has been of late so popular a study with the ladies, that, for the sake of that gentle portion of the readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England," a few more extracts from the wardrobe memorandums of queen Elizabeth may, perhaps, be ventured without fear of displeasing antiquarian students, since the

[1] See the original rolls in the Lansdowne Collections, and in those of Mr. Craven Ord, quoted in Nichols' Progresses, vol. iv.

source whence they are derived is only accessible through the courtesy of the learned possessor of the MS.

"Lost from her majesty's back, the 14th of May, anno 21, one small acorn, and one oaken leaf of gold, at Westminster. Lost by her majesty, in May, anno 23, two buttons of gold, like tortoises, with pearls in them, and one pearl more, lost, at the same time, from a tortoise. Lost, at Richmond, the 12th of February, from her majesty's back, wearing the gown of purple cloth, of silver, one great diamond, out of a clasp of gold, given by the earl of Leicester, parcel of the same gown 17, anno 25."[1]

The course of chronology is a little antedated by the quotation of the last items, but not, perhaps, in vain, as the reader will be able to form, meanwhile, a more lively idea of the stately Elizabeth agitating the empires of Europe, and defying Spaniard and pope, y-clad in her purple cloth of silver or gold, bestudded with golden aglets, buttons enamelled in the form of tortoises, oak-leaves, and acorns, pearls and diamonds, of which she always returned *minus* a portion, whenever she appeared in public. Verily, her finery appears so entirely part and parcel of herself, that it is mixed up in the gravest details of her state policy.

She was never seen in deshabille by masculine eyes but on two occasions. The first time was on a fair May morning, in 1578, when Gilbert Talbot, the earl of Shrewsbury's son, happening to walk in the tilt-yard, about eight o'clock, under the gallery where her majesty was wont to stand, chanced to look up, and saw her at the window in her night-cap. "My eye," says he, "was full towards her, and she shewed to be greatly ashamed thereof, for that she was unready, and in her night stuff. So, when she saw me after dinner, as she went to walk, she gave me,"—pretty playfulness for a virgin queen of forty-five, "a great filip on the forehead, and told my lord chamberlain, who was the next to see her, 'how I had seen her that morning, and how much she was ashamed thereof.'"[2] Twenty years later, the luckless Essex surprised her in the hands of her tire-woman, and paid as severe a penalty for his blunder as the profane huntsman, who incurred the vengeance of Diana by his trespass.

[1] Ex. MSS. Phillipps, Middle Hill Collection.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations.

Whether Elizabeth condescended to sell her influence in the courts of law, where matters of property were at stake, seems almost an injurious question for her biographers to ask, yet the family vice of the Tudors, covetousness, led her to receive gifts from her courtiers, under circumstances which excite suspicions derogatory to her character as a gentlewoman, and degrading to her dignity as a sovereign.

"I will adventure," writes Harrington, in confidence to a friend, "to give her majesty five hundred pounds in money,[1] and some pretty jewel, or garment, as you shall advise, only praying her majesty to further my suit with some of her learned council, which I pray you to find some proper time to move in. This, some hold as a dangerous adventure, but five and twenty manors do well warrant my trying it."

Whether the money was rejected we cannot ascertain, but that the jewel was accepted, certainly appears in the record of the gifts presented to queen Elizabeth in the beginning of this year:—

"Item, a heart of gold garnished with sparks of rubies, and three small pearls, and a little round pearl pendant, out of which heart goeth a branch of roses, red and white, wherein are two small diamonds, three small rubies, two little emeralds, and two small pearls, three qtrs. di., and farthing gold weight, given by Mr. John Harrington, Esq."[2]

Full of hopes and fears about the success of his suit, the accomplished courtier notes the following resolution in his diary:—"I will attend to-morrow, and leave this little poesy behind her cushion at my departing from her presence." The little poesy was well calculated to please a female monarch, who was, to the full, as eager to tax the wits of her courtiers for compliments, as their purses for presents. Harrington was certainly the elder brother of Waller in the art of graceful flattery in verse. Observe how every line tells:—

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY.

"For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word, and every letter,
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better.

[1] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] In Sloane MS. 814, quoted in Park's edition of Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington, from the notes of which we learn that Harrington presented his royal godmother with gifts, in 1574, 1577, and 1579, but she, in return, gave him plate, weighing 40 ounces.

Sith, then, your highness doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading;
Let my poor muse, your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse—*so read my fortune.*
" From your highness's saucy godson."

Queen Elizabeth affected to be displeased with Harrington's satirical writings, especially the " Metamorphosis of Ajax," in which some of the leading men of the court were severely lashed. " But," writes Robert Markham, to the imprudent wit, " though her highness signified her displeasure in outward manner, yet did she like the marrow of your book. * * * The queen is minded to take you to her favour, but she sweareth, 'that she believes you will make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again on her, and all her court.'[1] She hath been heard to say, 'that merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies' sports and frolics.' She did conceive much disquiet on being told you had aimed a shaft at Leicester. I wish you knew the author of that ill deed. I would not be in his best jerkin for a thousand marks."

On the 17th of May, died the venerable archbishop Parker, and, on June 22nd, less than three weeks after his death, the horrible fact is recorded, by Stowe, that " two Dutchmen, anabaptists, were burnt in Smithfield, who died in great horror, with roaring and crying." Foxe the martyrologist, to his honour, wrote an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, imploring her not to sully the annals of her reign, and the practice of the reformed church, by burning for heterodoxy. His intercession was unavailing to save the two wretched foreigners from the flames, but Elizabeth's persecutions were afterwards of a bloody and not a fiery character. Unfortunately, the queen was an advocate for the use of torture, though declared, by the high authority of Fortescue, and other enlightened commentators on the constitution of England, to be contrary to the law.[2]

The royal progresses, this summer, were through the midland counties. In June, Leicester writes to Burleigh, from some place, supposed to be Grafton, as follows:—

[1] Harrington's satire was written in epistles, purporting to be written by Misacmos to his friend and cousin Philostilpnos.

[2] Many horrible details will be found in Jardine's Essay on the Use of Torture.

"I will let your lordship understand such news as we have, which is only and chiefly of her majesty's good health, which, God be thanked, is as good as I have long known it, and for her liking of this house, I think she never came to place in her life she likes better, or commends more. And since her coming hither, as oft as weather serves, she hath not been within doors. This house likes her well, and her own lodgings especially. She thinks her cost well bestowed, she saith, if it hath been five times as much; but I would her majesty would bestow but half as much more, and then I think she should have as pleasant and commodious house as any in England; I am sorry your lordship is not here to see it. Even by and by, her majesty is going to the forest to kill some bucks with her bow, as she hath done in the park this morning. God be thanked, she is very merry and well disposed now."[1]

The cause of the previous testiness, on the part of the queen, here alluded to, is related by the favourite with that quaint pomposity which leads persons of small minds to place ludicrous importance on trifles. "But, at her (majesty's) first coming," pursues he, "being a marvellous hot day at her coming hither, there was not one drop of good drink for her, so well was she provided for, notwithstanding her oft telling of her coming hither. But we were fain to send forthwith to London, and to Kenilworth, and divers other places, where ale was, her own here was so strong as there was no man able to drink it; you had been as good to have drank Malmsey, and yet was it laid in above three days before her majesty came. It did put me very far out of temper, and almost all the company beside too, for none of us was able to drink ale or beer here; since, by chance, we have found drink for her to her liking, and she is well again; but I feared greatly, two or three days, some sickness to have fallen by reason of this drink. God be thanked, she is now perfect well and merry, and, I think, upon Thursday, come se'nnight, will take her journey to Kenilworth, where, I pray God, she may like all things no worse than she hath done here."[2]

Elizabeth, though not a tea-drinking queen, certainly belonged to the temperance class, for she never took wine unless mingled, in equal parts, with water, and then very sparingly, as a beverage with her meals; and we find, from the above letter, that she was greatly offended and inconvenienced by the unwonted potency of the ale that had been provided by her jolly purveyors, who, probably, judged the royal taste by their own.

The course of chronology has now led to that magnificent

[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. ii. [2] Ibid.

epoch in the life of Elizabeth, which the genius of sir Walter Scott has made familiar. And, of course, the following narrative will, in some measure, be similar to the realities of the splendid romance[1] of Kenilworth, since sir Walter Scott's descriptions were drawn from the same sources.

La Mothe Fenelon gave, in his despatches to his own court, a hint of the causes that induced Leicester to incur this extravagant cost, which were the extraordinary benefactions Elizabeth had that year showered on him, for some important emoluments had fallen to her gift, which she bestowed on him, to the amount of 50,000*l.* Leicester, in return, prepared this gorgeous entertainment at Kenilworth,

[1] It is, perhaps, desirable to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester, at the crisis of the visit to queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, to whom he was publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in her grave. Leicester's path to a royal marriage, we have shewn in its place, had been cleared of her within two years of Elizabeth's accession, by the murder, or accident, at Cumnor Hall. Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of sir Walter's splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court, lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William lord Howard, the queen's uncle; she was the young widow of lord Sheffield. Leicester is supposed to have married her privately, in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor of the queen; he had, by her, a very handsome and promising son, and a daughter. The son was one of the most brilliant geniuses of the succeeding century, and it is inexplicable how Leicester dared to cast a stigma on the mother, whose birth-rank was so much higher than his own, or brand this boy with illegitimacy, when he was madly desirous of offspring, and at the same time doated on him. The scandalous chronicles of that day, declare Leicester had attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife, by poison, about the time of the queen's visit to Kenilworth; because he had fallen in love with Lettice Knollys, another cousin of the queen, wife to Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, and mother of the young earl of Essex, afterwards Elizabeth's favourite. This lady he married during the life of his unfortunate second wife, lady Douglas Howard, and the court used to call her and her rival, the countess Lettice, Leicester's Old and New Testaments. It is likewise said, that the words of that exquisite old melody—

"Balow my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep,"

were meant as the address of the forsaken lady Leicester to her boy.

Lady Sheffield survived Leicester, and endeavoured to prove her marriage with him, before the council in the Star-chamber, in the reign of James I., in order to legitimate her son; her deposition states, "That she concealed her marriage owing to the furious threats of the earl of Leicester, and that he gave her poison to get rid of her, by which her hair all fell off;" another account says, "the virulence of the poison likewise deprived her of her nails." She married a third husband, sir Edward Stafford. Leicester left Kenilworth, and a great landed property, to his son by this lady. Her Christian name was Douglas, which has often given rise to mistakes concerning her. See Howard's Memorials, p. 89.

"where," says La Mothe, "he lodged the queen and her ladies, forty earls, and seventy other principal *milords*, all under the roof of his own castle, for the space of twelve days. He personally invited me, but my health did not permit me to join the court."

The princely seat of Kenilworth was no inheritance of the suddenly-raised family of Dudley, it had descended to Elizabeth, from some of the most illustrious of her ancestors, and she had granted it to her favourite, from the fifth year of her reign.

The queen was welcomed, on the 9th of July, at Long Ichington, a town belonging to Leicester, about seven miles from Kenilworth. She dined under an immense tent, and, as a diversion at the dessert, was shewn two of the rarities of the country—a fat boy, of six years old, nearly five feet high, but very stupid; and, to match this prodigy, a monstrous sheep of the Leicestershire breed. In the afternoon, the queen then followed the chase, and hunted towards Kenilworth; so far a-field did her sport lead her, that it was eight in the evening before she arrived at the park gates. A continual series of pageantry and masking, welcomed her progress through the park, at various stations, to the castle gate; where the porter, representing Hercules, "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapt in a pall of silk, with a club and keys, had a rough speech, "full of passions in metre," aptly made to the purpose, and, as her majesty came within his ward, he burst out into a great pang of impatience:"[1]—

"What stir, what coil is here? come back, hold! whither now?[2]
Not one so stout to stir—what harrying have we here?
My friends, a porter I, no puppet here am placed,
By leave, perhaps, else not, while club and limbs do last.
A garboil this, indeed! What yea, fair dames, what yea!
What dainty darlings here? Oh, God! a peerless pearl!
(*He affects to see the queen for the first time.*)
No worldly wight, I doubt—some sovereign goddess, sure!
In face, in hand, in eye, in other features all,
Yea, beauty, grace, and cheer—yea, port and majesty,

[1] Laneham's Kenilworth, p. 8. That splendid description of the approach of Elizabeth, in sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth, originates in the rich imagination of the poet, since she arrived in her hunting dress, after a devious chase by the way. Laneham's description must be accurate, since he was usher, or "husher," of the council door.

[2] Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

Shew all some heavenly peer with virtues all beset.
Come, come, most perfect paragon, pass on with joy and bliss;
Have here, have here, both club and keys, myself, my ward, I yield,
E'en gates and all, my lord himself, submit, and seek your shield."

The queen and her train now passed through the gate kept by this poetical porter, and arrived on the bridge, crossing the beautiful pool, which served as a moat to one side of the castle; when a lady with two nymphs came to her all across the pool, seeming as if she walked on the water, or, according to Laneham, floating on a moveable illuminated island, bright blazing with torches. This personage commenced a metrical description of the traditions of Kenilworth, written by one of the first literati of that day, George Ferrers:—

"I am the lady of this pleasant lake,
Who since the time of great king Arthur's reign,
That here with royal court abode did make,
Have led a lowering life in restless pain,
Till now that this your *third* arrival here,
Doth cause me come abroad and boldly thus appear.

For after him such storms this castle shook,
By swarming Saxons first who scourged this land,
As forth of this my Pool I ne'er durst look,
Though Kenelm,[1] king of Mercia, took in hand,
As sorrowing to see it in deface,
To rear the ruins up and fortify this place.

The earl sir Montfort's[2] force gave me no heart,
Sir Edmund Crouchback's state, the prince's son
Could not cause me out of *my lake to start*,
Nor Roger Mortimer's *ruffe* who first begun,
(As Arthur's heir,)[3] to keep the table round,
Could not inspire my heart, or cause me come on ground.

Yet still I will attend while you're abiding here,
Most peerless queen, and to your court resort;
And as my love to Arthur did appear,
It shall to you in earnest and in sport.
Pass on, madame, you need no longer stand,
The lake, the lodge, the lord, are yours for to command."

It pleased the queen to thank this lady, and to add withal, "We had thought the lake had been ours, and do you call it yours, now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

[1] Kenilworth is supposed to derive its name from this Saxon saint and king.

[2] Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who detained Henry III., his brother, and his nephew, prisoners here.

[3] By descent from Gladys princess of Wales, representative of Roderic the Great. Mortimer's *ruffe* does not mean an accessory to his dress, but the great crowd and bustle of his renowned tournament at Kenilworth.

The grand pageant of the welcome, was a temporary bridge over the base court, reaching to the main building, twenty feet wide, and seventy long; seven pair of pillars were on this bridge, with mythological deities standing by them, offering to the queen symbolical gifts, as she rode between them; thus, on the tops of the first pair were large cages, containing live bitterns, curlews, hernshaws, godwits, "and such dainty birds, offered to her by Sylvanus, god of wood fowl." The next pair of pillars supported two great silver bowls, piled with apples, pears, cherries, filberts, walnuts—all fresh on their branches, the gifts of Pomona. Wheat in ears, oats, and barley, waved in the next bowls. The next pillar, bore a silver bowl, piled with red and white grapes; and opposite were two "great livery pots of white silver, filled with claret and white wine," on which many in the queen's train, fatigued with the recent hunting party, in one of the hottest July evenings that ever occurred in England, were observed to cast longing eyes. The next pair of pillars supported silver trays, filled with fresh grass, on which laid the fish of the sea, and rivers, with a river god standing by; the next pillars supported the trophies of arms and arts, music and physic, while a *poet*, in a cerulean garment, stood forth and explained the whole to her learned majesty, in a string of Latin hexameters, which we have no intention of inflicting on our readers.

So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of the time, during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.

When her majesty entered her chamber, peals of great guns were shot off, with a profusion of fireworks, which continued for two hours. "The noise and flame," says Laneham, were heard and seen for twenty miles round about." This was on the Saturday night; and, it may be surmised, that many an aching head must have longed for the repose of the Sabbath, after such a lullaby to their repose; but small repose did the sacred day bring. It is true, the queen and her court went to church in the morning, but in the afternoon was music and dancing of the lords

and ladies, with lively agility; and the Sabbath evening concluded with roaring discharges of fireworks and cannon, and though this time the fireworks did not set a town on fire, "yet," says Laneham, "they made me vengeably afraid."

"Monday was so hot that her majesty kept within till five in the evening; what time it pleased her to ride forth to hunt the hart of *forse*. On her homeward way a masking-pageant met her in the chase. A salvage man, wreathed and girdled with oak leaves, having a young sapling oak plucked up, by way of a walking staff, and who represented the god Sylvanus, intercepted her majesty's steed. He began to give utterance to a speech so long-winded and tedious, that when he had arrived at the first quarto page, her majesty put on her steed; but Sylvanus, who savage as he might be deemed, seems to have made no slight advance in the modern art of boring, began to run by her side, reciting the rest of his speech with wonderful volubility. At last, out of pity, the queen checked her horse to favour Sylvanus, who humbly besought 'her majesty to go on; for if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue to run and speak it for twenty miles, protesting, he had rather run as her majesty's footman on earth than be a god on horseback in heaven.'"[1]

At these words her majesty came by a close arbour, made all of holly; and while Sylvanus pointed to the same, "the principal bush *shaked;* for therein were placed both sweet music, and one appointed to represent Deep Desire, who herewith stepped out of the holly bush", and recited a long speech to the queen, tediously stuffed with flattery. Then a concert of music sounded from the holly bower, while Deep Desire sang a dismal ditty, full of such tropes, as "cramps of care," and "gripes of grief;" therefore its quotation may be very well spared here. Sylvanus concluded the mask by breaking the oak sapling he used for a staff asunder, and casting it up in the air; but, unfortunately, one end almost fell on the head of the queen's horse, which started violently, and Sylvanus, who was no other than the poet Gascoigne, was terribly alarmed at the consequences of his awkwardness.

"No hurt—no hurt!" exclaimed the queen, as she skil-

[1] Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

fully controlled her horse; "and this benignity of the sovereign," continues Laneham, "we took to be the best part of the play;" and assuredly Elizabeth shewed both good-nature and magnanimity in her reception of this accident.[1]

Towards night, on Tuesday, the queen chose to walk on foot over the bridge, into the chase; at her return she stood on the bridge, and listened to a delectable concert of music, from a barge on the pool. The queen hunted the hart of *forse* on Wednesday, in the chase; the hart took to the pool, where he was caught alive, and her majesty granted him his life on condition that he "lost his ears" for a ransom.

This useless cruelty, aptly preceded the bear-baiting of the next day, when the virgin queen had the satisfaction of seeing a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in the outer court, let loose on thirteen bears, which were baited in the inner; "where," says Laneham, "there was plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, and such an expense of blood and leather between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover." This refined diversion took place in the daytime; but the Thursday evening concluded with strange and sundry kind of fireworks, and discharge of great guns for two hours; and during this din, her majesty was entertained by an Italian tumbler of such extraordinary agility in twistings and turnings, that the court considered him to be more of a sprite than a man, and that his backbone must have been like a lamprey, or made of a lute-string.

The drought and heat of the season was on the two succeeding days seasonably refreshed by rain and moisture; the queen, therefore, attended none of the shows in the open air; until that time the weather had been hot and blazing. The second Sunday of Elizabeth's sojourn at Kenilworth was Saint Kenelm's day, the royal Saxon saint, who was murdered at the foot of the neighbouring Clent hills, and whose patronage and influence was once supposed to extend far and wide over the midland counties, especially round Kenilworth, his former palace. The new ritual had not yet superseded the ancient regard of Warwickshire for Saint Kenelm, and the whole district was astir, to do up-

[1] Laneham's Kenilworth. Gascoigne, who was the unlucky perpetrator of this maladroit feat, takes care not to record it in his narrative of the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

roarious honour, at once to him and his successor, queen Elizabeth. The weather again set in gloriously bright, and every one attended her majesty to church, where they heard "a fruitful sermon."

In the afternoon, a comely quintain was set up, and a solemn bridale of a proper couple was marshalled in procession in the tilt-yard. The bride was thirty-five, "very ugly, red-haired, foul, ill-favoured—of complexion, a brown bay." This amiable object was very anxious to be married, because she had heard she should be called on to dance before the queen." She was, however, wholly disappointed; for her majesty, who particularly disliked ugly persons, bestowed all her attention on the Coventry play "of the Slaughter of the Danes, at Hock tide, wont to be played in that city yearly without ill example of papistry, or any superstition." A sport, representing a massacre, was so wonderfully to the taste of the era, that the queen requested its repetition at the earliest opportunity; and to the infinite satisfaction of the men of Coventry, she gave them the royal benefaction of two bucks, and five marks. Captain Cox made his entry, at the Coventry play, on his hobby-horse; but it is a point in doubt, whether he was a character in the play, or a worthy flourishing at that time in Coventry.[1] An "ambrosial banquet," and a gorgeous mask, concluded those Sunday diversions.

The heat of the next day caused the queen to keep within the castle till five in the afternoon, when she hunted the hart in the chase; and, on her return, beheld on the pool, from the bridge, one of those grand water pageants, which the marriage of Henry III. had rendered fashionable in Europe. There was the lady of the lake on her illuminated island, attended by a swimming mermaid, twenty-four feet in length; besides Arion on a dolphin of equal vastness. When it came to Arion's turn to make a speech to the queen, he, who had been rather too powerfully refreshed from the earl of Leicester's cellar in order to qualify his aquatic undertaking, forgot his part, and pulling off his mask, swore, "He was none of Arion, not he; but honest

[1] The list of the songs sung by captain Cox, of which only the first lines are extant, raise a pleasant idea of old English lyrics; they were "Broom, broom on hill," "Bonny lass upon the green," "By a bank, as I lay," "My bonny one gave me a beck."

Harry Goldingham." A proceeding which pleased the queen more than all the rest of the performance. Harry Goldingham had a fine voice, and was a poet who had aided in composing some of the interludes; he sang very well from the back of his dolphin, and concluded the pageant, to the universal satisfaction of the beholders.

Such was the general tone of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, during the queen's visit, which lasted till July 27th. Lancham declares, moreover, "that her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'king's evil;' which the kings and queens of this realm without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure."

Among the dull metrical compliments offered in fatiguing profusion to Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, there was one sufficiently absurd to be amusing, especially as it contained an historical allusion to the queen's rejection of Leicester's addresses. It is part of a lengthy dialogue, in which a salvage man, clad in ivy, questions Echo on the cause of the unusual splendours then enlivening the chase and domains of Kenilworth. The English language, between the two, was much tortured by various quaint quips and quirks, as for instance, the salvage man demanded—

"And who gave all these gifts? I pray thee, Echo, say,—
Was it not he who (but of late) this building here *did lay?*
Echo.—Dudley.
Salvage Man.—O, Dudley! So methought; he gave himself, and all,
A worthy gift to be received, and so I trust it shall.
Echo.—It shall.
Salvage Man.—What meant the fiery flames that through the waters flew?
Can no cold answers quench desire—Is that experience true?"

Elizabeth's attention was soon after recalled, from the idle joyaunce of progresses and pageants, by the important appeals that were made to her by the oppressed Protestants in the Low Countries. St. Aldegonde, the friend and confidant of the prince of Orange, with other deputies, came over to England, to implore her to accept the sovereignty of their states, as the descendant and representative of their ancient counts, through her illustrious ancestress, Philippa of Hainault. This ambassade, and its result, is briefly summed up in two lines by Collins, in his Ode to Liberty:—

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen refused."

Elizabeth was not prepared to contest this mighty adjunct to the Spanish empire with Philip, and she replied evasively, offered publicly to mediate between him and the states, and privately encouraged the deputies to continue their resistance. They proposed to throw themselves on the protection of France, but from this step she earnestly dissuaded them, and privately supplied them with pecuniary aid. She also, by her intrigues with the duke of Alençon, incited him to coalesce with the king of Navarre and the Huguenot party in France, thus furnishing Henry III. with sufficient employment at home to prevent him from interfering in the affairs of the states.[1] The details of these struggles belong to general history. On the 7th of January, queen Elizabeth finally concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the states, engaging to assist them with a loan of 100,000*l.*, with 5000 foot soldiers, and 1000 horse. She soon after employed Casimir, the brother of the Elector Palatine, who proceeded as her lieutenant, with 12,000 German auxiliaries, to the low countries, at the expense of England.[2] The German mercenaries committed so many excesses, that the poor Dutchmen found their friends even more intolerable than their foes, and requested to be placed under the protection of the queen of England's suitor, Francis of Alençon, who had now assumed the title of duke of Anjou, formerly borne by his brother, Henry III.

Elizabeth at first regarded this requisition with jealous suspicion as a manœuvre of the king of France, but there was no love between the brethren, and Anjou professed himself devoted to her interests. He was, indeed, a convenient tool, ready to be employed in any service, whereby his own personal advancement might be forwarded. This summer he sent an envoy, of the name of Bucherville, to prosecute his suit, who was accompanied by Rambouillet, sent from the king, his brother, to second his solicitations.[3] The French envoys found Elizabeth at Long Melford hall, in Suffolk, the seat of sir William Cordall, her master of the Rolls, being the first in that county who had the honour of feasting the royal traveller, and who, to use the quaint language of old Churchyard, the contemporary historian of the eastern progresses, "did light such a candle to

[1] Grotius. Camden. Strada. [2] Strada. Camden. Rapin.
[3] Camden.

the rest of the shire, that many were glad bountifully and frankly to follow the same example, with such charges as the whole train were in some sort pleased thereat." The next morning she rode from Melford to Lawshall hall, where she dined with sir William Drury. The royal visit is recorded in the parish register, as occurring August 5th, in the twentieth year of her majesty's reign, to the great rejoicing of the parish, and all the country thereabouts.

Elizabeth appears to have been on very affectionate terms with lady Drury, for, on the death of sir William Drury, who was slain ten years later in France, she addressed to her the following friendly letter of condolence, or rather, we may say, of kind expostulation, on the excess of grief to which the widow had abandoned herself:—

"Be well *ware*, my Besse, you strive not with Divine ordinance, nor grudge at irremediable harms, lest you offend the highest Lord, and no whit amend your marred hap. Heap not your harms where help there is none, but since you may not that you would wish, that you can enjoy with comfort a King for his power, and a queen for her love, who leaves not now to protect you when your case requires care, and minds not to omit whatever may be best for you and yours.

"Your most loving, careful sovereign."

Of a similar character to this quaint consolation is the brief and pithy letter of condolence, if such it may be called, addressed by Elizabeth to her friend, lady Paget, on the death of her daughter, lady Crumpton, which, in the brief space of a few lines, exhibits much good and honest feeling. No one could come more tersely to the point than Elizabeth, when she wrote under the strong impulse of anger or affection. What can be more simply sweet and gracious than the following specimen of familiar language from the generally Latinized pen of this learned queen:—

"Call to your mind, good Kate, how hardly we princes can brook the crossing of our commands. How ireful will the highest Power be (may you be sure) when murmurs shall be made of his pleasing his will. Let nature, therefore, not hurt herself, but give place to the Giver. Though this lesson be from a *sely* vicar,[1] yet it is sent from a loving soveraine."[2]

But to return to Elizabeth's eastern progress:—Her majesty was astonished at the gallant appearance and brave array of the comely Suffolk squires, who came to meet and

[1] Meaning vicar of Christ, in allusion to her pontifical office of head of the church of England, which she, and the rest of her establishment, deemed the church universal: *sely* meant, in her day, harmless or innocent.

[2] Sloane MS., vol. i. 4160. The original document is at Hagley.

welcome her into their county. The bachelors, all gaily clad in white velvet, to the number of two hundred, and those of graver years, in black velvet coats and fair chains, with fifteen hundred serving men, all mounted on horseback—these formed a volunteer guard of honour, under the command of the high sheriff, sir William le Spring, of Lavenham, and attended her majesty in her progress to the very confines of their county,—"a comely troop," says Churchyard, "and a noble sight to behold."

From Lawshall hall, in the evening, the queen came to Hawsted hall, at present the seat of sir Thomas Cullum, where there are several memorials and traditions of her visit, where it is said, that she dropped a silver-handled fan into the moat.[1] The fans used by Elizabeth were made of feathers, set in a rich handle, and in form resembling a modern hand-screen. The following is the description of one of those graceful accessories to the royal toilet, which was presented to her majesty by sir Francis Drake, as a new year's gift:—"A fan of feathers, white and red, enamelled with a half moon of mother of pearls, within that a half moon garnished with sparks of diamonds, and a few seed pearls on the one side; having her majesty's picture within it, and on the reverse a device with a crow over it." Her majesty spent ten days at various seats in Suffolk, and having been received on the borders of Norfolk by the cavaliers of the county, approached Norwich, as near as Brakenash, on the 16th of August.

At the western boundary of the city of Norwich, which is a place called Harford Bridge, the mayor received the queen with a long Latin speech, which he recited in a manner that did great credit to the erudition of mayors in general. The purpose of it was, however, to offer a fair standing cup of silver, with a cover, containing 100*l.* in gold. Lifting the cover, the mayor said to her majesty, "Here is one hundred pounds, pure gold."

One of the queen's footmen advanced to take it, when the queen said to him, significantly, thinking he might not have understood the learned mayor's Latin, "Look to it, there is a hundred pound."

When the royal procession had advanced within a flight-shot of the metropolis of the east of England, and in a spot

[1] History of Hawsted, by sir John Cullum, Bart.

commanding a good view of the castle of Blancheflower, which stands like a mural crown above the city of Norwich, a pageant arrested the attention of the queen, representing king Gurgunt, to whom tradition imputes the building of the castle and the founding of Cambridge university. King Gurgunt having explained in verse his ancient doings in Norwich, another pageant beset her by the way at St. Stephen's gates, "from whence," says the annals of the city, "an enormous *muck-hill* had been recently removed for the occasion." We will pass over the allegories which severally "bestowed their tediousness" on the queen, to arrive at the only pageant of real interest, some remnants of which, are displayed at Norwich elections, and other grand occasions, to this day. This was called "the Stranger's Pageant," being the show of queen Philippa's industrious Flemish colony, even in that era of Elizabeth, a separate and peculiar people in Norwich. There was a stage, with seven looms actively at work with their separate weavers; over the first, was written, the "weaving of worsted;" over the second, the "weaving of russels," a sort of Norwich crape."[1] Among others, the weaving of lace, and of fringe, and several other manufactures, which it would be vain to seek as Norwich produce at present. Upon the stage stood at one end "eight small *women-children*," spinning worsted yarn; at the other end, as many knitting of worsted hose; "and in the midst a pretty boy stood forth," and stayed her majesty's progress with an address in verse, declaring, that in this "small show, the city's wealth was seen."

"From combed wool we draw this slender thread,
(*Shewing the spinners.*)
From thence the looms have dealing with the same;
(*Shewing the weaving in progress.*)
And thence again, in order do proceed
These several works, which skilful art doth frame;
And all to drive dame Need into her cave,
Our heads and hands together laboured have.
We bought before, the things that now we sell,
These slender imps, their work doth pass the waves.
(*Shewing the women-children, spinners, and knitters.*)
God's peace and thine we hold, and prosper well,
Of every mouth, the hands, the charges saves.
Thus, through thy help and aid of power Divine,
Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine."

[1] Now, with some modifications, called Orleans cloth, a pleasant winter dress, if obtained of *real* Norwich manufacture.

Elizabeth had the good sense to be particularly pleased with this pageant; she desired to examine the knitting and yarn of the "small women-children;" "she perused the looms attentively," and returned great thanks for this show.

"A grand pageant thwarted the entrance of the market-place from St. Stephen's-street." Here the queen was addressed by seven female worthies, among which were Debora, Judith, Esther, the city of Norwich and queen Martia.[1] The last dame described herself thus:—

"I am that Martia bright, who sometime ruled this land,
As queen, for thirty-three years space, gat licence at the hand
Of that Gurguntius king, my husband's father dear,
Who built this town and castle, both, to make our homage here;
Which homage, mighty queen, accept,—the realm and right are thine;
The crown, the sceptre, and the sword, to thee we do resign."

Thus Elizabeth was welcomed at various stations in Norwich till she reached the cathedral, where she attended Te Deum; and, finally, arrived at the bishop's palace; where she sojourned during her stay at Norwich.

On the Monday morning, "a very excellent boy," representing Mercury, was driven at full speed through the city in a fantastic car, painted with birds and clouds, the horses being dressed out with wings; and Mercury himself appeared in an azure satin jerkin, and a mantle of gold cloth. He was driven into the "preaching green," on the north side of the bishop's palace, where the queen, looking out of her bed-chamber window, beheld him jump off his car and approach the window in such a sort, that her majesty "was seen to smile at the boldness of the boy." He looked at the queen with courage and audacity, then bowed down his head, "shaked his rod," and commenced an unmercifully long string of verses; but the gist of his message was, "that if her highness pleased to take the air that day, there were shows and devices to be seen abroad." Unfortunately, it rained hard, and the queen did not venture out, but received a deputation from the Dutch church, with a goblet of exquisitely wrought silver, worth fifty pounds, presented with a speech, which pathetically alluded to the cruel persecutions perpetrated by

[1] The tradition, regarding the ancient laws instituted by this British queen, is mentioned in the Introduction to this work.

Philip II. and Alva, in the Netherlands. Norwich was then crowded with protestant emigrants, whom this conduct, impolitic as it was wicked, had expatriated with their ingenious crafts and capital, from the Spanish dominions.

The next day, her majesty was engaged to hunt in sir Henry Jerningham's park at Cottessy; as she passed out of St. Bennet's Gates, master Mercury and all the heathen deities were stationed there with speeches, and presents of small value. Among others, Jupiter gave her a riding rod made of whale's fin. Venus presented her with a white dove. The little creature was so tame, that, when cast off, it made directly to the queen, and sat before her all the time as quietly as if it listened to the speeches.

The queen, and the French ambassadors who were in her train, dined on Wednesday with the young earl of Surrey, heir of her victim the beheaded duke of Norfolk. His residence was not at the famous duke's palace, in Norwich, now utterly destroyed, but at a conventual structure by the water-side, at present in good preservation; not very large, but suitable to the altered fortunes of the young heir of Howard.[1]

The poet Churchyard, an old retainer of that family, was the person who had arranged all the pageants on this occasion; "and when her majesty took her barge at my lord Surrey's back-door, he had prepared a goodly mask of water-nymphs, but the place being small and the passages narrow, he removed all his nymphs to a spot lower down the river, where a deep hole had been dug in the earth by the water-side, and covered with green canvas, which, suddenly opening, as if the ground gaped, "first one nymph was devised to pop up, and make the queen a speech, and then another; and a very complete concert was to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth." Unfortunately, at the very moment when the queen passed in her coach, a thunder shower came down like a water-spout, and almost drowned the water-nymphs, while awful bursts of thunder silenced the underground concert. "Though some of us got to a boat, and stood up under a bridge (probably Bishop's Bridge), we were all so splashed

[1] By the death of his grandfather, he soon after took the title of the earl of Arundel.

and washed, that it was found greater pastime to see us all look like drowned rats, than to behold the best of our shows." As the water-nymphs were only great boys, who may be considered in the eastern counties almost as aquatic animals, our discomfited poet affords no commiseration for their sousing. But on the subject of their dresses, and on the impolicy of planning masks in England, exposed to the caprices of the climate, he is positively pathetic. "What shall I say of the loss of the city in velvets, silks, and cloth of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage, 'Man doth purpose, but God dispose.'"

He contrived, however, a successful "mask of faeirie," as the queen left Norwich on the Friday, when she passed to sir Roger Wodehouse's mansion at Kimberley. Elizabeth bade an affectionate farewell to Norwich; she knighted the mayor, and told him "she should never forget his city." "When on her journey, she looked back, and with the water in her eyes, shaked her riding whip, and said, 'Farewell, Norwich!'"[1]

The visits of Elizabeth to private individuals, during her progresses, were often attended with great expense and inconvenience, and occasionally with evil results to her hosts. In her homeward route from her eastern progress this year, an incident occurred little to the credit of the sovereign and her advisers, though it is related with base exultation by Richard Topcliffe, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury.[2]

Her majesty was pleased to pay one of her self-invited visits to Euston Hall, in Suffolk, belonging to a young gentleman of the ancient house of Rookwood, who had just come of age. Here she abode with her suite a whole fortnight, and though much abuse is levelled at the youthful owner of Euston Hall, it seems his religion was his only crime. "This Rookwood," says Topcliffe, "is a papist newly crept out of his wardship. Her majesty was lodged at his house at Euston—fitter for the black-guard.[3] Nevertheless, this gentleman was brought into her majesty's presence by some device, and her excellent majesty gave Rookwood ordinary (usual) thanks for his bad house, and

[1] Nichol's Progresses, vol. ii.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. History, vol. ii. p. 119—121.

[3] The lower functionaries of the palace, who did not wear uniforms or liveries.

her fair hand to kiss; after which it was *braved* at," whether the thanks or the hand, it is difficult to divine. "But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for papistry, called him before him, and demanded of him how he durst attempt her royal presence—*he*, unfit to accompany any Christian person;" and adding, "that he was fitter for a pair of stocks,—forthwith commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure."

This was a strange return for a fortnight's hospitality; for if the queen and her courtiers had not liked their entertainment, why did they stay so long? but, alas, for poor Rookwood! his guests were not contented with this curious specimen of their courtly manners. Their next proceeding was to raise an outcry that some of their property had been stolen; and, to ransack his house and premises. Unfortunate man! he was in much the greatest danger of being robbed, as the sequel will shew; but no words, excepting those of master Topcliffe, can do justice to this precious trait of the times: "And to decipher the gentleman to the full, a piece of plate being missed in the house and searched for, in his hay-house was found such an image of our lady, as for greatness, for gayness, and workmanship, I did never see a match; and after a sort of country dance, ended in her majesty's sight, the idol was set in sight of the people, who *avoided*.[1] Her majesty commanded it to the fire, which, in her sight, by the country-folks, was quickly done to her content, and the unspeakable joy of every one, but some one or two who had sucked the idol's poisoned milk." But the guests of the owner of Euston Hall had not yet made Rookwood sufficient returns for his hospitality, for the amiable inditer of the epistle says, "The next good news (but in account the highest) her majesty hath served God with great zeal and comfortable examples, for by her council two notorious papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston Hall, where her majesty did lie on Sunday, now a fortnight) and one Downs, a gentleman, were both committed—the one to the town prison at Norwich, and the other to the county prison there, for obstinate papistry; and seven more

[1] *i.e.* turned from it.

gentlemen of worship, were committed to several houses in Norwich, as prisoners."

Such were our forefathers' ideas of serving God with "great zeal and comfort;" the strangest part of this letter is, that a man could write down a narrative of such conduct, without perceiving the hideousness of the polemic spirit, that inspired his exultation in the incarceration of an unoffending young gentleman among felons in a common jail, for no greater crime than quiet adherence to the faith in which he had been educated. Such were the neglected state of prison regulations, too, at that period, that only in the preceding year, "when the prisoners were brought into court for trial at Oxford, the noxious atmosphere that clave to them slew the lord-chief-justice Bell, the principal law-officers present, and most of the jury, as with a sudden blight." Such are among the records of the golden days of good queen Bess, although the privy council appears more chargeable with this instance of persecution than the sovereign; yet, as the deed was transacted under her very eye, she cannot be acquitted of having sanctioned the cruel return that was made to her unfortunate young host for her entertainment at Euston Hall, so true it is, that, "they who permit oppression share the crime."

Another instance is recorded of the ill consequences that resulted from one of Elizabeth's unwelcome visits, by Smith, in his Lives of the Berkeleys, who states "that she came in progress to Berkeley castle, what time Henry lord Berkeley, the then possessor, had a stately game of red deer in the park adjoining, called the Worthy, whereof Henry Ligon was keeper; during which time of her being there, such slaughter was made, as twenty-seven stags were slain in the toils in one day, and many others on that and the next stolen and havocked; whereof, when this lord, being then at Callowden, was advertised, having much set his delight in this game, he suddenly and passionately disparked that ground; but in a few months after, he had secret friendly advertisement from the court, that the queen was informed how the same was disparked by him, on repining at her coming to his house (for, indeed, it was not in her *gestes*[1]), and at the good sports she had had in the park, advising this lord to carry a wary watch over his

[1] *i.e.* plan of progress.

words and actions, lest that earl (meaning Leicester) that had, contrary to her set justice, drawn her to his castle, and purposely caused this slaughter of his deer, might have a further plot against his head and that castle, whereto he had taken no small liking, and affirmed to have good title to the same." The reader will scarcely wonder that, in many instances considerable alarm was experienced by some of her loyal lieges, at the idea of the expensive compliment of a royal visit. The earl of Bedford writes thus to lord Burleigh, on the subject—"I trust your lordship will have in remembrance to provide and help that her majesty's tarrying be not above two nights and a day; for so long time do I prepare. I pray God the rooms and lodgings there may be to her majesty's contentation for the time."

It is not generally known that, expensive as these visits were to private individuals, the cost of them to the public treasury was matter of deep concern. Even Leicester, in a letter to his enemy Sussex, on this subject, says, "We all do what we can to persuade her majesty from any progress at all, only to keep at Windsor, or thereabouts; but it misliketh her not to have change of air."[1] It was one of her peculiarities, too, that she gave very brief notice of the direction in which she meant to bend her course. Consequently the nobility and gentry of the provinces must always have been in a state of excitement and expectation as to the royal movements, when her majesty gave indications of an intention of quitting the metropolis. Lord Buckhurst, who had reason to expect a visit from her majesty, at Lewes, in 1577, was so forestalled with respect to provisions, by other nobles in Sussex, that he was obliged to send for a supply from Flanders.[2]

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her eastern progress, the duke of Anjou sent his favourite, monsieur Simiers, to plead his suit to her. This envoy proved so agreeable to her majesty, that she invited him thrice a week to her private parties, and never appeared so happy as in his company.[3] The greatest jealousy was excited among her ministers at the favour manifested by their royal mistress to the insinuating foreigner. They even suspected that she confided to him her most secret thoughts. Leicester, infu-

[1] Murdin's State Papers. [2] Ellis's Letters. [3] Camden.

riated at the attention her majesty bestowed on Simiers, attributed his influence to sorcery and other unhallowed arts. It was quite apparent to every one that if Elizabeth had ever cherished undue regard for Leicester, she had conquered her passion. Her quondam governess, Mrs. Ashley, who had not changed her intriguing habits, though now in the vale of years, ventured to plead the cause of Leicester to her royal mistress, and from the nature of the reply, she must have recommended the queen to marry him. "What!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with tenfold of her father's pride; "shall I so far forget myself, as to prefer a poor servant of my own making, to the first princes in Christendom."[1]

If it be true that Elizabeth actually gave a promise of marriage to Leicester, in the presence of one of her ladies, Mrs. Ashley was probably the witness of the plight. Be this as it may, the declaration of her present feelings on the subject was definitive. Leicester himself had previously ventured to cross question his royal mistress as to her intentions on the French match, and being deceived by the subtlety of her dealing into the idea that she really meant to wed the duke of Anjou, considered his own ambitious hopes at an end, and privately married the widowed countess of Essex, of whom he was deeply enamoured. Simiers, having penetrated this secret, gave immediate information of it to the queen, as he suspected that her regard for Leicester was the principal obstacle to her marriage with Anjou.[2] Elizabeth was so greatly offended with Leicester, that she ordered him not to stir from Greenwich castle, and would have sent him to the Tower, had she not been dissuaded by the earl of Sussex, from an action liable to constructions so derogatory to her dignity as a female sovereign.[3] Leicester, who could not forgive Simiers for his interference, has been accused of practising against his life, because one day when Simiers was attending her majesty to her barge, not far from Greenwich, a gun was discharged from a neighbouring boat, and one of the queen's bargemen was shot through both his arms within six feet of the queen's person. Every one in the barge were amazed, and the poor man bled profusely. Elizabeth did not lose her presence of mind, though she

[1] Murdin's State Papers. Camden. [2] Camden. [3] Sidney Papers. Camden.

believed the shot was aimed at her life; she took off her scarf, and threw it to the bargeman to bind up his wounds withal, telling him "to be of good cheer, for that he should never want, for the bullet was meant for her, though it had hit him." All present admired her intrepidity, but her future conduct was still more admirable, for finding when the man, Thomas Appletree, was put upon his trial, that the piece had gone off by sheer accident, she not only pardoned him, but interceded with his master to retain him in his service.[1]

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth made the following gracious declaration, "that she would not believe anything against her subjects that loving parents would not believe of their children."[2] She however, took the precaution of declaring, by public proclamation, that the French envoys and their servants were under her royal protection, and forbade any person from molesting them on peril of severe punishment.

The frivolous pretence of plots against the queen's life by sorcery had recently been revived. There were found at Islington, concealed in the house of a catholic priest, three waxen images of the queen, and two of her chief councillors, which it was said were intended to be operated upon in a diabolical manner for her destruction.[3] Much at the same time her majesty was attacked with such grievous toothache, that nothing could mitigate the torture she endured, and she obtained no rest either by night or day. Some persons attributed these sufferings to the malign magic that had been employed against her.[4] Her physicians held a consultation on the royal malady, and instead of devising a remedy for her relief, fell to disputing among themselves on the cause of her indisposition, and the medicines the most advisable to use. The lords of the council then took the matter in hand, and decided on sending for an "outlandish physician, of the name of John Anthony Fenatus," who was celebrated for curing this agonizing pain, but as it was a perilous thing to entrust the sacred person of a sovereign, so suspicious of plots against her life by poison, as Elizabeth, to the discretion of a foreign practitioner, "who might possibly be a Jew, or even a papist," they would not permit him to see her majesty, but required him to write his prescription.

[1] Speed, 1159. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid. [4] Strype.

Fenatus composed a long and elaborate Latin letter in reply,[1] declaring, in the first place, his unworthiness to come after such great physicians, and then prescribing divers remedies, but with the intimation "that if the tooth were hollow, when all was said and done, it was best to have it drawn, though at the cost of some short pain. If, however, her Majesty could not bring herself to submit to the use of chirurgical instruments (of which it seems he had heard something of her abhorrence), then he advised that the juice of *chelidonius major*[2] might be put into the tooth, and so stopped with wax, that none of it might touch the sound parts, which would so loosen the tooth, that in a short time it might be pulled out with the fingers, or the root of the said plant might be rubbed upon the tooth, which would produce the same effect, but concluded by declaring, that drawing the tooth was, by all, esteemed the safest and best way." The courage of the lion-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion, and she expressed so much repugnance to the loss of her tooth, combined with terror of the pain that might attend the operation, that the eloquence of her whole cabinet could not prevail upon her to undergo it. Aylmer, bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, then stood forth, and after assuring her Majesty, that the pain was less than she apprehended, told her "that although he was an old man, and had not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on himself," and thereupon, bade the surgeon, who was in attendance, extract one of his teeth in her majesty's presence, which encouraged the queen to submit to the like operation.[3] After this rich incident, some readers may possibly feel disposed to entertain doubts of the valiant temperament of the maiden queen, of which more has been said than can be demonstrated, but of her pugnacity we have sufficient evidence from contemporary record.

On the 16th of June, Simiers demanded a definitive answer from the queen, on the subject of his master's suit for her hand, and she replied, as she had done many times before "that she could not decide on marrying a man whom she had never seen."

[1] Strype declares that he had seen this letter.

[2] Likewise called *fenugreek*; it is a strong smelling plant, still used in Suffolk as a remedy for the toothache, by way of fomentation.

[3] Strype's Life of Aylmer.

At this declaration, the *mounseer*, as the French prince was styled in England, acted, for once in his life, like a man of spirit, and, to deprive the royal spinster of her last excuse for either deferring his happiness or disappointing his ambition, crossed the seas in disguise, attended by only two servants, and unexpectedly presenting himself at the gates of Greenwich palace, demanded permission to throw himself at her majesty's feet.[1] Elizabeth was charmed with the romantic gallantry of her youthful wooer. His ugly nose and marred complexion were regarded, even by her dainty eye, as trivial defects, so greatly was she captivated with his sprightliness, his attention, and his flattery. She had been accustomed, from hearing his personal disadvantages exaggerated, by the party who were adverse to the marriage, to think of him as a ridiculous, ill-favoured, misshapen urchin, and she found him a very bold, insinuating young man, and vastly agreeable, in spite of his ugliness. He was the first, in fact, the *only* one, among Elizabeth's numerous train of royal lovers, who had the spirit to court in person, and the impression made by his advent appears to have been, while it lasted, such as to justify the bold step he had taken. Elizabeth was guilty of a few tender follies on his account. In one of her wardrobe books we find the following quaint entry of a toy evidently devised at this period:—"Item, one little flower of gold, with a frog thereon, and therein mounseer, his *phisnomye*, and a little pearl pendant."[2] Query, was this whimsical conceit a love-token from the Duke of Alençon to his royal *bel' amie*, and the frog designed not as a ridiculous, but a sentimental allusion to his country?

In the course of a few days he succeeded in ingratiating himself so thoroughly with Elizabeth, that he departed with the fullest expectations of winning the august bride, for whose hand the mightiest kings, the most distinguished conquerors, and the handsomest men in Europe had contended in vain.

The queen summoned her council in the beginning of October, to meet and deliberate on the subject of her marriage with the duke of Anjou. Their first debates were with each other, on the unsuitableness of an union between the parties on the score of disparity of age, as the prince was but

[1] Camden. [2] Ellis' Royal Letters, vol. ii.

twenty-three, and her majesty forty-six. The point was discussed with great freedom it should appear. The minutes remain in Burleigh's hand, in which the opinions of the differing privy councillors are placed in opposition to each other, under the heads of Perils and Remedies. To say the truth, the non-contents have exceedingly the best of the argument. Amongst these, the opinion of Sir Ralph Sadler is remarkable for its uncourtier-like bluntness. The oracular sentences which he delivered were as follows:— "In years the queen might be his mother. Doubtfulness of issue, more than before — few old maids escape."[1] Sussex and Hunsdon advocated the marriage as a measure of expediency for the security of the queen's person and government. Burleigh, in compliance with her commands, seconded their reasons, but not honestly. Leicester and Hatton did the same at first, but finally pretended to be converts to the strong arguments of Bromley, Sadler, Mildmay, and Sidney against it. On the seventh, they waited upon her Majesty in a body, and requested "to be informed of her pleasure on the subject, and they would endeavour to make themselves conformable to it."

The queen, who expected to have been furnished with a legitimate excuse for following her own inclination, in the shape of a petition for her to marry, was surprised and offended at their caution, and, bursting into tears of anger and vexation, she reproached them for their long disputations, "as if it were doubtful, whether there would be more surety for her and her realm, than if she were to marry and have a child of her own to inherit, and so to continue the line of Henry VIII."[2] In conclusion, she condemned her own simplicity in committing so delicate a matter to them, for "she had expected," she said, "that they would have unanimously petitioned her to proceed with the marriage, rather than have made doubt of it, and being much troubled she requested them to leave her till the afternoon."[3]

The afternoon found her majesty very ungraciously disposed; she used passionate and bitter vituperation against those who had opposed the match; she even endeavoured herself to refute the objections, that had been made to it, in council, and she issued an edict forbidding the matter to be touched upon in the pulpit, by any preacher whatsoever.

[1] Murdin's State Papers. [2] Murdin. [3] Murdin. Lingard. Aikin.

Burleigh finding that the queen was not be crossed, openly compelled the council to assume a semblance of compliance with her wishes, by discussing of the marriage articles with the duke of Anjou's procurator, Simiers.[1] Nothing could, however, be more unpopular in England than the idea of such a marriage. Was the lawful heiress of the crown to be immured and kept in hourly fear of death because she was a member of the church of Rome, while the sovereign herself, the defender of the protestant faith, wilfully endangered the stability of the newly-established church, by entering into a matrimonial treaty with a Roman Catholic? The inconsistency and want of moral justice involved in such a proceeding, was felt by the professors of every varying creed throughout the realm.

The queen acknowledged, to a certain degree, the force of the objections of her subjects against the marriage, but was troubled with a perverse inclination to act according to her own pleasure in the matter. Deeply offended at the demurs of her cabinet, she asked the advice of the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, who at that time filled the office of cup-bearer to her majesty, and from whom she probably expected to receive counsel more agreeable to her apparent wishes on the subject. Sir Philip Sidney, with all the graceful courtesy and elegance of a finished gentleman, possessed a lofty spirit of independence. He never condescended to practise the arts of courtier-craft, and when his sovereign asked him to give her his opinion without disguise, he addressed to her a long and energetic letter, beginning, "Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious sovereign."[2] After which honeyed words, he proceeds to tell her many bold truths on the impolicy of the measure:—

"How the hearts of your people," says he, "will be galled, if not alienated, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a papist, in whom the very common people know this, that he is the son of the Jezabel of our age—that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in religion. As long as he is monsieur in might, and a papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you, and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax' shield, which rather weighed down than defended, those that bare it."[3]

The queen having solicited the opinion of Sidney, and, respecting his integrity, had the philosophy to take his

[1] Murdin. Lingard. Aikin. [2] Sidney Papers. [3] Scrinia Ceciliana.

remonstrance in good part; but a terrible example of her vengeance had taken place, during the visit of Anjou, on a luckless bencher of Lincoln's Inn, named Stubbs, who presumed to write and publish at this crisis a book with the following quaint title:—

"The discovery of a gaping gulf, wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her see the sin and the punishment thereof."

The work contained, as may be supposed, a series of fierce vituperations against the unsuitableness of the alliance, and the choler of the writer was especially excited by the circumstance of monsieur having paid her majesty a personal visit, incognito. This, Stubbs denounced as "an unmanlike, unprince-like, French kind of wooing."

"This man (the duke)," says he, "is a son of Henry II., whose family, ever since he married with Catherine of Italy, is fatal, as it were, to resist the gospel, and have been, every one after the other, as a Domitian after a Nero, &c. Here is, therefore, an imp of the crown of France to marry with the crowned nymph of England."

An expression by no means inelegant or uncomplimentary to the maiden monarch, now well-stricken in years.

The book was prohibited, the whole impression seized and burned, and the author, printer, and publisher, were all proceeded against on a statute of Philip and Mary, although the lawyers stoutly contended such statute was virtually null and void. Stubbs and his publisher had, nevertheless, to endure the barbarous sentence of the loss of their right hands, which were smitten off with a butcher's knife and mallet in the market-place at Westminster. The conduct of Stubbs, at the most bitter moment of this disgusting execution, proves that the subjects of Elizabeth, even when suffering from her vindictive spirit for contradicting her will, assumed an extraordinary devotion of loyalty. "I remember," says Camden, "standing by John Stubbs, who, as soon as his right hand was off, took off his hat with the left, and cried aloud, "God save the queen." He fainted the next moment. A long and rigorous imprisonment in the Tower was, nevertheless, added to the miseries of this brave, but unfortunate gentleman.[1]

[1] Wright, vol. ii. The death of this victim of Elizabeth's personal cruelty was pitiable. His health was always languishing after the loss of his hand;

All this opposition, however, brought the marriage negotiation to a pause. Elizabeth had felt the force of Sidney's remonstrances, and even the fulminations of the hapless Stubbs had probably created misgivings. "If her highness mean to marry," writes Hatton to Walsingham, "I wonder she so delayeth it. If she do but temporize, and will leave it at the last, what may we look for, then, but that the pope, with Spain and France, will yoke themselves, in all ireful revenge, according to their solemn combination so long ago concluded on against us." The fact was, that neither the French court, her ambassador there, nor her most trusted servants at home, could discover what were her real intentions in the matter. Whether she exactly knew them herself appears to be doubtful.

"The marriage is on book again," writes Sir George Bowes to his brother Robert, the treasurer of Berwick, "and her highness seemeth now as forward as ever she hath been, at any time before, and yet Sir William Drury, whom you well know to be a setter forth of that cause, having occasion to ride unto the court on Thursday last, and using some speeches upon that matter to her majesty, did, with great reverence, inquire of her majesty's disposition that way, who, giving him a great clap of the shoulder with her hand, answered, 'I will never marry; but I will ever bear good will and favour to those who have liked and furthered the same.'"[1] She meant those who had advocated the marriage.

Among the great events of this period, may be reckoned the death of Elizabeth's great minister, Sir Nicholas Bacon, generally distinguished by the title of my lord keeper. It is recorded, that when the queen visited him at his modest country residence, she was pleased to observe that his house was too little for him. "No, madam," replied he, "you have made me too big for my house." He afterwards had the honour of entertaining his royal mistress in his stately mansion of Gorhambury, which he built, probably

he retired to France, and died a little while afterwards. His bones rest somewhere in the sand near Boulogne, a pitying friend having buried him at high water mark in the spot nearest the English shores. Stubbs died a rigid Calvinist; burial in consecrated ground was neither desired by him, nor permitted by the laws of France.

[1] Bowes MSS.

in consequence of her remark on his former abode. Among the elaborate dainties which furnished forth the memorable banquet for the maiden monarch and her court, was a hog roasted whole, garnished with links of sausages, a queer culinary pun on the name of the learned host.

Elizabeth one day asked Sir Nicholas Bacon, "what he thought of a monopoly licence she had granted?" "Madam," he said, "if I must speak the truth, I will reply in the Latin proverb,—"Licentia omnes deteriores sumus—we are all the worse for licence."[1]

The splendid talents of his son, the learned and eloquent Francis Bacon, afterwards the great Lord Bacon of Verulam, early attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth, who was wont to call him playfully, "her little lord keeper," and predicted that he would one day become a distinguished man. He proved, it is well known, one of the brightest ornaments of her reign, a diamond of unrivalled lustre, though not without a flaw. His records of Elizabeth are among the most favourable that contemporaries have preserved of her character. Eulogiums from such a source are calculated to make a strong impression on every reader, even when no supporting facts are given; and there can be little doubt that Elizabeth is indebted for much of her posthumous popularity to the powerful pen of Bacon. Like his father, he was a great advocate for the celibacy of his royal mistress.

"Female reigns," says he, "are usually eclipsed by marriage, and all the glory transferred to the husband; while those queens, who live single have none to share it with them. And this was more peculiarly the case of queen Elizabeth, for she had no supporters of her government, but those of her own making—no brother, no uncle, nor any other of the royal family to partake her cares and assist her government. The ministers whom she advanced to places of trust she kept so tight a rein upon, and so dispensed her favours, that they were continually solicitous to please her, whilst she ever remained mistress of herself."[2]

"Like some of the most fortunate monarchs, as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Trajan, she was childless,

[1] Bacon's Apothegms. [2] Ibid.

and left no successors of her own issue, and it is a disputed point whether children augment felicity.

"She had her outward embellishments—a tall stature, a graceful shape, a most majestic aspect mixed with sweetness, and a happy state of health. Besides, she was strong and vigorous to the last, experiencing as little the miseries of old age as the reverses of fortune. To fill up the measure of her felicity, she was happy not only in her own person, but also in the abilities and virtues of her ministers of state. If it should be here objected, as Cicero did to Cæsar, 'There is matter enough to admire, but I would gladly see somewhat to praise,' I answer that true admiration is a superlative degree of praise. I shall, however, add a few words not on the morals and virtues of this queen, but only on such particulars as have occasioned some malicious tongues to traduce her. As to her religion, she was pious, moderate, constant, and an enemy to novelty. She was seldom absent from divine service and other duties of religion, either in her chapel or closet. She was very conversant in the Scriptures and writings of the fathers, especially St. Augustine. She composed certain prayers on emergent occasions. When she mentioned the name of God, though in ordinary discourse, she generally added the title Creator, and composed her eyes and countenance to an expression of humility and reverence, which I have myself often observed." This observation is evidently urged in contradistinction to Elizabeth's well-known habit of profane swearing, in which she outdid her father, bluff king Hal, from whom she probably acquired that evil propensity. Her favourite expletive was, however, certainly derived from her first lover, the lord admiral, with whom it was in fearfully familiar use, as those who have read the State Papers collected by Haynes, and also by Tytler, must be aware; but expressions which startle us, even from the lips of a bad man, appear to the last degree revolting when used in common parlance by a female, especially a princess whose piety is still a favourite theme with many writers. In illustration of Elizabeth's inconsiderate habit in this respect, we give the evidence of a contemporary, who appears neither shocked nor surprised at the coarse manners of the maiden monarch.

"Curiosity," says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "rather

than ambition, brought me to court, and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel before the great queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees, in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but none knew me, till sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married sir W. Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen looked attentively at me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, 'It is pity he married so young,' and thereupon gave me her hand to kiss twice, both times gently patting my cheek."

This licence has been attributed to the grossness of the age. That age produced the daughters and grandaughters of sir Thomas More, Katharine Parr, lady Jane Grey, "Sidney's sister," and many other spotless examples of female purity and refinement; and for the honour of the ladies of the 16th century, it may be presumed that the use of oaths was a characteristic of Elizabeth, rather than of her times.

"As to what was reported," continues lord Bacon, "that she was altogether so unmindful of mortality, as not to bear the mention of death or old age, it is absolutely false; for several years before her death, she would often facetiously call herself 'the old woman,' and discourse about what epitaph she would like, adding, 'that she was no lover of pompous titles, but only desired that her name might be recorded in a line or two, which should briefly express her name, her virginity, the years of her reign, the reformation of religion under it, and her preservation of peace.' It is true, that in the flower of her age, being importuned to declare her successor, she answered, 'that she could by no means endure a shroud to be held before her eyes while she was living.' And yet some time before her death, when she was pensive, and probably meditating on her mortality, a person familiar with her, observing that several great offices were vacant, and had been kept so too long, she rose up hastily, and said, with unusual warmth—'That she was sure *her* place would not long be vacant.' She hated vice, and studied to preserve an honourable fame. Thus, for example,

having once ordered a despatch to be written to her ambassador, which he was to communicate privately to the queen-mother of France, Catherine de Medicis, her secretary had inserted a compliment for the ambassador to use, importing, 'That they were two queens, from whose experience in the arts of government, no less was expected than of the greatest kings;' queen Elizabeth could not bear the comparison, but forbade it to be sent, observing, 'She used very different arts of government from the queen-mother of France.' The commendation that best pleased her was, if any one declared that she would have been distinguished by her virtues and abilities if her station had been in private life, so unwilling was she to owe her distinction merely to her royal station. To speak the truth," pursues this eloquent eulogist, "the only proper encomiast of this princess is time, which, during the ages it has run, never produced her like for the government of a kingdom."[1]

Elizabeth's regnal talents were shewn in the acuteness of her perceptive powers, and the unerring discrimination with which she selected her ministers and great law officers, and in some instances converted those into loyal servants who might have turned their abilities to her annoyance. It is a tradition in the Egerton family, that she was once in court when Thomas Egerton, a distinguished barrister, was pleading against the crown side, in some action in the court of Queen's Bench. She was so much struck with his eloquence and professional skill, that she exclaimed, "By my troth, he shall never plead against me again." She immediately appointed him queen's counsel—in modern parlance, gave him a silk gown; he attained the dignities of solicitor-general and lord-keeper in her reign.[2]

In the spring of 1580, the queen thought proper to check the presumptuous disposition of her subjects to emulate the height and amplitude of the royal ruff, which forms so characteristic a feature in her costume, and an act was passed in parliament, empowering certain officials to stand at corners of the streets, armed with shears, for the purpose of clipping all ruffs that exceeded the size prescribed by this droll sumptuary law, and also to shorten the rapiers of all gentlemen, who persisted in wearing them of an unsuitable length.

[1] Bacon's Apothegms. [2] Life of Egerton, by the Earl of Bridgewater.

During the progress of this forcible reformation in the dimensions of ruffs and rapiers, the French ambassador, Mauvissière, chancing to recreate himself with a morning ride in Smithfield, was stopped at the Bars by the officers who sat there to cut swords, who insisted on shortening his rapier, which exceeded the limits prescribed by the recent statute.[1] To impugn the taste of a Frenchman in any matter connected with his dress, is attacking him on a point of peculiar importance; but for the clownish officials of Smithfield Bars to presume to make a forcible alteration in the costume of the man, who represented the whole majesty of France, was an outrage not to be endured, even by the veteran statesman, Mauvissière de Castelnau. He drew his threatened rapier, instead of surrendering it to the dishonouring shears of the officers, and sternly stood on the defensive, and but for the seasonable interposition of lord Henry Seymour, who luckily was likewise taking the air in Smithfield, and hastened to rescue the insulted ambassador from the hands of the executive powers, evil consequences might have followed. Mauvissière complained to the queen, and her majesty greatly censured the officers for their want of discrimination, in attempting to clip so highly privileged a person.

At the same time that Elizabeth was so actively employed in retrenching any extraordinary deviations from good taste in her subjects, she had a most singular purchase made for her at Mechlin, of six Hungarian horses, to draw her coach. These creatures were of a light grey colour, with their manes and tails dyed orange.[2] Perhaps the aggrieved parties, whose sword points and ruffs had just been clipped, might have thought that the flaming orange manes and tails of the queen's coach horses, were quite as outrageous in regard to taste, as long rapiers and high frills.

This year the queen took the alarm at the rapid increase of her metropolis, and prohibited any new dwelling-house to be built within three thousand paces of the gates of London, upon pain of imprisonment, and forfeiture of the materials brought for the erection of such edifice, and forbade any one to have more than one family in a house. The latter clause in this arbitrary and inconvenient regula-

[1] Lodge's Illustrations. [2] Wright. [3] Camden.

tion might have been called, an act for the suppression of lodgings.

In November, the celebrated navigator, Francis Drake, returned from his great voyage of discovery round the globe; and, in the following spring, the queen did him the honour of going on board his ship at Deptford, where she partook of a collation, knighted him, and consented to share the golden fruits of his succeeding adventures. As some of Drake's enterprises were of a decidedly piratical character, and attended with circumstances of plunder and cruelty to the infant colonies of Spain, the policy of Elizabeth, in sanctioning his deeds, is doubtful; in a moral point of view, it appears unjustifiable. The English nobles, to whom Drake offered costly presents of gold and silver plate, refused to accept them; "which," says Camden, "angered him exceedingly, as it implied an intimation that they had not been honourably acquired." The Spanish court demanded restitution of the spoils, but in vain. Drake commenced his career in life as the apprentice to a pilot at Upnor, who finally bequeathed to him his little barque, which proved the foundation of his fortunes.

After he had received the honour of knighthood from his sovereign, he assumed the heraldic device of three wiverns, the family coat of sir Bernard Drake, the representative of an ancient house of that name. Sir Bernard Drake, who disclaimed all affinity with the crestless stock from which his valiant namesake sprang, considered this a great piece of impertinence, and, the first time he met him, gave him a box on the ears, and demanded, "by what right he had presumed to assume his family arms?" Sir Francis took the blow patiently, and explained that he had assumed the wiverns as the general device of the name of Drake. Sir Bernard fiercely rejoined, "that he was the only Drake who had a right to bear the wiverns," adding a contemptuous allusion to the origin of the new knight, and his folly in pretending to any arms.

Sir Francis appealed to the queen, who told him, "that he had earned better arms for himself, which he should bear by her especial favour." She accordingly gave him an elaborate shield, charged, among other devices, with a ship, in the shrouds of which a wivern was hanging up by the heels, intended as a retaliation of the indignity

which had been offered to him by his proud namesake. The next time they encountered, sir Francis Drake asked his adversary, "what he thought of the arms the queen had given him?" "The queen," rejoined the sturdy old knight, "may have given you finer arms than mine, but she neither has given you, nor could give you, a right to bear the three wiverns, the cognizance of my ancient house."

Elizabeth sometimes punned and played on words. When the archduke raised his siege from a place called the Grave, in the Low Countries, the queen received early private intelligence of the fact, and, when her secretary came to transact business, she addressed him with these words:—"Wot you what? The archduke is risen from the grave." He answered, "An' please your majesty, without the trumpet of the archangel." The queen replied, "Yea, without sound of trumpet."[1]

But for the delusive matrimonial treaty between Elizabeth and the worthless heir-presumptive of France, the Netherlands would have been at this crisis the theatre of a three-fold contention between Spain, England, and France. The object of the States was to obtain the united protection of the two last named powers against their legitimate oppressor, Philip. They deemed they should secure this by conferring the sovereignty on the duke of Anjou, whom they and half the world regarded as the husband elect of the maiden monarch of England; and, by this measure, they trusted to secure the friendship of both Elizabeth and Henry III. Their calculation was, in the end, a sagacious one, but the suspicious temper of Elizabeth led her to take the alarm, in the first instance, at not having been consulted by Anjou ere he presumed to accept the preferment that was thus flatteringly offered to him. Under an evident excitement of feeling, she addressed the following eloquent letter to sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador at Paris:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR EDWARD STAFFORD.

Supposed date, August, 1581.

"STAFFORD,—As I greatly regard your poor man's diligence,[2] so I will not leave him unrewarded.

"For the charge I have written to *Monsieur* (her lover Anjou), what I have given in to you, this it is. First, for the commissioner's authorities I have

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

[2] The messenger who brought the letter to which this is an answer.

good reason to require that they may be as I desired, both for present mislikes, as well as for after mishaps. It happened in queen Mary's day, that when a solemn ambassade of five or six at the least, were sent from the emperor and king of Spain, even after the articles were signed, sealed, and the matter divulged, the danger was so near the queen's chamber door, that it was high time for those messengers to depart without leave taking, and bequeathing themselves to the speed of the river-stream, by water passed with all possible haste to Gravesend, and so away. I speak not this, that I fear the like; but when I make collection of sundry kinds of discontentments, all tied in a bundle, I suppose the fagot will be harder altogether to be broken.

"There is even now another accident fallen out, of no small consequence to this realm. I am sure the States have accorded to the demands of Monsieur (Anjou), and do present him the sovereignty of all the Low Countries. Suppose, now, how this may make our people think well of him, and of me to bring them to the possession of such neighbours? Oh, Stafford, I think not myself well used, and so tell monsieur, that I am made a stranger to myself, who must he be, if this matter take place? In my name, shew him how impertinent it is for this season, (*probably meaning their matrimonial treaty*) to bring to the ears of our people so untimely news. God forbid that the *banes*[1] of our nuptial feast should be savoured with the sauce of our subjects' wealth! Oh, what may they think of me that for any glory of mine own would procure the ruin of my land? Hitherto they have thought me no fool; let me not live the longer the worse. The end crowneth the work!

"I am sorry that common posts of London can afford me surer news than the inhabitants of towns will yield me. Let it please Monsieur to suspend his answer unto *them*[2] till he send *some* unto me of quality and trust, (i. e. some of the leading men of the Low Countries,) to communicate and concur with that *I* may think good for *both* our honours; for, I assure him, it *shall* (will) too much blot his fame if he deal otherwise, not only in my sight, to whom it hath pleased him to promise more than that, but especially to all the world, that be overseers of his actions. Let him never procure her harm, whose love he seeks to win. My mortal foe can no ways wish me a greater harm than England's hate; neither should death be less welcome unto me than such a mishap betide me.

"You see how nearly this matter wringeth me; use it accordingly. If it * * * him, the *deputies* (i. e. from the Low Countries) may have the charge of this matter joined with the other two, that were afore-mentioned. I dare not assure monsieur how this greater matter (i. e. *their wedlock*) will end, until I be assured what way he will take with the Low Countries; for rather will I never meddle with marriage, than have such a bad covenant added to my part. Shall it be ever found true that queen Elizabeth hath solemnized the perpetual harm of England under the glorious title of marriage with Francis, heir of France? No, no, it shall never be.

"Monsieur, may fortune ask you,[3] Why should not the Low Countries be governed by the in-dwellers of that country as they were wont, and yet under my superiority, as that of the king of Spain? I answer, The case is too far different; since the one is far off by seas' distance, and the other near upon the continent.

"We willingly will not repose our whole trust so far on the French nation,

[1] The meaning of this expression is not very apparent, whether her majesty means it for a pun on *banes* (harms, or ills), and marriage banns, or the bones of the meats and viands, it is altogether a very queer metaphor.

[2] Probably to the Dutch and Flemings, who had offered him their sovereignty, which had raised so much displeasure in Elizabeth's mind.

[3] i. e. *may happen to ask you.*

as we will give them in pawn all our fortune, and afterwards stand to their discretion. I hope I shall not live to see that hour.

"Farewell, with my assurance that you will serve with faith and diligence.

In haste, "Your sovereign,

"ELIZABETH."

The gist of this letter seems to be, that Elizabeth was provoked at the unexpected occurrence of her lover, Francis, duke of Anjou, being elected sovereign of the Low Countries. She says that she considers the step as "untimely," or premature; deeming that the intrigues of France had outwitted her therein. Her reasons may be deduced from the document, because as the heir of France was elected sovereign of the Low Countries *before* his union with her, these valuable provinces would in consequence go with his inheritance, in case she should have no offspring by him; and thus would the Flemish trade and alliance, which had been the main object of English policy for five centuries, be for ever lost to England, and gained by France. While, on the contrary, if Anjou, as her husband, had been elected sovereign of the Low Countries, she would have contrived to have had the best share of the power and dignity; and England might have contended successfully the right of keeping them as appendages to the crown. Thus viewed, the letter is one of the best specimens of Elizabeth's love and care of her country, and of a grand and far-sighted policy in anticipating the evils that might arise to England, after death had removed her from the scene.

Elizabeth's displeasure was, however, quickly mollified. She not only acquiesced in the election of duke Francis of Anjou to the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but assisted him with the subsidy of one hundred thousand crowns; and added a hint of her favourable disposition towards their marriage.[1] An embassy extraordinary was immediately sent from the court of France; of which the prince dauphin of Auvergne was the principal. They were received in the Thames with the greatest honours by Elizabeth's command, and landed at the Tower under a salvo of artillery. They were conducted by the young Philip, earl of Arundel, the representative of the unfortunate duke of Norfolk, sir Philip Sidney, Fulk Greville, and lord Windsor, who were esteemed four of the most honourable gentlemen of the

[1] Lingard.

court, to a new banqueting house, which had been erected for their reception at Westminster, where they were entertained in the most sumptuous manner.[1] Among the pageants, sports, and princely recreations that had been prepared in honour of these distinguished foreigners, a tournament had been in contemplation; but such was the distaste manifested by the great body of her people against the French marriage, that the queen, apprehending serious tumults from any public collision with the noble foreigners, issued a proclamation, that none of her subjects should either strike, or draw weapon within four miles of London, or the court.[2]

Although the matrimonial negotiations had been renewed, in compliance with Elizabeth's insinuated wish, she was no sooner pressed to conclude the treaty, than she started fresh objections, and proposed, in lieu, one of perpetual alliance between the crowns of England and France. The king of France replied, "that he was ready to sign such a league, as soon as the queen of England should have fulfilled her promise to his brother." At length, it was mutually agreed that, "the duke, his associates, and servants, being no English subjects, should have liberty to use their own religion, in their own houses, without molestation. The duke of Anjou, and the queen of England, within six weeks after the ratification of the articles specified, shall personally contract marriage in England."[3]

It was stipulated that, as soon as the marriage was completed, the duke should assume the title of king, but the question of his being crowned should be referred to the consideration of parliament. In the event of his succeeding to the crown of France, his eldest son, by queen Elizabeth, was to inherit that realm, and the second that of England.

When it is remembered that her majesty was in her forty-ninth year, the contingency of two sovereigns proceeding from her marriage with the youthful heir of France, appears somewhat visionary. It was, however, further provided, that, in the event of the queen dying before the duke, he was to have the tuition of all their children, till the sons should attain the age of eighteen, and the daugh-

[1] Camden. Stowe. [2] Sidney Papers.
[3] Camden.

ters fifteen. He was to settle upon the queen, in dowry, 40,000 crowns per annum, out of his lands at Berri, and the queen was, by act of parliament, to secure to him, for his life, such a pension as she might please to appoint.[1] In other matters, the treaty was framed according to the marriage articles between the late queen Mary and Philip of Spain.

Before the six weeks, stipulated for the fulfilment of this treaty, had expired, Elizabeth faltered in her resolution, and attempted to evade her engagement. Yet she professed to bear a most sovereign love to her betrothed, and that her demurs only proceeded from her doubts how her subjects stood affected towards her marriage with him.[2]

The duke, who, whatever were his faults as a politician and a man, was an accomplished wooer, resolved to take no refusal from any one but the queen herself. He had had the good fortune to achieve a successful military enterprise in compelling the prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray, and, crossing the seas, hastened to plead his own cause to his august lady-love. He arrived early in November, 1582.

Elizabeth gave him, not only an honourable, but a most loving reception, and, for a time, appeared to abandon herself to the intoxication of an ardent passion. She declared, "that he was the most deserving and constant of all her lovers," and even made political engagements with him, without consulting her ministers.[3] On the anniversary of her coronation, which was, as usual, celebrated with great pomp, she, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, and her whole court, placed a ring on his finger, which was regarded, by all present, as a pledge of her intention to become his wife; and, from that time, the prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband.[4] Her conduct, at this time, was either that of the most enamoured of women, or the most unblushing of coquettes. Her gift of the ring was duly reported by the French and Dutch envoys: bonfires, and salvos of artillery, manifested the satisfaction of these countries at the prospect of so glorious an alliance.

Her own people took the matter differently. Leicester, Hatton, and Walsingham, were determined to prevent the

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid. [3] Memoires de Nevers, i. 545.
[4] Camden.

marriage, and laid their plans accordingly. They were among the commissioners, whom the queen had commanded to prepare the articles, and also a paper, prescribing the rites for the celebration of the nuptials.[1] This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed, but, the same evening, as soon as she returned to her chamber, all her ladies, who had received their lesson from the anti-matrimonial cabal, got up a concert of weeping and wailing, they surrounded their royal mistress, and, throwing themselves at her feet, implored her to pause ere she took so fatal a step as contracting marriage, at her time of life, with a youthful husband, by whom she would, probably, be despised and forsaken. They represented all her sister had suffered from her joyless union with Philip of Spain, and entreated her, "not to share her power and glory with a foreign spouse, or to sully her fair fame as a protestant queen, by vowing obedience to a catholic husband."[2]

Elizabeth passed the night without sleep. In the morning, she sent for the duke. He found her pale and in tears. "Two more nights such as the last," she told him, "would bring her to the grave." She described the conflict of feeling between love and duty, in which it had been passed by her, and told him, "that although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people." Anjou would have remonstrated, but Hatton, who was present, acted as spokesman for the agitated queen, and, with statesmanlike coldness, stated the objections to the marriage, in terms which proved that they were regarded by the council as insuperable.[3]

The duke retired, in great disorder, to his own apartment, and, plucking the ring from his finger, flung it passionately on the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, "that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate, or the waves that encircled their island."[4]

He then demanded leave to depart, but Elizabeth implored him to remain, for "that it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious moment, but, at present, she was compelled to do violence to her own feelings." The

[1] Memoires de Nevers. [2] Camden.
[3] Daniel. Memoires de Nevers. [4] Ibid. Camden. Lingard.

credulous prince believed, and tarried three months, waiting the auspicious moment, which was destined never to arrive. Elizabeth, meantime, lavished the most flattering attentions upon him, and, like Calypso, omitted no device that was likely to retain this ill-favoured Telemachus spell-bound in her enchanted isle. She danced frequently, and had many tragedies and comedies acted, with masks, and all sorts of entertainments for his delight. On the new year's day, he tilted before her, at a tournament given in honour of his visit. He had chosen the following verse for his device:—

"*Serviet æternum, dulcis torquet Eliza.*"

The moment the course was over, the queen hastened to him, and if we may believe the report of the duke de Nevers, who was present in the royal lover's suite, she saluted him repeatedly, and perceiving that he was fatigued, took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber that he might repose himself. The next morning she paid him a visit before he rose.[1] Many reports, even more derogatory to the dignity and delicacy of the queen, were in circulation, but these, we trust, were the profane inventions of her foes, since they are chiefly founded on the malign gossip of the countess of Shrewsbury, or the persons who forged the coarse letter pretended to have been written by Mary, queen of Scots to queen Elizabeth. But, to return to facts. The states of Belgium grew impatient of the protracted absence of their sovereign, and demanded his return.

The prince himself was weary of the absurd thraldom in which he was held, and finding it impossible to bring his wary inamorata to the desired point, determined to be kept no longer as the puppet of her wayward will. He announced to her the day of his departure—she remonstrated; he explained the necessity of his return to his new subjects. She called them "villains,"[2] and would only consent to his departure, on condition of his promising to return in a month, and insisted, in spite of his avowed reluctance, on accompanying him part of his journey to the coast. He certainly had no wish for this tender attention, and did all he could to dissuade her majesty from leaving London, telling her, "that the journey would be painful to her, and

[1] Nevers, 555—557. [2] Nevers. Lingard,

that, as the weather was fair and wind favourable, he was loth to loose the opportunity of performing his voyage with all speed." Elizabeth was, however, resolute, and on the 1st of February, she and all her court, accompanied the prince on his journey as far as Rochester, where they passed the night.

The next day her majesty shewed him her mighty ships of war lying at Chatham, and after they had been on board several of them, the prince and all the great lords of France who were in attendance, expressed their admiration of all they saw, and declared, "that it was not without good reason that the queen of England was reported to be LADYE OF THE SEAS."[1]

The queen told the prince that "all these ships and their furniture were ready to do him service when it should be requisite," for which he most humbly thanked her majesty, and after a great discharge of the ordnance, they returned again to Rochester. The third day they went to Sittingbourne, where, dining in company, the queen was served, after the English manner, by the greatest ladies of her court, and the monsieur (as he is styled by our authority) after the French fashion by the gentlemen of his train, which ladies and gentlemen—a pleasant party, no doubt—dined afterwards together. Anjou's impatience to be gone exceeded the bounds of civility. His highness besought her majesty again to go no further, declaring unto her "that the fair weather passed away." But, notwithstanding his entreaties, the queen went on still to Canterbury. There, after the queen had feasted the French nobles, she parted from the prince mournfully, and in tears.[2] In the Ashmolean collection, the royal autograph verses "On Mount Zeur's departure," signed "Eliza Regina," are still preserved. This little poem, though a decided imitation, if not a plagiarism from Petrarca, is certainly the most elegant of all Elizabeth's poetical compositions:—

I.

"I grieve, yet dare not shew my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote, but dare not what I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate;
I am, and am not—freeze, and yet I burn;
Since from myself, my other self I turn.

[1] Contemporary Document in Nichols, vol. iii., p. 146. [2] Ibid.

II.

"My care is like my shadow in the sun,—
Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lives by me—does what I have done:
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

III.

"Some gentler passion steal into my mind,
(For I am soft, and made of melting snow;)
Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind;
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content;
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

After the quotation of this amatory effusion, it would perhaps be difficult to make out a case of perfect indifference in behalf of the royal spinster, or to impute all the marks of fondness she manifested for her last French suitor to political coquetry alone. If we may judge from outward signs and tokens, the struggle was really severe between duty and passion in the bosom of the queen. During Anjou's journey to Sandwich, she sent repeated messages of inquiry after his health, and even when he was on ship-board, Sussex brought him an urgent invitation to return to the queen, but he was obdurate. Her ministers would not permit her to sully her glory by becoming his wife. He would not permit himself to be played with any longer. Attended by the earl of Leicester, lord Hunsdon, lord C. Howard, one hundred gentlemen, and an escort of three hundred men, he sailed on the 8th of February for Holland, promising to return to Elizabeth in March, but she never saw him again.[1]

[1] He landed at Flushing, February 10th, where he was received with great honour by the patriot prince of Orange. He was conducted to Antwerp, and inaugurated with great pomp, as duke of Brabant, with very limited powers of sovereignty. His career as the head of a protestant people, was a troubled and brief one. His contempt for his own religion did not make him a good protestant, as was vainly hoped. His sister, Marguerite, queen of Navarre, said of him, "If all infidelity were banished from the face of the earth, he alone could supply the void." Even his own attendants could not help expressing their scorn of his character to himself.

"If I were the duke of Alençon," said Bussy d'Amboise, his favourite, "and you were Bussy, I would not have you even for a lacquey."

"That is too much, Bussy," replied the duke.

"He has so little courage," said Henry the Great, his brother-in-law, and sometime political ally, "and is as double-minded and malicious as he is ill-formed in body."

It would, indeed, be difficult to quote a saying in favour of this hopeful suitor of Elizabeth. He was soon involved in a labyrinth of

If we may credit the report of the gossiping heir of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth was scarcely less afflicted for the loss of Anjou than Dido for that of Æneas. She refused to return to Whitehall, because it was likely to bring too lively a remembrance to her mind of him, with whom she so unwillingly parted. She might, nevertheless, have retained this precious charmer at the price of marriage, but her fame, her power, and her popularity, were dearer to Elizabeth than idle dreams of love, and she was blessed with a happy degree of fickleness, which, in due time, enabled her to find a fresh and more agreeable source of amusement than cherishing the image of a lost lover.

It would not only be a painful task, but incompatible with the plan of this work, to enter into the details of the persecutions on the score of nonconformity, which stain the annals of this period of Elizabeth's life and reign. Suffice it to say, that the unsparing use of the rack, the gibbet, and the quartering knife, failed either to silence the zeal of the puritans, or to deter the seminary priests from performing their perilous missions as teachers of their proscribed doctrines. The natural result of these severities was, to provoke a spirit of enmity against the queen—a spirit that animated the professors of these opposing creeds to dare the sternest inflictions of the secular power unshrinkingly, for conscience' sake, even as the protestant martyrs had done in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary.

Elizabeth had been personally interested by the learning, eloquence, and ardent loyalty of the celebrated Edmund Campian, before the possibility was imagined of that star of the university of Oxford[1] forsaking the reformed religion, by law established in England, for the proscribed doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had been tortured repeat-

difficulties in the Low Countries, owing to his intrigues to obtain more power than he had agreed for, and after many plots of intrigue and assassination for and against him, he decamped from his Brabant dukedom, and fled to France, where he died at his castle of Chateau Thiery, June 10, 1584, some say by poison.

[1] Edmund Campian was the first great scholar produced by Christ's Church Hospital as a protestant foundation; at thirteen, he pronounced a Latin oration to queen Mary on her accession. He became Master of Arts at Oxford, in 1566, where his beautiful Latin address to queen Elizabeth when she visited that city was never forgotten. He went to Ireland to convert the Irish to the doctrines of the church of England, and wrote an excellent history of that country. Revolted and disgusted by the horrors ex-

edly for the purpose of extorting from him the particulars of some secret plot against the queen, in which he was suspected of being an agent, Elizabeth determined to see and confer with Campian herself, and by her order he was secretly brought one evening from the Tower, and introduced to her, at the house of the earl of Leicester, in the presence of that nobleman, the earl of Bedford, and the two secretaries of state. "She asked him if he acknowledged her for queen." He replied, "Not only for queen, but for my *lawful* queen." She demanded, "If he considered that the pope could excommunicate her lawfully." He replied, evasively, "that it was not for him to decide in a controversy between her majesty and the pope. By the pope's ordinary power he could not excommunicate princes. Whether he could by that power which he sometimes exercised in extraordinary emergencies, was a difficult and doubtful question."[1]

Such an answer was not likely to prove satisfactory to so subtle a princess as Elizabeth, and she left him to the decision of her judges. He and twelve other catholic priests were arraigned for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to the usual horrible death awarded to traitors. This occurred while the duke of Anjou was at the court of Elizabeth, and it was observed by some of the members of the council, that the execution of so many catholic priests would disgust the future consort of their sovereign. Burleigh represented the necessity of the execution, as a measure of expediency, to allay the apprehensions of the protestants at that peculiar crisis.[2] Campian, with two others, were executed, asserting their innocence of any offence against the government, and praying, with their last breath, for queen Elizabeth.[3] Anjou took the matter as calmly as Gallio, "caring for none of those things." His creed was evidently similar to that of the cynical citizen of London in 1788, who sought to preserve his house from the attacks of the No-popery rabble, in the riots, led by Lord George Gordon, by chalking on his door, "No RELIGION AT ALL."

ercised in Ireland by the government of his royal mistress, he became an ardent proselyte to the church of Rome. He was admitted into the Order of the Jesuits in 1573, returned to England as a zealous missionary, and was executed, August, 1581.

[1] Bartoli. Lingard. Howel's State Trials. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. Camden.

All ranks of her people hailed her rejection of Anjou with enthusiastic feelings of applause. Shakspeare has celebrated her triumph over the snares of love in the following elegant lines:—

> "That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all armed! A certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

So much, however, had Anjou contrived to endear himself to the fair vestal, that the news of his danger in his last illness gave her such pain, that she refused to believe it, accused her ambassador, Sir Edward Stafford, of wishing for his death, and reprimanded him in such severe terms, that when that event actually occurred, he was afraid of informing her, for fear, as he said, "of ministering cause to her grief."[1]

Henry III., in a letter to Mauvissiere, his ambassador, directs him to communicate this event "to the queen of England, his good sister, who, I am sure," says he, "will share in my great regret, for he greatly honoured her."[2]

So ended the last matrimonial negotiation, in which Elizabeth condescended to engage. From that time, she appears to have regarded herself entirely as the spouse of the nation.

"The queen," says sir John Harrington, "did once ask my wife in merry sort, 'how she kept my good will and love.' My Moll, in wise and discreet manner, told her highness 'she had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own steadfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey, hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his.'"

"Go to—go to! mistress," saith the queen. "You are wisely bent I find; after such sort do I keep the good will of all my husbands—my good people—for if they did not

[1] Murdin's State Papers, 397. Castelnau also bears testimony to her extreme grief and trouble at his death.

[2] Bethune MS., No. 8808. Bibliothèque du Roi.

rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."[1]

In the same year (1583), the czar, Ivan Basilovitch, applied to Elizabeth to negotiate a peace between him and John, king of Sweden, and was so well pleased with her good offices, that imagining she might stand his friend in a matter more interesting to his personal happiness, he made humble suit to her majesty, to send him a wife out of England. Elizabeth made choice of a young lady of royal Plantagenet descent, Anne, sister to the earl of Huntingdon, but when she discovered that the barbarous laws of Muscovy allowed the sovereign to put away his czarina as soon as he was tired of her, and wished for something new in the conjugal department, she excused her fair subject from accepting the proffered honour, by causing his imperial majesty to be informed "that the young lady's health was too delicate for such a change of climate, and her mother was too tenderly attached to endure the absence of her daughter; and above all, the laws of England would not permit her to give away the daughters of her subjects in marriage without the consent of her parents." The czar was dissatisfied, and did not long survive his disappointment.[2]

Some years after, one of his successors, the czar Boris Godonouf, made a request to her, to send an English consort for one of his sons, and by the following passages in a letter from his imperial majesty to her, it should seem, that Elizabeth had either outlived her former scruples, or found some noble family willing to obtain the perilous preferment for one of the daughters, and that the royal Muscovite entertained a suspicion that some trickery was intended in the matter, for he manifests prudential caution in his inquiries as to the young lady's descent, person, and qualifications.

"Concerning the argument of your princely letters," he says, "it cannot but give us an extraordinary contentment, we finding therein your majesty's love and affection towards us and our children, carefully endeavouring the matching and bestowing of them in your own line and race. By which your letters your highness made known unto us, that amongst others you have made choice of a young lady being a pure maiden, nobly descended

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., pp. 177, 178.
[2] Camden's Annals. MS. Cotton. Nero, b. xi., p. 392.

by father and mother, adorned with graces and extraordinary gifts of nature, about eleven years of age, of whom you made an offer to us. * * * But, your majesty hath not particularly written unto us of that worthy lady, what she is, whether she be of your highness's blood, descended of your royal race, by your father or mother, or from some other archduke or duke, whereof we are desirous of being resolved."

This year died Elizabeth's faithful kinsman and servant, the earl of Sussex. He retained his contempt of his old adversary, Leicester, to the last. "I am now passing into another world," said he, to the friends, who surrounded his death-bed, "and I must leave you to your fortunes and the queen's grace and goodness, but beware of the gipsy, or he will be too hard for you all; you know not the nature of the beast as well as I do."[1] Leicester, however, never regained his influence with his royal mistress after his marriage with her cousin, Lettice Knollys, the widow of the earl of Essex, though he retained his place in the cabinet, and was, with Burleigh and Hatton, mainly instrumental in traversing her marriage with the duke of Anjou.

Elizabeth's temper became more irritable than usual, after she was deprived of the amusement of coquetting with the princes and envoys of France over her last matrimonial treaty, and Burleigh often shed bitter tears in private, in consequence of the life she led him. At length, worn out with these vexations, and disgusted with the treatment he received from a growing party that was beginning to divide the council against him, he requested permission to withdraw from the turmoils of the court, and end his days in retirement at Theobalds; on which the queen, who knew his value too well to be content to part with him, wrote the following lively letter to the discontented minister:—

"Sir Spirit,

"I doubt I do nick-name you. For those of your kind (they say) have no *sense* (feeling). But I have lately seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it too soon. I will recant you from being *spirit*, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know that you desire the righting of such wrong, by making known their error, than you to be so silly a soul, as to fore slow what you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much as not to regard her trust who putteth it in you.

"God bless you, and long may you last.

"Omnino, E. R."

[1] Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

The queen likewise wrote a facetious address to him, by the title of Sir Eremite, of *Tyball* (Theobalds), a rhapsody which, in affectation, surpasses all the euphuism of that era. Queen Elizabeth loved now and then quietly to circumvent Burleigh. On one of her visits to Theobalds, she had promised to make seven knights; he chose and arranged the candidates for that honour, so that some gentlemen of ancient lineage stood at the lower part of his hall, meaning that the parvenus should be knighted first as the queen passed—and thus as the elder knights take precedence ever after of their better-born neighbours. The queen was informed of this scheme, but said nothing. As she went through the hall where the candidates for knighthood were placed, according to Burleigh's policy, she passed all by, till she came to the screen, when she turned about and said, "I had almost forgot what I had promised," and beginning with the lowest-placed gentlemen, knighted all in rotation as they stood. Stanhope, a gentleman of her privy chamber, observed to her, "Your majesty was too fine for my lord Burleigh."

"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture, 'the first shall be last, and the last first.'"[1]

Elizabeth's ladies and courtiers were universally malcontent at the idea of a visit to Theobalds, where strict economy and precision of manners always prevailed, and no amusements were provided for their recreation.

Elizabeth's maids of honour were regarded with a jealous eye by her cabinet, as the purveyors of the abundant stores of gossip with which her majesty was constantly supplied. Yet they had little influence in obtaining her favour for any applicant, which made sir Walter Raleigh declare, "that they were like witches, capable of doing great harm, but no good." Sir Fulk Greville, who had often access to the queen, held long private conversations with her, and though he had both the power and inclination to do good, which he often used for the benefit of those who had fallen into disgrace, the queen's maids declared, "he brought her all the tales she heard," which made him say merrily of himself—"That he was like Robin Goodfellow, for when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

and racket, they laid it all on Robin; so whatever gossip tales the queen's ladies told her, or whatever bad turns they did to the courtiers, they laid all upon him."

Indeed, there seems to have been an incipient warfare for ever going on between Elizabeth's maids of honour and the gentlemen of her household. Her kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, a learned old *militaire*, whose office brought his apartment in close contiguity to the dormitory of the maids of honour; declared "that they used, when retired for the night, to frisk and hey about, so that it was in vain for him to attempt sleep or study." One night, when the fair bevy were more than usually obstreperous, he marched into their apartment in dishabille, and with his book in his hand, and an enormous pair of spectacles on his nose, walked up and down, declaiming in Latin: some of the young ladies fled, half-dressed, others entreated his absence, but he said "he would not leave them in quiet possession of their dormitory, without they permitted him to rest in his apartment."

But these lively ladies, like the rest of Elizabeth's household, sometimes felt, in their turn, the effects of her caprice. "I could relate," says Harrington, "many pleasant tales of her majesty's outwitting the wittiest ones, for few knew how to aim their shafts against her cunning. I will tell a story that fell out when I was a boy. She did love rich clothing, but often chid those that bought more finery than became their state. It happened that lady Mary Howard was possessed of a rich border, powdered with gold and pearls, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved many to envy, nor did it please the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day, the queen did send privately, and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth the chamber among her ladies, the kirtle and border being far too short for her majesty's height; she asked every one "how they liked her new fancied suit?" At length, she asked the owner herself, "if it were not made too short and ill-becoming?" to which the poor lady agreed.

"Why then," rejoined the queen, "if it become not me, as being too short, it shall never become thee, as being too fine."

This sharp rebuke abashed the lady, and the vestment was laid up till after the queen's death.[1]

As a proof that Elizabeth possessed the rare faculty of dividing her attention among a variety of subjects at the same time, Harrington records the fact, that she wrote one letter while she dictated another to her amanuensis, and listened to a tale, to which she made suitable replies, all at the same time. He has preserved the letters, which were found in a MS. entitled, "A precious Token of her highness's great wit and marvellous understanding."

In one of these letters, queen Elizabeth defines friendship "to be the uniform consent of two minds, such as virtue links, and nought but death can part. Therefore," says the royal metaphysician, "I conclude the house which shrinketh from its foundation shall down for me." With consummate knowledge of the human heart, she goes on to observe, "that where minds differ, and opinions swerve, there is scant a friend in that company."

Queen Elizabeth gave her half-brother, sir John Perrot, the command of a fleet to intercept a meditated invasion of Ireland by Philip II. And sir John prepared for the voyage, taking with him for his personal band fifty gentlemen of good family, dressed in orange-coloured cloaks. As this party lay to, in his barge off Greenwich palace, where the queen kept her court, sir John sent one of these orange-men on shore with a diamond, as a token to his mistress, Blanche Parry,[2] willing him to tell her "that a diamond coming unlooked-for did always bring good luck with it;" which the queen overhearing, sent sir John a fair jewel hanged by a white cypress, (a white love-ribbon,) signifying withal, "that as long as he wore that for her sake, she did believe, with God's help, he should have no harm."

This message and jewel sir John received right joyfully, and returned answer to the queen—

[1] Lady Mary Howard appears to have incurred the queen's ill-will by her undisguised flirtations with the young earl of Essex, who was beginning, at this period, to attract the favour of her majesty.—Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] Blanche Parry, the queen's old maid of honour, was one of the learned women of the day. She was born in 1508, died blind in 1589. She was an alchymist, astrologer, antiquarian, and herald. She was a great crony of Dr. Dee, the conjuror; and it is probable, kept up his connexion with the queen.—Ballard.

"That he would wear it for his sovereign's sake, and he doubted not, with God's favour, to restore her ships in safety, and either to bring back the Spaniards prisoners, if they came in his way, or to sink them in the deep sea."

"So, as sir John passed in his barge, the queen, looking out of a window at Greenwich palace, shaked her fan at him, and put out her hand towards him. Whereupon, he making a low obeisance, put the scarf and jewel round his neck." Sir John encountered no enemy but a dreadful storm.

Perrot was soon after appointed by the queen to the highest military command in Ireland, where, while he exercised the most despotic cruelty on the insurgents, he manifested the strongest inclination to act independently of her majesty, whose birth he considered not a whit better than his own. The speeches he made on various occasions to this effect, were carefully registered against him. It was his pleasure to suppress the cathedral of St. Patrick; the queen forbade this proceeding, when he thus unduti-fully addressed the council:—"Stick not so much on the queen's letters of commandment, for she may command what she will, but we will do what we like." The queen appointed Mr. Errington clerk of the exchequer, on which sir John exclaimed, "This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure. God's dear lady, he shall not have the office! I will give it to sir Thomas Williams." This was proved by the oath of his secretary, Philip Williams, who, when he was brought to trial for disobedience and contempt of the queen, was the principal witness against him. Sir John earnestly requested his secretary might be confronted with him; but with the infamous injustice with which such trials were carried on in the sixteenth century, Popham, the queen's attorney-general, forbade this reasonable request. One of the depositions of this man touched Elizabeth on tender ground; at the time of the Spanish invasion, sir John by his report said, "Ah, silly woman, now she shall not curb me! now she shall not rule me! Now, God's dear lady, I shall be her white boy again;" adding, that when sir John Garland brought him a letter from the queen, he said, with violent execrations, "This it is, to serve a base-born woman! Had I served any prince in

Christendom, I had not been thus dealt withal."[1] He was accused of treasonable communication with Spain, but nothing was proved excepting foolish speeches.

He attributed his disgrace chiefly to the malice of his old enemy, sir Christopher Hatton, whom he despised as a carpet knight, who had danced his way into Elizabeth's good graces. When sir John Perrot was told he must die, he exclaimed, "God's death! will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?"[2]

When Elizabeth heard this truly Tudor-like remonstrance, she paused from signing his death-warrant, saying—"They were all knaves that condemned him."

His furious antipathy to sir Christopher Hatton, and his sneers at his dancing, will remind the reader of Gray's celebrated lines—

"My lord high-keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him."

Sir John Perrot was not executed, but pined himself to death, like a prisoned eagle, in confinement in the Tower.

The greatest contradiction ever offered to queen Elizabeth proceeded from men of her own blood. One afternoon, when she was at cards, she turned to her young kinsman, Robert Carey, who stood at her elbow, and asked him when his father, lord Hunsdon, meant to depart to his government at Berwick? he replied, "after Whitsuntide." This information put her majesty into a great rage, "God's wounds!" she exclaimed, "I will set him by the feet, and send another in his place if he dallies thus." Robert Carey replied, that the delay was but to make provision. She declared that Hunsdon had been going from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsuntide; and if he was not off directly, she would put another in his place, and so she commanded Carey to tell him. But Hunsdon came of her own lineage, and shared her own indomitable spirit. By way of reply he told his mind very freely to Burleigh. The threat of laying him by the feet, he could not digest, and alluded to it in these high spirited words: "Any imprisonment she may put me to shall redound to her dishonour; because I neither have nor will I deserve it."[3]

[1] State Trials, p. 30, vol. vii.
[2] Fragmenta Regalia.
[3] Life of sir Robert Carey, p. 231—233.

The queen's conduct to this faithful kinsman is characteristic of her niggardliness. He had a double claim on the earldom of Wiltshire. Elizabeth withheld it through his life, but when he was on his death-bed, she sent the robes and patent to his bed-side. Whereupon, he who could dissemble neither in life nor death, sent them back with these words, "Tell the queen, that if I was unworthy these honours living, I am unworthy of them dying."

It will be allowed, that a narrative wholly devoted to the personal biography of Elizabeth, can afford but a few words as a retrospect of her regal sway over the sister island. "Ireland," says Naunton, "cost her more vexation than anything else. The expense of it pinched her; the ill success of her officers wearied her; and in that service she grew hard to please." The barbarity with which she caused that country to be devastated, is unprecedented, excepting in the extermination of the Caribs by the Spaniards.

Henry VIII. had given himself little concern with the state of religion in Ireland; it remained virtually a catholic country; the monasteries and their inhabitants were not uprooted, as in England; and the whole country incipiently acknowledged the supremacy of the pope, through all the Tudor reigns, till Elizabeth ascended the throne. The false step taken by the pope at Elizabeth's accession, by mooting the point of her reign *de juro*, instead of considering it *de facto*, forced her into the measure of insisting that all Ireland should renounce the catholic religion, and become protestant; and this she enforced under the severest penal laws. Ireland, which had acknowledged the English monarchs as suzerains, or lords paramount over their petty kings and chiefs for several centuries, had scarcely allowed them as kings of Ireland for a score years, now flamed out into rebellion, against the English lord-deputy; and this functionary, by the queen's orders, governed despotically, by mere orders of council; and endeavoured to dispense with the Irish parliament. The taxes were forthwith cessed at the will of the lord-deputy. The earl of Desmond, the head of the Fitzgeralds, and possessed at that time of an estate of six hundred thousand acres, aided by lord Baltinglas, head of the Eustaces, whose family had for four generations filled the office of lords-treasurer, or lords-deputy, and were ever closely allied with the Geraldines, resisted the

payment of this illegal tax, and required that a parliament might be called, as usual, to fix the demands on the subject; for which measure, these gallant precursors of Hampden were forthwith immured in a tower of Dublin castle. They sent messengers to Elizabeth, to complain of the conduct of her lord-deputy; for which presumption, as she called it, she transferred them to the more alarming prison of the Tower of London. The English parliament, however, finding their sole crime was the vindication of the existence of a parliament in Ireland, were inclined to view the case as bearing on their own. Elizabeth, therefore, postponed her vengeance on Desmond and Baltinglas, and ordered their liberation.

Philip of Spain then, in revenge for the assistance given by Elizabeth to his protestant subjects in the Low Countries, proffered aid to the Irish; the Geraldines and Eustaces flew to arms, and for many years sustained a contest with the English lord-deputy. At length the venerable earl of Desmond, crushed by overwhelming numbers, became a fugitive, and after wandering about in glens and forests for three years, was surprised in a lonely hut by a party of his enemies. Kelly of Moriarty struck off his head, and conveyed it, as an acceptable present, to queen Elizabeth, by whose order it was fixed on London Bridge.[1]

The lord-deputy Montjoy (the Irish say by the advice of Spenser, the poet), the commander of the English forces, commenced that horrid war of extermination which natives call "the hag's wars." The houses and standing corn of the wretched natives were burnt, and the cattle killed, wherever the English came, which starved the people into temporary submission. When some of the horrors of the case were represented to the queen, and she found the state to which the sister island was reduced, she was heard to exclaim, "that she found she had sent wolves, not shepherds, to govern Ireland, for they had left nothing but ashes and carcasses for her to reign over!"

This deprecatory speech did not, however, save the lives of the patriots who had resisted the extinction of the Irish parliaments. Lord Baltinglas was beheaded, and a peculiar act passed, called the Statute of Baltinglas, which confiscated the estates granted to the Eustaces in Ireland, al-

[1] Camden. Lingard.

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